The Best Plays of 1924-1925

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THE BEST PLAYS OF 1924-1925

BURNS MANTLE

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1924-25

AND THE

YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA

Edited by

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Editor of *The Best Plays of* 1924–1925

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INTRODUCTION

FOR the first time in the history of this year book of the drama, this being the sixth of the series, all ten plays selected as most worthily representing the season were written by American authors.

I, who naturally grow a little boastful at the contemplation of native achievement, would be inclined to cheer this record if there had been a single foreign contender of the first class among the season's productions. But there was not, except in the list of old plays revived.

The fact that three of the season's outstanding successes were Bernard Shaw's "Candida," Henrik Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" and Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman," all three from fifteen to thirty years of age as time goes, and each of them revived, the producers insist, because of a woeful shortage of worthy native material, has a slight muffling effect upon any projected cheer.

We still can indulge in a fairly vigorous shout, however. Ten American authors with ten successes to their credit, chosen fairly, I feel, from a total of one hundred and fifty dramatic entries in a single season, is a record that has never previously been approached in our playwriting history.

Certain of these successes will figure in future references to the period as having had a definite part in starting a so-called "clean play" crusade. They also will be pointed to pridefully as marking the first strike of American playwrights for an independence of thought and expression that the accepted conventions of their craft and the grooved shallowness of their producers' minds had previously denied them.

The mission of a year book is to deal generally with facts and lightly with opinions. But as a preface to this

particular issue I feel that I should say this: I hold no brief for either the profane or the ugly drama. The stimulating influence of bold truthtelling in the theatre is, to one of my puritanical ancestry, frequently nullified by the offensiveness of its expression. But he would be a dull observer indeed who could not recognize in the very extremes to which the protesting realists have resorted the beginnings of a winning fight for a finer freedom of expression than has ever before existed. And a freedom that, once it is discreetly and intelligently restrained, must result in a definite improvement in the quality of native drama.

Four of the plays, excerpts from which are herein included, were sufficiently sensational to revive a demand for play censorship. Also a lusty, and effectively overwhelming protest, as it turned out, against such interference. Of the compromise which resulted in the appointment of play juries you will find some account in a succeeding chapter.

The plays in question are Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," Laurence Stallings' and Maxwell Anderson's "What Price Glory?", Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," and Edwin Justus Mayer's "The Firebrand."

O'Neill's "Desire" has been called his greatest play. As a piece of writing I am not so sure it is not entitled to that praise. But it is as ugly as sin — and as true. A stark, morbid, human tragedy of the crabbed, grasping lives from which it is difficult, but possible, to believe many present-day New Englanders have evolved. Accept it or pass it by. The choice is yours.

"What Price Glory?" as Walter Prichard Eaton has said of it, is a fine piece of reporting. It is war in the rough and the raw. It is the adventure of a hard-boiled outfit of Marines, fighting, loving, cursing, dying in the line and back of it in France. It has served the theatre as a bolt of lightning that has struck and blasted for all

time the war play that is no more than romantic hokum, prettily heroic and sentimentally untrue.

"They Knew What They Wanted" is the native domestic drama lifted, by the vigor of its telling, the humanity of its characterization and the wholesome truthfulness of its conclusions, out of the groove for such stories previously made and provided. In this play, too, you may question, as I do, the necessity for all the profanity employed. But that it is honestly employed, if these characters are truthfully to be reproduced in this play, you cannot fairly deny.

"The Firebrand" is an amusing satire done in the continental manner, and brilliantly done, I think, by a writer new to our stage but not to the theatre. Edwin Mayer has been variously active in and around the playhouse for some years. His comedy artfully preserves without undue exposure the Cellini traditions, and is good fun for an adult and intelligent public.

With another play, Dan Totheroh's "Wild Birds," I have purposely departed from a previously established custom — that of not including in this year book any drama that has not, in performance, received some definite measure of indorsement from the public that supports the theatre. "Wild Birds" was not a popular success. Partly because it is stark tragedy. Partly because it was obscurely produced. It ran for forty-some performances in one of the little theatres of the Greenwich Village section, the Cherry Lane by name.

I have used it because it worthily represents the oncoming generation of writers for the stage who even now are drawing their audiences about them. In another ten or fifteen years, when you and I are content to stay at home and take our entertainment from the phonofilm, the more forward young folks will be discussing with bated breath and amazing words the latest soul analyses of the theatre. And I suspect, though I cannot entirely believe, that their drama will be as entertaining to them

as ours has been to us. "Wild Birds" is both finely imaginative and depressingly possible.

I have included Philip Barry's "The Youngest," the Mary Kennedy-Ruth Hawthorne "Mrs. Partridge Presents," and the Edna Ferber-George Kaufman "Minick," because I believe they most deservingly represent the lighter American home dramas produced last season. They are purposeful in intent and entertaining in performance, and each of them honestly concerned with everyday human problems.

Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding's "Dancing Mothers" is an echo of that series of plays in which the rebellious generation figured so frequently last season. It is smartly written, is interesting and declares for a frank independence from the playwriting conventions by permitting its problem-beset mother to chart a new course for heroines.

To represent that most typically American of all playwriting forms, the light comedy touched with farce, I have selected James Gleason and George Abbott's "The Fall Guy." Gleason, with Robert Taber, is also co-author of the season's sensationally successful farce, "Is Zat So?" But of the two plays I think "The Fall Guy," if less racy, is equally representative and possessed of more dramatic body than "Is Zat So?" The story of the former is that of a youthful husband out of a job who toys with bootlegging and gets into trouble. The latter illustrates no more than the amusing but trivial adventures of a prize fighter and his manager quartered temporarily with the socially prominent in Fifth Avenue.

It seems to me these ten all-American plays represent the most interesting assortment of dramas any of the six volumes of "Best Plays" has contained. I do not mean to say they are the ten best of the sixty plays from which I have quoted. But that they command a greater significance than any other collection of ten previously published.

We are rapidly approaching, we may have reached, a turning point in the current and sweep of our drama. When the change becomes a settled fact I fully expect the commentators of that day to refer to this volume, and to the plays it presents as representing the character and flavor of the season of 1924-1925, as one of the first signposts to be erected along the way.

If that be boasting, beloved reader, make the most on't. Meantime, accept my enduring thanks for your continued appreciation of the series.

B. M.

Forest Hills, L. I.
June, 1925.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1924-1925

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1924-1925

THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

THERE was considerable intelligent playgoing done in this theatrical capital last season. The contents of this book may inspire a reasonable doubt of that statement, but I still contend that it is true.

It was intelligent playgoing because those who directed it not only selected the best of the new plays on which to bestow the favor of their support, but also indorsed and supported more than twenty revivals of plays that, in the matter of years, are aged and definitely dated.

Bernard Shaw's "Candida," for example, established a record for consecutive performances that had previously not been equalled in the thirty years of the play's life. Henrik Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" also distanced all past performances, and both revivals were organized and directed by the comparatively new Actors' Theatre.

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman," boldly resurrected by the Theatre Guild after it had been buried as a failure twelve years ago, when it was called "Where Ignorance Is Bliss," ran the season through and delighted many playgoers. True, in this case there was the matter of the actors' popularity to reckon with. But if the play itself had not offered intelligent and diverting entertainment to discriminating theatregoers, not even Alfred Lunt and his gifted wife, Lynn Fontanne, could have kept it alive past its first six or eight weeks.

In addition to these, Ethel Barrymore, reviving under

Arthur Hopkins' direction Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," was able to play it the season through, although her success in New York was less definite than it was on tour.

Two of the very late William Congreve's comedies of the Restoration, "Love for Love" and "The Way of the World," had surprising runs. They must, at least, have been surprising to Mr. Congreve, wherever he may be. "The Way of the World," the chilled reception of which drove the author out of London and the playwriting business, continued for fifteen weeks in twentieth century New York, and "Love for Love" lasted a fortnight less. They were both played in small theatres, however.

In addition to these, Mr. Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" was chosen as the opening attraction for the fine, new Guild Theatre, built with funds subscribed by playgoers themselves — bankers and bakers, ladies and laundresses — in the grand sum of $650,000.

James Matthew Barrie was also represented by two revivals, "Peter Pan" and "The Little Minister," both failures, financially, to the pained surprise of their producers. Eugene O'Neill was honored by the brief return of "Diff'rent" and "The Emperor Jones."

Sheridan's "The Critic" was done for a few weeks at the Neighborhood playhouse, Gilbert and Sullivan were represented by "Patience," "Princess Ida," and "The Mikado," the first doing surprisingly well in two small Greenwich Village theatres, the second scoring a regretted failure uptown and the third the usual springtime success.

The only Shakespeare we had was Walter Hampden's revival of "Othello" with which he did not do so well in New York after he had exhausted the considerable Hampden following. There were matinée showings of Stephen Phillips' "Paolo and Francesca" and Ibsen's "Ghosts" and a six-weeks' run for "Rosmersholm." The Players' club chose Pinero's "Trelawny" for its gala week of

fund raising and there were return engagements of "Rain," "Stepping Stones," "Beggar on Horseback" and several other more recent successes.

So much for the revivals, the prevalence of which is significant only because it serves to indicate a shortage of worthier drama.

The season as a season, will probably figure in theatrical history as that sensational period when questionable plays flourished amazingly and the life of the drama was threatened. The bold play and the profane play, the play concerned frankly with the lives of harlots and their social kin, suddenly became the issue of the year.

So serious did the threat of a flaunting licentiousness become at one time that the demands for a stage censor rose to at least a muffled shout and the district attorney was forced to take action.

He did not move immediately to close up the plays against which complaint was most frequent, but he did call upon their producers for explanations and a defense of their alleged violations of the law.

He also listened to protests from various societies, including the anti-vice crusaders, the guardians of free speech and civic liberties and the Actors' Equity Association. In these conferences there was born a sort of compromise agreement between the district attorney and the interested citizens to submit the question of the so-called immoral play to a citizens' jury — a different jury for each play accused.

The juries were drawn from a panel of three hundred names selected from organized groups representing the church, the more active vice crusaders and the actors. These juries, attending the theatre as individuals, made report to the district attorney, and he thereupon announced that he would not take action against any of three plays investigated. These were Eugene O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms," Edwin Justus Mayer's "The Firebrand," and Milton Herbert Gropper's "Ladies of the Evening," the

latter produced and admittedly pointed up by David Belasco.

The jury reports, it later transpired, suggested that a balcony scene in "The Firebrand," culminating in a prolonged osculation, be shortened; and that a bedroom scene in "The Ladies of the Evening" be played instead upon a street corner. The changes in "The Firebrand" and "Ladies of the Evening," were ordered. So far as I know, the producers of "Desire" stuck to their boldnesses.

Taking up the record where we left it in June, 1924, we find the latter half of that month unusually active but not at all productive. There were eight new plays offered between the sixteenth and the thirtieth, all of them hoping to profit from the presence of the Democratic National Convention in the city. Of the eight only three survived —Florenz Ziegfeld's annual "Follies," George White's annual "Scandals," and a moderately interesting political comedy, originally called "So This Is Politics" and later, both for home and road consumption, renamed "Strange Bedfellows."

July offered but one attraction, an English importatian entitled "Sweeney Todd." This proved an ancient farce and had sixty-seven performances. August, following the fearful slump of the convention weeks, did not awake theatrically until the week of the eleventh. "Dancing Mothers" came in then and ran the season through. "Marjorie," a musical comedy with Elizabeth Hines starred, continued for one hundred and forty-four performances. "The Best People," thought better of in Chicago than in New York, and "The Werewolf," the first of the audacious plays to cause comment, did fairly well for the succeeding three months.

There was sufficient activity in September to satisfy even the visiting cousin, who is usually the most avid playgoer of the family's acquaintance. Counting the supplemental engagements of "Rain" and "Stepping Stones" there were thirty-four productions made in the

thirty days of this jolly month, which, removing the Sabbaths, provides eight more than one new attraction a day.

Two of the outstanding successes of the year were included in this list. The dramatic "What Price Glory?" was started on the fifth, the operatic "Rose-Marie" on the second, and both ran through the season. So also did "Pigs," another of the clean and simple Golden series, and "My Son," less popular but with sufficient appeal to keep it going.

The Ferber-Kaufman "Minick" was a September entrant, also the annual "Greenwich Village Follies." Another village experiment, Don Mullaly's "Conscience," seen at dress rehearsal by A. H. Woods, was immediately brought up town to the Belmont and played there for one hundred and thirty-two performances.

There were many quick failures, but only one that was sensational. A huge musical spectacle, "Hassan," imported by A. L. Erlanger for the Knickerbocker Theatre at a cost of something like one hundred thousand dollars, lasted two weeks and was gone.

Hits were more numerous in October. Ed Wynn's "The Grab Bag" was the first of them. This filled the Globe for seven months. A week later the Theatre Guild began its season with Molnar's "The Guardsman," which ran until the following June. Two days after that "The Firebrand" came in, set a startled audience of sophisticates laughing, and played on until June. So, too, did the Illustrators' revue, "Artists and Models," produced the same night.

But there were many failures this month, too. Already it was a season of extremes. A piece called "Bewitched," from which much was expected; another, "Great Music," elaborately staged; a London importation, "The Fake," splendidly acted by Godfrey Tearle; a Belasco production, "Tiger Cats," with Katherine Cornell; Ethel Barrymore's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" — these were all dis-

appointing. Miss Barrymore stayed nine weeks, but that is a short Broadway season for any member of her family. She did better than her brother Lionel, however. He suffered three failures, "The Piker," "Man or Devil" and "Taps" all in a row.

It was in October that Anne Nichols, wanting to put some of the profits of "Abie's Irish Rose" to worthy use, financed a season of French plays with Madame Simone at the head of a company of French players of her own selection. Madame Simone remained six weeks and did fairly well. Her visit probably was expensive for Miss Nichols, but it was a nice thing for her to do.

Both O'Neill's "Desire Under the Elms" and Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted" were produced in November. The O'Neill piece started at the Greenwich Village Theatre under the direction of the Provincetown Players' group, Kenneth Macgowan, Eugene O'Neill and Robert Edmond Jones. Its effect upon the O'Neill crowd was literally stunning and they supported the play until it was later leased by two business men of the theatre, Messrs. Green and Jones, whose interests previously had centered around the "Greenwich Village Follies." They moved it up town, and when the district attorney's "dirty play" crusade started "Desire" receipts jumped five thousand dollars a week.

"They Knew What They Wanted" was the Theatre Guild's second production, "The Guardsman" having been sent to the Klaw, which the Guild leased for the remainder of the season. This organization thus found itself with two productions made and two successes on its hands. A situation sufficiently unusual to be worthy of comment.

"Peter Pan" was revived the sixth with Marilyn Miller playing the name part. The loyal society of Maude Adams rememberers immediately turned thumbs down, but the younger folks and all their children flocked to the

first performances. For six or eight weeks "Peter" seemed housed for the winter. Then the break came and there was no mending it. "Peter" and Marilyn went on tour and gracefully passed out in Philadelphia in February.

Four of O'Neill's one-act plays were joined in a single bill under the title of "S. S. Glencairn," and were given a hundred performances here and there, and H. B. Warner, picking up a melodrama called "Silence" that had failed in Chicago, scored so definite a success with it in New York that he played it for two hundred performances at the National.

A dramatization of the Keable novel, "Simon Called Peter," created some stir among the reformists because one of its loose ladies boldly bared her breast in an emotional scene. The resulting publicity kept the play going for some weeks after it ordinarily would have expired.

Fermin Germier, having been invited by Mr. Otto Kahn to bring a group of his Odeon Theatre associates from Paris to New York, fared rather sadly for three weeks and then went home.

"My Girl" was November's pet musical comedy and ran the season out at the Vanderbilt. This also was the month Frank Craven, the comedian, decided to quit the stage and take up producing. Which he did with a piece called "New Brooms." But not for long. As soon as the business dropped Mr. Craven went into the cast.

There was a new burst of enthusiasm in December. So many of the early season offerings had failed it was necessary to fill up the theatres. Twenty-seven new plays were brought in between the first and the twenty-ninth, and there were numerous successes among them.

One was the annual "Music Box Revue," another the dancing Astaires and their "Lady, Be Good" which ran on and on thereafter until midsummer. "The Harem" also started then and "The Student Prince," and both outlasted the spring.

December was "Candida's" month, and also that of "Ladies of the Evening," and "Quarantine," a romantic comedy Sidney Blackmer and Helen Hayes, and afterward Vivian Martin, were able to carry through nineteen weeks.

This was the month George Arliss returned from a successful season in England with "The Green Goddess" to establish a new, though not as great, a popularity for John Galsworthy's "Old English." And the month the Duncan sisters, having played their "Topsy and Eva" for a year in Chicago, bid for a like favor in New York and were disappointed. They had a profitable season of twenty weeks, however, at the end of which time they bought out their partners, became their own managers and moved on to Boston.

Henry Miller suffered a failure that hurt him in "The Man in Evening Clothes." He was, he announced, ready to retire, but he was still playing the last I heard. The Actors' Theatre also had a failure called "The Habitual Husband," Raymond Hitchcock came in blithely with a straight comedy called "The Sap" and went out just as blithely four weeks later. A troupe of Russian vaudevillians headed by one Yushny, expecting to take the edge off the return of the previously popular Chauve Souris crowd, failed to reach expectations. One Yushny was not enough.

The first month of the new year offered little, though it did introduce two or three new playwrights of promise. One was the comedian, James Gleason, who has been playing around the theatres for a good many years. He came back last fall from Milwaukee, where he conducts a summer stock company, with a comedy he had written with another actor named Richard Taber. They offered the manuscript to each of the producers in turn but could not find a buyer. Finally they organized a stock company with Earl Boothe at its head and sold enough stock to finance a production. The comedy was called "Is Zat

So?" and is concerned with the adventure of a prize fighter and his manager in Fifth Avenue society and it was an overnight success.

Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne, two young newspaper women who also had some stage experience, submitted a comedy called "Mrs. Partridge Presents" to Guthrie McClintic. He read it once, it may be twice, and bought it. Produced at the Belmont Theatre it was not a sensation, but it did hold on for one hundred and forty-four performances, and the smart crowd loved it.

This was the month Walter Hampden started an eight-week run with "Othello" which is a record of some kind or other, and also the month the Theatre Guild produced John Howard Lawson's "Processional," which was "a jazz symphony of American life" done in the impressionistic manner. "Processional" aroused the debaters, the more excitable modernists declaring it represented a gorgeous new form in the theatre, the more conservative fundamentalists insisting that it was nothing more than formless and incoherent entertainment, and rather repellent in its ugliness. The debate and the Theatre Guild subscribers helped "Processional" through ninety-six performances.

"The Love Song" with the Offenbach music credited, strangely enough, to its original composer, was a January success at the Century, the Russian "Chauve-Souris" came back with a new program for an eight-week engagement, Lionel Barrymore suffered a failure with "The Piker" and Jane Cowl another with "The Depths."

There were more failures than there were successes in February, too. "The Dove," a common melodrama uncommonly well staged and played by a Belasco troupe, headed by Judith Anderson and Holbrook Blinn, aroused the town and continued into the summer months. Elsie Janis did a revue of her own which she called "Puzzles" and had no trouble playing it for thirteen weeks.

William A. Brady, hurt because several of his fellows

were making money with what were generally referred to as "dirty" plays, staged one called "A Good Bad Woman" with the announced intention of bringing the matter to an issue. His action resulted, as heretofore related, in the formation of play juries and a modified whitewashing of the plays against which complaint was made.

"White Collars" a comedy relating the taming of a living-room socialist, was brought on from the Pacific Coast where it had been a great popular success. It found the Broadway competition pretty strong and would have passed away, probably, if Anne Nichols, again putting her "Abie" profits to good use and her showman's judgment to the test, had not bought the production and continued the run.

The Actors' Theatre revived Ibsen's "The Wild Duck" and found it pleasant to the subscribers' taste, while the Theatre Guild suffered its first failure of the season with Milne's "Ariadne."

There were twenty new entertainments offered in March, but five of them were revivals — "The Little Minister," "Love for Love," "Pierrot the Prodigal," and return engagements of "The Beggar on Horseback," and "Sally, Irene and Mary."

Mr. Ziegfeld, having taken over the Cosmopolitan Theatre in Columbus Circle from its motion picture lessees, presented "Louis the 14th" there with Leon Errol and the usual silk and satin trimmings. The Ziegfeld formula is fairly sure on Broadway and the "Louis" success was immediate.

The second of the Gleason comedies, one called "The Fall Guy," which he wrote with George Abbott, was almost as immediate a success as "Is Zat So?" and continued well into the summer. The "Pierrot the Prodigal" revival was staged by the Actors' Theatre at special matinées with Laurette Taylor, who had been away from Broadway all winter making pictures, in the name part.

"The Little Minister" with Ruth Chatterton and her new husband, Ralph Forbes, playing Babbie and Gavin, was a quick failure, lasting only two weeks.

A new organization seeking both to emulate and duplicate the success of the Theatre Guild came into existence this month. It is called The Stagers, has at its head Edward Goodman, who was the director of the original Washington Square Players group from which the Theatre Guild developed, and is financed by a list of interested subscribers. "The Blue Peter," an English social comedy, was The Stagers' first play. Followed later by a revival of "Rosmersholm," the engagement of The Ram's Head Players of Washington for a series of matinée performances of "The Bird's Cage," a Pierrot pantomime, and a final revival of Gilbert's "Engaged," fitted with old tunes and new lyrics by Brian Hooker.

The season's last flare, plays bursting in air, is the usual April program. There are theatres to be had then for normal rentals, and the experimenters get their chance. This year several of the failures were interesting.

There was a stark little tragedy of the North Carolina mountains called "The Dunce Boy" written by the Lula Vollmer whose "Sun-up" was a last-year success. There was "Ruint" a second Blue Ridge play by the Hatcher Hughes who wrote "Hell-bent fer Heaven," the Pulitzer prize winner in 1924. There was "Wild Birds" which I have included in this volume, written by a promising young Californian, Dan Totheroh. And there was a revival of the seldom heard Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, "Princess Ida," nicely staged and sung but with all possible interest in it handicapped by the simultaneous revival of the better known "Mikado" across the street.

Only two of the twenty-two plays offered in April were successful. The Theatre Guild's opening of its new Guild Theatre in Fifty-second Street, built, as said, by the

subscriptions of some fifteen thousand playgoers, brought Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra" to life, with Lionel Atwill playing Cæsar and Helen Hayes the girlish Cleopatra. And at the Henry Miller Theatre the Nugents, Elliott the son and J. C. the father, flashed into prominence again with "The Poor Nut," just as they had done three years before with "Kempy." There was also a burlesque mystery play called "The Gorilla" that amused the crowds so well a second company was organized for Chicago.

The annual Little Theatre tournament organized three years ago by Walter Hartwig, then associated with the Drama League, has become a spring fixture in the Broadway theatre. Each year twenty Little Theatre groups contest for one two-hundred and three one-hundred dollar cash prizes and a cup known as the Belasco trophy donated by the producer. The last two years the tournament has taken on a national significance. In 1924 the Little Theatre group of Dallas, Texas, sent a company and an original play twelve hundred miles to take part and won the trophy. This year the same group repeated its success with a one-act play of negro life called "The No-Count Boy," written by Paul Green, played by Geraldine Knight, Jack F. Hyman, Ben Smith and Margaret Bentley and directed by Oliver Hinsdell. The other cash prizes went to the Studio Theatre group of New York for their "Gloria Mundi," to the Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, New York, who gave "The Yellow Triangle," and to the Kittridge Players of Manhattan for "The Bracelet."

The Neighborhood Playhouse staged its revival of Sheridan's "The Critic" this month, and The Stagers revived "Rosmersholm." Lionel Barrymore uncovered another failure, Jerome K. Jerome's "Man or Devil," and Lila Lee, once a vaudeville child billed as Cuddles, later a motion picture leading lady, tried the spoken drama in a French farce called "The Bride Retires."

The Players' Club selected the first week in June for

its annual revival. Pinero's "Trelawny of the Wells" was this year's choice with Laurette Taylor, Amelia Bingham, Violet Heming, Gladys Hanson, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Teresa Maxwell Conover, Mollie Pearson, John Drew, Charles Coburn, William Courtleigh, Claude King, O. P. Heggie, Ernest Lawford, John Cumberland, Saxon Kling and Herbert Corthell heading a spectacular cast. The Players cleared thirty-two thousand dollars on the engagement, and it was the hottest week of the season.

The Guild Juniors, they being the youngsters employed in various capacities in the Theatre Guild productions, decided to give a show of their own about this time. They called it the "Garrick Gaieties" and produced it first at special Sunday night performances. It went so well on these occasions that when "The Guardsman" quit for the season the "Gaieties" was put in as a regular bill and was popularly received.

Which, with a skip or two, brings us to the production of a comedy with music entitled "Kosher Kitty Kelly" the night of June 15 and the end of the season. Two hundred and one new plays since June 15, 1924, and twenty-nine revivals, making two hundred and thirty in all. That is enough and to spare.

THE SEASON IN CHICAGO

By Frederick Donaghey

Drama-Critic of *The Chicago Tribune*

CHICAGO'S stage-year of 1924–'25 carried in my compilation from June 29 until last night: this is written as of Sunday, June 7, marking the beginning of the season of 1925–'26. There is nothing formal about these beginnings and endings of a "season" in the theatre: the dates given are not to be indicated by rubrics, and are specified only for the especial purposes of Mr. Mantle's annual. . . . .

And 1924–'25, as a season, differed from its predecessors mainly in the matter of titles and an occasional actor. Down into February, it was, I believe, a prosperous season: managers told me in the Autumn and Winter that Chicago was a lotta catnip as a centre of drama, and that all other cities were what they called "good and punk," — meaning, I assume, that the populace elsewhere had abandoned the queue-forming habit in the outer lobby. They abandoned it here, too, about March 1, and rather consistently kept away from the ticket-window down until last night, — with, of course, flaming exceptions. Thus, Mrs. Samuel Insull is, as I write, midway through a fortnight of "The School for Scandal" in which she will take in not less than $100,000, while the costs will be paid out of the advertising in the playbill. Yes; and the inhabitants are going in great numbers to "The Green Hat," which has been on view since April 12, and voting it a wonderful play. Yes,

indeed; and "The Student-Prince," although it was brought in just as the slump started, will run through the Summer, with an advance-sale that will carry it nicely over the heat-waves that sometimes set up defiance of the blessed Lake. . . . .

These were the plays of the season that have not yet been shown in New-York:

"The Green Hat," by Michael Arlen: a great play, if you ask anybody save me in all of Chicago's 3,000,000. The town flocked to it (and is still flocking); the other play-reporters adored it; the out-coming audiences were inarticulate with joy. . . . A shopware footlighting of the like-named novel, with the good features of the novel necessarily omitted. Miss Katharine Cornell made her Chicago début as Iris, and was told (by the other play-reporters) that New-York was quite right about her — that she is the world's greatest actress. She may be; but I prefer the moderated statement that she is far-and-away the best actress who has yet had the rôle of Iris in Chicago. The costly casting otherwise asked us to believe that Leslie Howard was a noble young Englishman with a future in statesmanship, that Miss Ann Harding was a high-minded English girl, and that Gordon Ash was Hilary. . . . And New-York is to have it in September.

"Pretty Little Pussy" (authorship forgotten, and doesn't matter): about as bad as a farce may be. I took from the idea that the authors had been reading that bully tale of Hutchinson's, "Once Aboard the Lugger ——!" Avery Hopwood, sent on to fix it up, took a look, and advised A. H. Woods to throw it into the Lake. Mr. Woods threw it into the Lake.

"Cheerio!" by Darby Dermot: about as bad as an imitation of "Trilby" may be. Miss Marjorie Rambeau was in it; and even the actors' union turned down her claim for pay under her contract when told about her. . . . . One week and out forever.

"Sakura," by the late Atherton Brownell: about as

bad as a play of Eurasian implication may be. The playwright based it on the novel named "The Breath of the Gods"; and Walker Whiteside, who keeps on trying, mercilessly staged and acted it with a typical Walker Whiteside cast and a Japanese variant of a Woods-Hopwood bedroom-scene. . . . . It isn't likely New-York will get it.

"The Love-Test," by J. P. Judge: a goulash of all the well-remembered hoakums, with heavy pilferings from "Lightnin'" and "Turn to the Right!" Awful! . . . I fear that even Mr. Judge (who is the star, also) will never permit his play to be acted in Broadway: not, at least, while there are places called towns in Montana and Idaho.

"The Lady of the Streets," by Melanie Koll: a play about a girl with a voice and a prowling millionaire with a jag to whom, as we whimsically put it, she "gives herself," cultivates the voice, emerges as the *diva* of the Metropolitan Opera, and perversely abstains from giving herself to any other of the many millionaires she comes to know. The piece had an idea; and I defy George Cohan, the best of those who kid the theatre in the theatre, to do anything in parody one-tenth as funny as the resident Reinhardt did to Mrs. Koll's play in trying to stage it. He was so good that he made even Miss Mary Newcomb seem bad! . . . New-York "time" held for it has been cancelled.

"Applesauce," by Barry Conners: something that might have been written if there had never been "The Show-Off," although most persons who have seen both doubt it. A loose little fabrication of jokes and jests about a likable loafer which Alan Dinehart wrangled into a show that ran twenty-nine weeks. . . . . Due soon in New-York.

"The Lounge-Lizard," by J. E. Harold-Terry: the English after-the-war farce named "Collusion," rewritten in the nifty notion that Americans would be crazed

by laughter over the possibilities of England's device known as "restoration of conjugal relations." Then, to make certain that it wouldn't go, somebody clapped John Cumberland into the rôle of a fearless aviator! . . . If New-York wants it, New-York will have to come and rescue it from the municipal garbage-pile.

"Ma Pettengill," by Owen Davis: an attempt to footlight Harry Leon Wilson's bully tales that must have kept Mr. Davis busy nearly two hours one rainy afternoon. He didn't seem to know what to do with all the good stuff Wilson had written. . . . Promised for New-York in a fixed-up version.

"Going Crooked," by William Collier, Winchell Smith, and the late Aaron Hoffman: a farce with an idea left incomplete by Mr. Hoffman, put into performance by Mr. Collier before he had worked out the scheme for the best results, and patched a bit by Mr. Smith. . . . I shouldn't be surprised if they get into shape for New-York.

"June Days," by Harry Wagstaff Gribble: a song-show based on Mrs. Alice Duer Miller's comedy named "The Charm-School." Rather slow and tedious, because the librettist failed to get rid of enough of "The Charm-School." Miss Elizabeth Hines is in it. . . . And it's due in New-York.

"The Amber Fluid," by Arthur Lamb: a love of a play about a doctor who devises a liquid that will make his wife confess about her amours, ease the sufferings of murderers about to be hanged (or electrocuted), and serve as a tonic in soups, jellies, and gravies without serious impairment of the digestion. The doctor, in one scene, is instructing a Hessian maid to put the Fluid into his wife's coffee. "How much," she asks, "shall I pour in?": and he replies: "Just a little. More would be superfluous." *There* was a play; and, if it weren't that I knew the author, I should have wagered a thousand to one that he was the world's foremost kidder. . . .

Small chance that New-York will see it; and 'tis just as well.

. . . And that's the catalogue of plays not yet shown in New-York.

This, and That, and the Other

Of the we-saw-them-first plays afterward shown in New-York, there were "Dumb As a Fox," given there as "The Sap"; "Early to Bed," which, too, had its title changed before it was Broadway'd; and "Spooks." . . . And all three were pretty bad.

We had a Ziegfeld Follies, too — the seventeenth, in the Chicago order, and made up in part of what had been the seventeenth in New-York, also: the one staged there in 1923. Here, however, it was made to include much of the matter used in New-York in 1924 for a minor revue named "Keep Kool!"; and it made into one of the best of the shows Mr. Ziegfeld has sent to this city. . . . Other things in general kind were the third Music-Box Revue, without Frank Tinney and Miss Grace Moore, but pretty good; the fifth Greenwich Village Follies, as stupid and second-hand in ideas as any of its predecessors, but saved as a show by two "teams" of comic acrobats; the sixth George White Scandals, which wasn't much good; the twelfth Passing Show, which wasn't even as good as the Scandals; the second Earl Carroll Vanities, which would have been all right at ten cents a seat; the first Hassard Short Revue, which brought hither two of New-York's pet actors, Brennan and Rogers, and was terrible in other respects, as well; the first Vogues and Frolics, which was only a trifle better than the Vanities; and the second Artists and Models, which is still here, and has its merits, although sadly in need of a comedian or two.

Also, there was André Charlot's Revue, with Miss Gertrude Lawrence missing, and with Sam B. Hardy

pitifully struggling to take the place of Jack Buchanan and Nelson Keys.

Some of the New-York successes were given with second casts; and at one time not fewer than five were on view here — "White Cargo," "The Student-Prince," "The Show-Off," "Rose-Marie," and "Is Zat So?" . . . "White Cargo" was as badly played and as badly directed here as in New-York; but the essential drama of the play kept it going through a good run. "The Show-Off," a failure here, had better all-round acting than in New-York. "Is Zat So?" never clicked here as in New-York; and it was, save for Frank Otto's playing in the part originated by James Gleason, abominably acted. Neither "The Student-Prince" nor "Rose-Marie" was cast with celebrities; but both caught on — "Rose-Marie" in a night, and "The Student-Prince" after an uncertain week or two. . . . Another piece given here by a second cast while running in New-York was "The Gorilla," which was kept from reasonable popularity by stupid management.

The only Shakspere in the season was Miss Jane Cowl's revival of "Romeo and Juliet"; and that venture, long awaited, also was killed at the box-office by the management's stupidity. . . . Miss Cowl in the course of the engagement staged a dire importation which she chose to call "Who Knows," asking that the question-mark be left off the title. It was Hans Müller's German piece named "The Flame"; and I think she gave it later in New-York as "The Depths." It was just dirt; and that's what she played it for — just dirt.

Fine, exquisite, sophisticated, clean fun was Paul Géraldy's "Si Je Voulais!" which Miss Grace George gave here as "She Had to Know." She is our best actress in plays calling for light elegance and the creation of a comic mood; and she has never been better than in this — not even in her unforgettable performance as Cyprienne in "Divorçons!"

Mrs. Fiske was here for a fortnight in her revival of "The Rivals," and had the sense to act Mrs. Malaprop for the laughs. And she was good in the part. James T. Powers, the Acres, also was good, although excessive; and Miss Lola Fisher was the best Lydia since Miss Viola Allen had the rôle with Jefferson, Florence, and Mrs. Drew. Other stars were Tom Wise, who puffed through Sir Anthony, and Chauncey Olcott, with a special technique for dropping the comedy into the cellar every time he walked on the stage as Sir Lucius. . . . I believe the plan is to wind up a tour of eighty or ninety weeks with a night or two in New-York.

Mrs. Insull's venture with "The School for Scandal" was for charity; but her revival of the comedy had many merits, including her own acting as Lady Teazle. She hadn't acted in twenty-five years: at the time of her retirement, she was a popular ingénue as Miss Gladys Wallis.

Miss Julia Arthur had the title-part in Shaw's "Saint Joan," which didn't prosper here . . . Miss Barrymore was popular in her revival of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." . . . Miss Helen Menken's engagement in "Seventh Heaven" was among the washouts. . . . So also was Walter Hampden's in "Cyrano de Bergerac," wherein the star was much better than anybody out here had a reason to expect. . . . "The Potters," although of Chicago origin, was a failure. . . . Lowell Sherman, in something named "Morphia," was a joke; but he came back later to make a success in some hoakum named "High Stakes." . . . Miss Irene Bordoni was a cause of acute suffering in "Little Miss Bluebeard," although it was made plain by the management that she is a New-York favorite. . . . Another New-York favorite, Miss Florence Mills, was liked well enough in a Negro show, "Dixie to Broadway," although put to killing competition by the presence in town of another Negro show, "Runnin' Wild," with Miller and Lyles. . . .

Not many of us cared for "The Outsider," wherein Lionel Atwill was bad and Miss Ann Davis (in the part acted in New-York by Miss Cornell) was good. . . . Nor was Miss Mary Boland's engagement in "Meet the Wife!" a provocation to riotous joy. . . .

"The Lady Next-Door," one of the two or three best plays of the season, may or may not turn into a popular success. New-York had and ignored it when it was named "Close Harmony." . . . "The Swan" was held here too long by at least three weeks. It had a better performance here than in New-York, thanks to the management's having replaced Philip Merivale with Reginald Owen, a fine comedian, and Miss Hilda Spong with Miss Henrietta Watson. . . . "Beggar on Horseback," admirably acted, was among the successes, although the attitude of two in every five ticket-buyers was that of a millionaire industrialist I met in the intermission of the first performance. "The Wife," said he, "tells me the play is taking a crack at somebody; but I don't get it, although I guess she's right." . . . .

Fred Stone and his daughter Dorothy were here for a time in "Stepping Stones," and were liked. . . . For the sake of the record, mention is made of these pieces with tunes: "A Trial Honeymoon" (which was "Ginger" in New-York), "Plain Jane," "Mary Jane McKane," "Sitting Pretty" (with the Dolly Sisters trying to sing and to speak lines!), "Sweet Little Devil," "Sally, Irene, and Mary" (for the second time), "Lollipop," "The Magic Ring" (which Mitzi made to draw), "Moonlight" (second time), and "Be Yourself!" (which had an idea, and needed a score) . . . De Wolf Hopper came to town with a pitiful little troupe and made a mess of "The Mikado," "Pinafore," and some other good pieces. . . . And there was "The Dream-Girl," whose librettist's ineptitude offset Victor Herbert's good music and Miss Fay Bainter's good performing. . . .

"Minick" was among the good plays; but it was killed

by the local management before it opened here. . . . "Tarnish," a fair play, had a fair run, with Henry E. Dixey and Miss Patricia Collinge in the respective parts acted in New-York by Albert Gran and Miss Ann Harding. . . . Frank Craven came with his "New Brooms," which was neat and nice, but lacked substance for box-office purposes. . . . And there was a pretty-good detective piece in "In the Next Room," with a cast mostly different from the one which acted it in New-York. . . .

Mere mention serves for "Strange Bedfellows," "Cheaper to Marry," "Milgrim's Progress," "Shipwrecked," "The Goose Hangs High," "The Shame-Woman," "Cobra," "Badges," "The Knife in the Wall" (which was "Puppets" and "The Marionette-Man" in New-York), and "Wages for Wives," a new title for "Chicken-Feed." . . . Mere mention serves for "Parasites," too; but the acting therein of Miss Francine Larrimore was interesting and fine. . . .

"Abie's Irish Rose" rounded out a year and went some weeks beyond, but without passing the record set in 1921–'22 by Frank Bacon in "Lightnin'." . . . "No! No, Nanette!" was taken away after forty-nine weeks, and "Topsy and Eva" after forty-six. . . . These three pieces were prosperous holdovers from 1923–'24.

And that's about all there is to say of 1924–'25.

THE SEASON IN CALIFORNIA

By George C. Warren

Dramatic Editor *San Francisco Chronicle*

PACIFIC COAST theatres have no "season." They run on the whole year around with perhaps their most active period in the summer months, for then the players and plays that have been active and running in New York and other Eastern cities come west to gather in more shekels.

But less and less is this true, because of prohibitive railroad fares, lack of profitable stopping places on the long trek, and mayhap the desire of the Eastern actor to take a rest or a jaunt in Europe.

Owing to these several conditions, there is a growing spirit of independence, in San Francisco especially, and the promise of autonomy along the Coast with producers presenting new plays here, or those that are successful on Broadway. Three or four men are active in producing here and in Los Angeles — Thomas Wilkes, who also has a foothold in New York at the Sam H. Harris Theatre; Frank Egan, with an experimental theatre in Los Angeles and a regular playhouse in San Francisco, and Louis O. Macloon and his wife, Lillian Albertson, who produce in both cities the plays and musical pieces that are running in New York.

Motion pictures have drawn many actors to California. so it is a comparatively easy matter to caste any play or musical comedy in fairly good shape. And besides that, the climate or some subtle thing in this State of California, makes actors, singers, dancers.

Henry Miller, who has been coming to San Francisco every summer for more than twenty years, likes to make his productions here because the scenic artists are excellent and the cost is less by from five thousand to ten thousand dollars, which pretty nearly pays for the expense of coming to the West with a big company.

The growing lack of legitimate theatres in the cities and towns between San Francisco and Chicago has practically put the road shows out of business, so if the Pacific Coast is to have a theatre, and the San Francisco audiences are sophisticated and interesting bodies of playgoers before whom actors delight to play, it must be a growth within its own confines. Everybody interested in the theatre here who thinks at all realizes this fact.

The year between June 1, 1924, and June 1, 1925. has been fitfully interesting, with seven try-out productions and many reproductions of New York successes.

It began June 1, 1924, with Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Julio and Romeyette" at the Alcazar Theatre, Thomas Wilkes producing, and the Tobin girls, Genevieve and Vivian, and Rex Cherryman playing the leading characters. A light trifle, fluffy and bodiless, but fairly amusing. It will probably not be heard of again.

Two weeks later Wilkes made another production, a musical piece this time, "The Caliph," written and composed by Maurine Montague, who was one of Harrison Fisher's favorite models. Indeed, he declared her to be the most beautiful woman in California. Her book was old-fashioned, a return to the comic ruler style of entertainment.

The music was melodious, flowing and catchy, but most of it was in waltz movement and there was not enough variety in it to make it popular. Raymond Hitchcock was brought out to play the title rôle and was consistently uninteresting in the part, for which he did not care.

Frank Egan staged Gladys Unger's "Starlight" with Doris Keane as its star, at the Curran Theatre September 22. It was fairly well liked here, the rôle of the actress giving Miss Keane much to do that she does best. It had two weeks in San Francisco.

An all-negro revue, "Steppin' High," produced at the Capitol Theatre September 26, made scarcely a ripple on the surface of things, and Thomas Wilkes' production of the musicalization of "Polly of the Circus," done at

the Alcazar, October 17, had little more effect. Margaret Mayo revamped her play into a musical comedy book and Dr. Hugo Felix wrote the music, and on the opening night led the orchestra. Marguerite Zender came out to play "Polly" and the production, designed by Dickson Morgan, was beautiful, but the thing didn't click. An effort to weld circus and church in the music was a failure.

The last important production of the year was made May 18, 1925, when Henry Miller produced for Gilbert Miller and James K. Hackett, the Alfred Savoir comedy, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," for which Arthur Richman made the adaptation, and in which Elsie Ferguson played the Grand Duchess Xenia, with Basil Rathbone for her Waiter.

Miller directed the piece but did not act in it, making it the last of his three productions here, "The Swan" and "Embers" being the others.

One of the notable happenings in the year was the entry of Henry Duffy in the field of stock production.

He took over the lease of the Alcazar Theatre, put in a good working company with himself and Dale Winter at its head, and began operations November 9, 1924, with "The Cat and the Canary" which ran for nine weeks to big business. "Just Married" followed, getting four weeks; "So This Is London" after that had ten weeks; "The First Year" six.

Duffy's success is the talk of the Coast. He makes his productions carefully, has good people, and plays at popular prices. He has again made the Alcazar one of the best, if not the best, stock house in America.

THE SEASON IN LOS ANGELES

By Margaret S. Carhart

THE Community and Little Theatres of Southern California have taken great strides this year. In Los Angeles the Literary Theatre has just closed its most successful season. Each of their three plays — "The Wild Duck,"

"Macaire" and "The Devil's Disciple" — had two evening performances here and one in Long Beach. The Potboilers also have produced a number of unusual plays.

Both of the prominent community organizations of this district have opened new and handsome playhouses. Santa Barbara dedicated her theatre in the early fall with a long run of "The Beggar on Horseback." During the year they have produced, among others, "The Circle," "The Green Goddess," "Liliom" and "Outward Bound." Santa Barbara refused to accept "The Circle," while "Liliom" met with special success.

After eight years of earnest endeavor The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association opened its beautiful new theatre on May 18 with the first production on any stage of "The Amethyst," by Victor Mapes. The season opened with "Mary the Third," followed by "Fashion," which was enthusiastically received during a two weeks' run. They have also produced: "He Who Gets Slapped" — the greatest success of the year — "The Way of the World," "Little Women," "Kempy," "If Everybody Had a Window in His House Like This" — by Marion Craig Wentworth, the first time on any stage — "Intimate Strangers," "The Enchanted Cottage," "On the Hiring Line," "Heritage," "Desire" and "Expressing Willie."

A laboratory theatre has been in operation in connection with the Playhouse all this winter. One of their offerings, "Desire," went onto the larger Playhouse stage. In addition, they have given "The Truth About Blayds," "Peleas and Melisand," four "Coventry Mysteries" at Christmas time, "The Tragedy of Nan," "The Man Who Ate the Popomac" and a group of one-act plays. By means of these intimate productions in his own studio, Gilmor Brown has developed many of his most promising actors and at the same time has furnished delightful experiments in dramatic forms to a limited group of subscribers.

The professional dramatic offerings of the year are of

several types — premieres, recent New York successes, and old timers come to life. Among the premieres, the most sensational has been "White Collars" by Edith Ellis. This delightful comedy of American life opened at the Egan Theatre in January, 1924, and bids fair to rival even the New York run of "Abie's Irish Rose." We are indebted to the Wilkes management of the Majestic for several of the novelties: "In His Arms," which Margaret Lawrence tried out last summer, "The Darlings" by Margaret Mayo and Aubrey Kennedy, which had a four weeks' run, and "The Cuckoo," a farce comedy by George Scarborough and Annette Westbay, which was withdrawn after one week. The Morosco Theatre has given us two new plays, "The Open Gate," a comedy drama by Tadema Bussiere and Edgar MacGregor, which, in spite of a long run here, has not yet been produced elsewhere, and "Deliverance," a satirical comedy by Edwin Stanley. At the Playhouse, "The Great I Am," by C. B. Lancaster and Joseph Jackson, had a short and unhappy run. At the present time "The Door Mat," a comedy of modern American life by Ethel Clifton and Brenda Fowler, is being tried out by Lillian Albertson.

Several recent New York successes have brought to Los Angeles some of America's leading actors and actresses. Doris Keane christened the Playhouse with four weeks of "Romance," and later returned in "Starlight"; Helen Menken reopened the Mason with "Seventh Heaven"; Pauline Frederick had a long summer run with "Spring Cleaning," and later offered us "The Lady." Olga Petrova brought "The White Peacock" to the Biltmore. About Christmas time Cyril Keightley and Effie Ellsler gave us a delicious laugh with "The Goose Hangs High," and George Sidney drew crowded houses with "Welcome Stranger." Wallace Eddinger added "Captain Applejack" to our list, and also appeared with Margaret Lawrence in "All Alone Susan." Our most recent arrivals are Robert Ames and Marian Coakley, who have given "The Dark Angel."

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

A Drama in Three Acts

By Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings

THE Pulitzer prize was given to another play, but in the estimation of most of those who take their drama seriously in this theatrical capital "What Price Glory?" held a comfortable lead as the most significant drama of the year, as it was unquestionably the outstanding dramatic success of the season.

Also, in the estimation of these worthy students, the Anderson-Stallings drama has most effectually cleared the stage forever of the type of war play that is no more than prettily heroic. It represents war, specifically the great war of ten years back, as it is in truth and in fact, and there is pretty general agreement with the estimate of Heywood Broun who wrote that "This is certainly the best use which the theatre has yet made of the war, and it is entirely possible that it is the best American play about anything."

Those of us given to a more guarded conservatism stop a little short of classifying a drama so completely devoted to a single phase, almost a single adventure, of soldier life, as representing the best play of all time. There are traditional sensibilities which are offended by its brutal truths, by the ugliness of its speech, by the assumption of its partisans that a tough outfit of Marines does, in fact, truly, fairly and completely represent every division of the A. E. F. in France.

However, debaters on either side of an argument to sustain or disprove the Broun contention that "What Price Glory?" is, in fact, the oft-quoted great American

play will at least know they have been in a fight. Which, of itself, proves that it is a great play.

In the following digest of the play I have quoted less freely from the text than is my custom. There are several reasons for this.

In the first place, the dialogue is, as intimated, a bit rough, as it must be representing soldier men in action. In the second place, it is a text so dependent upon associations of scene and actors' personalities as to sound coarse and improbable read or spoken by itself. And in the third place the Messrs. Anderson and Stallings asked me not to quote it in the first place.

There are, they tell me, many otherwise intelligent women club leaders who insist upon reading to their followers the briefest extracts from a play with the assurance that they are giving them the play itself, which, in this case, would be particularly unjust to the authors, both as dramatists and as writing men.

"What Price Glory?" opens at the Company headquarters of an outfit of Marines in a French village in the zone of advance in 1918.

Back from the trenches, and waiting half expectantly, wholly disgustedly, for orders to move up again, the men are indulging their usual pastimes back of the line, which is to say they are doing a considerable amount of drinking, gambling and gossiping about their women.

You catch them at it here in this room, with Corporals Gowdy, Kiper and Lipinsky exchanging observations. And the flavor of their adventurous existence is in their comment.

GOWDY — Well, where the hell did you come from?

KIPER — Who, me? I come from every place I've been to.

GOWDY — Yeah, well, where you been to?

KIPER — Me? I've been to China, Cuba, The Philippines, San Francisco, Buenos-Aires, Cape Town, Mada-

gascar — wait a minute — Indiana, San Domingo, Tripoli and Blackwell's Island.

LIPINSKY — Ever going home?

KIPER — Who, me? I can't go anywhere without going home.

GOWDY — By the time this war's over you ought to be pretty near ready to marry and settle down.

KIPER — There ain't going to be any after-this-war. Anyway, I got married after the last two wars and when I get through paying my debt to Lafayette, if ever, I'm through settling down. I never have settled down in so many hick towns in my life.

LIPINSKY — What become of them two broads?

KIPER — My wives?

LIPINSKY — Yeah.

KIPER — The first one never knew my last name, and when I left town she was out of luck.

GOWDY — And the next one?

KIPER — Ain't I signing the payroll for her every month? A twenty-dollar allotment and she gives it to a fireman in Buffalo. Here I am saving democracy and he's turning in a twenty-bell alarm the first of every month.

GOWDY — That's a waste of cash the way I look at it. It stands to reason when a girl gets rid of one bozo she's looking for another. Now why does the late unlamented finance that little game? There's no justice in that.

KIPER — Who said it was justice? It ain't justice; it's alimony.

GOWDY — Well, alimony's all right if you're well fixed; hell, a girl ought to have some fun. I don't want a girl to quit living just because she ain't living with me, but the guy that's getting his ought to pay for it. What do you want to pay alimony for?

KIPER — What did you want to come to France for? It's the same reason why I pay alimony. So's to see the

rest of the girls. Join the Marines and see the girls — from a porthole.

GOWDY — God, I came to France because I had a brainstorm one day and signed on a dotted line.

LIPINSKY — There ain't but one man in the world that came to France to see the mam'selles, and that's the skipper. When there's women around the skipper's got trick eyes like a horsefly.

KIPER — The old man? Say, he can't look at a mam'selle without blushing. Compared to me he's an amateur. He don't know the difference between a Hong Kong honky tonk and a Santo Domingo smoongy.

LIPINSKY — No, oh no. I suppose women is an open book to you. You're damn well right — a code book.

KIPER — Yeah, you're damn well right. When I was in Turkey with that landing party, the Sultan had to hunt through his harem with a flashlight to find a decent-looking girl, and when I left China the Yangtse was full of the bodies of virgins that had drowned their beautiful selves because I was shipped over. And when I was in Spain, the King of Spain put an ad in the paper offering a reward for the return of the Queen.

GOWDY — What did you do?

KIPER — Took her back for the reward.

The mam'selles are not too plentiful in this particular village, but there is Cognac Pete's daughter, "as pretty a little frog as ever made a dish of frogs' legs," if you ask Gowdy. And she, either by right of rank or persuasion, is accepted as being the skipper's property. Lipinsky isn't so sure it's the skipper's rank that has won her. "Some guys just naturally walk away with women," and there ain't no reasonable explanation for it ——

Sergeant Quirt's entrance is sudden and unannounced. He's looking for the captain of the outfit. And startled a bit when he discovers the man he is looking for is Captain Flagg. He's dealt with Flagg before. That's evident.

Quirt's the new top soldier, come to take charge of the Flagg outfit so's Flagg can take a ten-day leave. But he can't take charge actually until he finds Flagg, nor can Flagg get the full benefit of his leave if he doesn't get away.

"If the skipper's going ashore they'd better get him out of here before he gets too drunk to navigate," suggests the Sergeant. "I've seen him shove off with a liberty party and spend a forty-eight hour leave sleeping it off on the beach."

It is while Quirt is looking for Flagg that Lipinsky spreads the news of the new top's qualifications. "There's only one place in the world they boil 'em as hard as him!" he warns Kiper, "and that's the Tropic of Cancer."

"You meet a top with two glass eyes, a slit across his face for a mouth and a piece out of his ear and you might just as well heave out and lash up. That bird could curse the hide off a whole Senegalese regiment," is Kiper's endorsement.

Flagg doesn't need finding. He finds himself. He is in now, and a little ugly; it may be a little drunk. It's hard to tell with Flagg. Drunk or sober he's something of a mess. Square built and heavy, trained down to bone and muscle and lots of it. Heavy-jowled and square chinned, a little puffy around the eyes and flat nosed. A brute of a man and a bit proud of it.

He is alone when Charmaine slips in. She is the daughter of Cognac Pete the men were talking about and she has heard her *capitaine* is going to leave her. She is rather dependent on *le capitaine,* since he took her away from the former top sergeant.

Flagg is as gentle as it is possible for him to be with Charmaine. And as reassuring. True, he is going away. He is going to Paris. But, unlike the Sergeant, he is coming back. And when he does come back he wants to find her there waiting for him. It will be just as well if she savvies that.

Charmaine nearly understands, but not quite. And she is not, as you may see, verree happee at the prospect of losing her *capitaine*. She embraces him now, with a certain semi-professional ardor to prove her love. Why can't he take her with him to Paris? It is going to be hard to stay behind and be good.

It is, maybe. But behind she stays and good she shall be, decrees Flagg. And if he finds when he comes back that she has been running around with someone else — snip — like that! He will bust her right in two!

Lipinsky brings in Sergeant Quirt. There is the customary exchange of salutes, but not complete recognition. At least Flagg doesn't get Quirt at first. Thinks him a stranger from another outfit.

But he recognizes him finally. And none too gracefully. "I'm a cuckoo if it ain't the old Hoppergrass!" he snorts, and calls the platoon commanders immediately, to cover his surprise.

And yet there is a thorough understanding between these two. They have done a lot of soldiering around the world, and frequently they have been thrown together. But they take little joy in the meetings.

"You've been poison to me every time I've served with you," charges Flagg.

"Personally, I'd as soon meet a skunk in a dugout," admits Quirt, "and officially I don't think much of your crew."

But each of them holds the other in high regard when it comes to the job of soldiering. Flagg needs Quirt now to lick his outfit of somewhat shattered veterans and green replacements into shape. And to Quirt soldierin' is soldierin'.

It's a rotten rabble, this Flagg outfit, the new top has heard. But it would start cuttin' its way to Berlin if Flagg gave the word. Quirt admits that.

"I broke you in China, I admit," admits Quirt. "I broke you for that little Chink. And when I served under

you in Cuba you got even. That's why I'm still a sergeant. Let it go at that."

The platoon commanders are in to meet the new top soldier. And Flagg's introduction is characteristic.

Quirt, so Flagg tells Aldrich, senior officer in command, is one of the best goddam soldiers that ever destroyed a memorandum receipt, and there isn't, says he, a smarter, finer, cleaner marine afloat than Quirt — when he's sober.

"As long as he's sober he'll run this outfit, whether I'm here or absent; but Quirt loves the bottle, and when he is drunk he is the lousiest, filthiest bum that ever wore a uniform. When drunk he is worse than I am, and you know damn well I don't allow anybody to get as bad as that."

Furthermore, Flagg promises, if Quirt takes to the likker, he (Flagg) will break him, and he advises Aldrich if he ever finds Quirt "down in the square with his face in the dirt in front of all these young nipple-nursers you lock him up and keep him locked up until I return. . . . Give him his head and let him have anything he wants, and don't forget he's forgotten more about a soldier than any of you college boys will ever know."

Also, adds Flagg, they had better not play cards with their new top, and if they loan him money, the act should be accompanied by the gesture of final leave taking.

They leave Quirt alone at headquarters after Flagg has stepped into the side-car of his motorcycle and started on his way. The new top's feelings are a little mixed, after the introduction and all. But they soon have something to centre upon. Charmaine is in to look him over.

The introductions are quick and informal. Charmaine is just looking for her capitaine, she says, but she sees he is gone. Which may or may not mean anything to *le nouveau sergeant.*

She is, she admits in answer to his direct questioning,

the daughter of the already well-known Cognac Pete. "*C'est mon pere,*" says she sweetly.

"Uh-huh. I thought so," confesses Quirt. "Well, baby, you better stick to me and you'll have another papa!"

And although his attention is diverted for the moment — the while he takes up the case of one Mulcahy of Cincinnati, fighting drunk and refusing to pipe down — Quirt makes headway.

After he has knocked Mulcahy stiff and ordered him dragged from the room, he turns interestedly to Charmaine. Now she is in his arms, but not, you suspect, before she knows it.

"Well, Pittsburg, you love me?" queries the Sergeant, and he kisses her with a skill and a confidence born of great experience, as the curtain falls on the first scene.

Eight days later Captain Flagg returns, or, rather, is returned by Kiper. The Captain, having made Bar-le-Duc on the way to Paris, and stopped there for the length of his leave, is able to navigate, but not with any degree of certainty. He ain't exactly soaked, as Kiper explains, "he's just the drunkest bum you ever saw in your life."

It appears the skipper's vacation has not been all that it might have been. The second day they were in Bar-le-Duc an insistent little squirt of an M.P. had tried to take Flagg's swagger stick away from him merely because it was the corps commander's regulations. Flagg invited the corps commander to "take his lousy army and sell it for cheese," and invited the M.P. to sail in and help himself to the swagger stick. Which the M.P. tried to do.

They got Flagg as far as a court-martial for attempted manslaughter after that, but Kiper swore the M.P. had tried to knock his superior into the middle of the street and that was all there was to that—except they gave the M.P. ten days bread and water.

"Serve him right, the boy scout," echoes Lipinsky. "They ought to take away these guys' whistles before they blow themselves to death."

It is Lipinsky's idea that there is more trouble ahead for the skipper. And for his top soldier as well. The trouble being represented by Charmaine the charmer. With Flagg away, Quirt has been "parkin' his dogs in Pete's kitchen every night, with that little black-eyed frog sitting in his lap lighting his pipe."

Aldrich, too, is worried by this situation. He takes it up with Quirt after Kiper and Lipinsky have gone to bring Flagg in from the "Last Chance." The affairs of Cognac Pete's daughter, it appears, are becoming more serious than anybody has heretofore suspected. In fact, Cognac Pete himself has started raving about the corruption of his daughter's morals and is threatening to prosecute.

The charge may be a joke to Quirt, as, in fact, it is. But what if Pete gets as far as headquarters with it? It's a hanging matter if the charge is pushed. In consideration of which Quirt agrees it may be just as well for him to resign his rights and avoid all possible complications.

Flagg is not easy to handle when he comes lunging in, but he settles soon to a fairly sober contemplation of his new problems. He's had a rotten time, suffered a run-in with one of "Pershing's Sunday-school teachers" in the matter of the swagger stick, and feels worse than he looks. But he is back on the job.

There is a runner in to announce the approach of the "G one crowd." "A band of Gideons from Headquarters," Flagg suspects, "bringing some more of that world safe for democracy slush." And Lieutenant Moore comes to report a more immediate, and, likely, a more serious matter. There's an old man outside protesting that someone in the outfit has taken advantage of his daughter.

It is not a serious matter to Flagg until he discovers that it is Cognac Pete who is waiting and that Charmaine is the girl. The thought gives him pause

Can it be that the grinning Quirt has put up a job on him?

Cognac Pete, "an ancient, nut-brown Frenchman, very polite and humble," repeats his charges in a flow of excited French that is a mixture of fact and poetry. The soldiers, taking what they want, he wails, have included "the one flower of his life," and he is distressed. From which Flagg finally gathers that the direct charge is one of rape, and that Charmaine is the sufferer.

So far, however, much to the captain's relief, the girl has not named the man. It is her father's intention to take the matter to headquarters and to press charges unless — well, he wants the man to marry Charmaine and to pay five hundred francs to her father.

Flagg, relieved, agrees that such a settlement may be possible, but insists that three hundred francs is quite enough. Which Cognac Pete angrily refuses. Five hundred, he'll have, and he'll name the man.

"What man?" demands Flagg, apprehension in his tone and bearing.

"*Le voila! Alors je mon vais!*" dramatically yells Pete, pointing an accusing finger at Quirt. "*Vous vous-moquez de moi! Laissez-moi partir!*"

"Quirt, what's the meaning of this?" demands Flagg.

"Sorry, sir. I don't catch the drift myself," innocently replies the sergeant.

"You're a liar! You knew Charmaine was mine and you couldn't keep your hands off her."

"Yeah? It's getting to be a habit of mine, huh? Whaddye going to do about it, Captain Flagg?"

What Captain Flagg is going to do is soon apparent. He is going to have Charmaine in and he is going to see that Quirt marries her. After that he will direct his obliging top soldier's signing of an allotment guaranteeing his wife about two-thirds of his salary.

Or, if Quirt prefers to take his chances with a court-

martial in Paris, that may be arranged. But what a slim chance it would be with a "lousy marine sergeant" up on charges before "ten army majors back in Paris who ain't going to let anybody do any seducing but themselves."

Sergeant Quirt protests, but without rancor. It just can't be done as Flagg plans it. In the first place, Charmaine loves him because he is a "damned handsome soldier" and such a lover as she herself admits she never knew before. Does Captain Flagg think she will appear as witness against so fine a favorite?

Whatever Captain Flagg thinks, he is going ahead with the wedding arrangements. He sends Aldrich with Quirt to bring Charmaine and the chaplain, and he is extracting a vast pleasure out of the situation into which he has forced his rival, when a brigade runner arrives from headquarters and the outfit is ordered to be ready to move within an hour.

Better and better for Flagg. Now he will marry off his handsome sergeant, tie him up with a good, big allotment and then march him off to war.

"Yes, sir," he mumbles with satisfaction, "we'll marry Quirt and put him to bed in Hades."

The headquarters party is in, headed by a brigadier general, two colonels, several captains and a mess of lieutenants. Rather curt, the brigadier, and officious, but the effect on Flagg is practically negligible. He listens patiently to orders, and protests mildly when he thinks his detachment is given the worst of the dirty work. "If you don't mind my saying so, General, we're the refuse of the brigade back of the line and we carry extra bandoliers into it."

The General admits it. But there's an honor in being given the dirty work. The job in hand at the moment is concerned with a line that has to be straightened. It means half a town must be taken and held and the enemy given the cold steel to drive them out of it.

Also there is a matter of posters. "Some Yankee Doodle back in Hoboken" has sent on some posters that are to be tacked up back of the German lines. This is intelligence work, the General explains. The posters explain the American mission in the war, and are destined to help undermine the morale of the enemy.

"I'd like to tack up a few in Hoboken containing my sentiments on two-starred idiots who waste men on that kind of monkey business," asserts Flagg.

And there is a further assignment. The G. I. wants a prisoner, preferably an officer from one of the Alsatian regiments. And if Flagg's men get one, in fairly good condition, the General promises to send the whole company back for a month's rest.

The headquarters party is on its way out when the chaplain, Charmaine, Lipinsky, Quirt and Kiper are back for the wedding. The General is a bit surprised that time should be taken out of so important an hour for such a ceremony, but when the circumstances are explained to him by Flagg, he considers it the best thing that can be done. Furthermore he orders that the wedding proceed as planned and that Quirt sign an allotment for two-thirds his salary.

The General is no sooner out the door than Quirt jumps the formalities. There will be no wedding for him! Let Flagg lock him up if he wants to! Let him try to take his company into action without a sergeant if he wants to! Let him try it and see what happens!

Flagg knows what would happen, and knows, too, that he is beaten. "Sorry, Charmaine," he apologizes to the mystified girl, "but I need that sergeant. Anyhow, you'll draw his pay every month. That's a little present from me."

Quirt has said his good-bys to Charmaine, informing her gently as maybe that he is sorry he can't marry her now or at any other time. Also he advises her not to try to cash her allotment.

Flagg, too, has spoken his farewells, promising to come back to Charmaine if he comes back to anybody. Charmaine insists again he should have taken her to Paris. That would have saved all the trouble. It's hard to be good all alone.

They are all gone, now — all except Charmaine and old Sergeant Ferguson, whose job it is to stay behind and look after the stuff, and he tries to be comforting.

"You're just as fortunate you didn't marry a soldier, darling," he says. "They're a bad lot to keep house for. I know. I've been keeping house for one regiment or another since I was as young as you are."

"Oh, but they are beautiful," she protests, tearfully. "They go into hell to die — and they are not old enough to die."

It shouldn't matter much to her, Fergy thinks. Some of 'em get killed, but more come along. And more after them. But it is not exactly a comforting thought to Charmaine. She is unhappy. She is already lonesome. She will help Sergeant Ferguson with his straightening up if he will let her.

But Ferguson is a wise old fellow. "Just because I'm the only man around here do you think I'm going to let you bother me?" he demands. "You run along home and pray God to keep you out of mischief a few days. It won't do you any harm."

He sets to work and she reluctantly leaves him. He is singing "The French they are a funny race, *parlez-vous,*" as the curtain falls.

ACT II

Flagg's men have been holding a disputed town for six days. Here, in a darkened cellar, ten of them have found a place to throw what's left of their blanket rolls and their equipment. Most of them are out at the moment. Two are asleep, snoring loudly, gas masks on their chests, tin hats on the backs of their heads.

Frequently there is the shock of exploding guns outside in the town. Occasionally when the cellar door is opened there is a pinkish flare that lights up the cellar and the dishevelled, unkempt, dirty men scattered about it.

Corporal Gowdy stirs up the sleepers. Rations are in and must be sent for.

GOWDY — You heard me, Spike. Show a leg and go draw rations for ten men, at the gray stables near the square. It's after two o'clock. (*Gowdy sits.*)

FIRST SLEEPER — Where's Captain Flagg?

GOWDY — Down tying up Mr. Aldrich.

FIRST SLEEPER — So they got him. Bad?

GOWDY — I'll say they did. A ticket home. Right arm torn all to hell.

FIRST SLEEPER — A damned, dirty shame. He's lucky, though, to get out with an arm. I'd sell 'em mine, and at the same price. What was it — that one pounder again?

GOWDY — No. Fuse cap from a grenade. Made a hell of a mess of Mr. Aldrich. He was crawling on the embankment near the railway station and somebody inside threw him a present.

FIRST SLEEPER (*now up and rewinding a spiral legging*) — A damned swell officer, if you ask me. Taking him out tonight?

GOWDY — No. The skipper is bringing him here. Send him out tomorrow night. He's lost too much blood to walk it before dawn. God, it's getting on my nerves.

KIPER (*who has been awake, stupidly smoking a cigarette*) — Who? Mr. Aldrich hit bad?

GOWDY — Pretty bad. Arm. Make a bunk for him, willya? Shake it down and pile another in the back. He'll want to sit up with it . . . Make up Harry's bunk.

FIRST SLEEPER (*about to go upstairs, turns at door at this*) — Harry's bunk? Why Harry?

GOWDY — Harry's through with bunks.

FIRST SLEEPER (*smoking reflectively*) — Bumped off?

GOWDY — Worse. In the belly crossing the square.

KIPER — Where is he?

GOWDY — The skipper rushed him back an hour ago. No use, though, Harry was unconscious — halfway — holding back his guts in his bare hands and asking somebody to turn him loose so he could shoot himself.

KIPER (*on second end cot left*) — Captain Flagg want me?

GOWDY — He said not to wake you. Might need you later on.

KIPER (*coming to candle by Flagg's bunk, front of bunk left, lights cigarette*) — A good job for me, I'll suppose. With this daylight saving I ain't going to live forever, that's sure. I think I'll go crazy and get the doc to give me a ticket. (*Lights cigarette.*)

GOWDY — Flagg's crazy now. Raving crazy. Hasn't slept for five nights. We'll be sitting on him in another night like he's had tonight.

KIPER — The whole damned universe is crazy now.

A pharmacist's mate comes to set up shop for the surgeons to follow. There's to be a party later — about two tables — operating tables.

The men are all skirting hysteria by a narrow margin. "They are passed being rubbed raw; they are rubbed *through* — Only a gun in their faces could scare them." Kiper is all in. Why the hell they should be fighting the war anyway is more than he can understand. Why should it be so damned important that they get the damned Heinies out of the railway station? He's tired of killin' them or tryin' to kill 'em.

Lipinsky's cheerful enough, for a time. And optimistic. They haven't made the shell that's goin' to get him. Or the bullet, neither. He's goin' to live to go home and get even with the guy that sold him a wrist watch just

outside the main gate of the Mare Island Navy Yard.

The pharmacist's mate tries to get them to talk about their souls, or whatever it is they call their souls. Not with any thought of preparing them for a fitting finish, but merely out of curiosity. He probably has asked hundreds of other men similar questions.

But these boys are not interested. Not then. Kiper is even disdainful. What's his soul to him? "I should get on my ear where this doodle-bug in my chest is going after I die. It ain't never helped me none. It can go to hell for all I care."

Lipinsky is worried. A little superstitious, too. "Jeez, Kiper, don't talk that way around me," he pleads. And then, looking at the ceiling: "It wasn't me, God! It wasn't your little Wladysek Lipinsky. Not him."

Kiper, however, is not to be so easily shut up. If there is a God, he demands, why the hell doesn't He win the war for one side or the other and get the mess over with? And as for that prayin' stuff! His folks at home prayin': "Oh, God, don't kill our child. Kill every kid in the neighborhood, but bring the one marked Kiper safe back home!" He ain't that dirty a coward.

Quirt is in. He has been "running rations" down a ravine for six nights, and that's the toughest bit of soldierin' he has ever done. Ten men started with him on this last trip. Six got through.

There is a stir at the head of the stairs. It is Flagg arriving with the wounded Aldrich. He eases the shattered lieutenant down the stairs and into the bunk that was Harry's. Harry isn't going to need it any more.

It is the sight of Aldrich that gets Lieutenant Moore. For a moment he goes smash, cursing the war wildly and hysterically. He can't keep his men in line any longer. They look at him like whipped dogs. He's got to get them out. And up in a tree by the orchard angle there's been a wounded sniper calling "Kamarad!" all night long, like a crippled bird.

"What price glory now?" he shouts. "Why in God's name can't we all go home? Who gives a damn for this lousy, stinking little town but the poor French devils who live here?"

He is raving at the end, and swearing to take his platoon out even if Flagg shoots him for it.

Flagg listens, fascinated like the others. There is the threat of the disciplinarian in his eye as he rises and faces Moore. But it passes. He knows. His great arm goes around the lieutenant's shoulders and his voice is as gentle as Flagg's voice has ever been. He quiets Moore, protesting calmly that that is no way for a man to talk before other men. Soon he gets him to a bunk and to sleep for a minute. And Quirt, fidgety and sympathetic, comes forward with a piece of chocolate he got from a Y. M. C. A. wagon down the road. He thinks that by talking fast he can clear this situation. So he tells of the time he got his in Nicaragua — right through the fin, as pretty as a pinwheel.

He doesn't make much headway, however, so he returns to his duties, reporting the rations detail in to Flagg, and the loss of the four men. Also he has brought up two of those "thirty-day wonder lieutenants" sent up by divisional headquarters for instruction.

And now it is Flagg who is threatened with hysteria. He'll be goddamed if he will stand it. What right have they to wipe their feet on his company, to give his men all the worst of the jobs and then to ask him to turn over his sergeants to teach army lieutenants to button their pants in the dark? He's damned if he'll do it.

And when Quirt sends them in — Lieutenants Cunningham and Lundstrom — looking like tailor's dummies "slicked to the notch and perky and eager," Flagg suffers another explosion.

So this is the last of the old guard! A couple of gentlemen evidently bound for a masked ball disguised as officers!

He is, Flagg assures them, the sink-hole and cesspool of the regiment, "frowned upon in the Y. M. C. A. huts and sneered at by the divisional Beau Brummels"; he did not send for them, and now that they are here, he doesn't know what he is to do with them. Four days before he did have four gunnery sergeants, but now he has only two and he can't spare them to teach little boys how to adjust their diapers. One of them, he suspects, had been an all-American halfback, and probably the other edited his college paper. But unfortunately there is no chance to follow either the ball or the news at the moment.

Cunningham and Lundstrom take the riding as gracefully as maybe, but not without dignified protest.

"I'll do anything you will," promises Cunningham.

"Why, it's Frank Merriwell," sneers Flagg.

But he accepts the offer. He and Cunningham will stage a little party that night. It is possible they may pick up that Alsatian lieutenant who will mean a month's rest for all of them. Lundstrom wants to go, too. But that would make it too big a party.

When Quirt comes back (he had taken a little turn around the square to see what was doing) he is limping and his right legging is soaked with blood. A neat little bullet has ploughed a hole right through the calk without touching a bone. And Quirt is boastfully proud of it. He was in the garden pulling turnips when a sniper got him. He probably stuck his leg out, Flagg thinks.

The wound means that Quirt is out of the line for awhile. It means that he is going right back to Cognac Pete's, he promises Flagg, right back to the little snookum lady Flagg tried to make him a present of. He just has to laugh at the thought of it. Flagg is furious. And more furious when the pharmacist's mate takes a look at the wound and orders Quirt to sick bay for a shot of tetanus, and then to the hospital.

There is only one way for Flagg to meet this new development. Either he must catch his enemy lieutenant

and earn his leave or Charmaine is lost to his rival. He'll get that lieutenant!

But he was kidding Cunningham, he confesses to that young officer. He wouldn't think of risking a green man on a raiding job. Still, Cunningham is going. He's no green hand, he promises. He has been a locomotive engineer on the Louisiana Midland, and he knows a lot about crawling on his belly. This war's a great relief to anybody that's been an engineer on the Louisiana Midland.

They are just getting the black on their faces when suddenly the cellar door is opened, there are wild screams of "Heraus! Heraus!" and the next second three bombs explode in the cellar.

Flagg and the others make a dash for the door. There is a wild scramble outside and then Flagg comes back with a German officer by the collar. By all that's marvelous, he is an Alsatian lieutenant!

"He couldn't wait for us to go over after him," shouts the captain exultantly. "Sweetheart, you're the sweetest sight I've seen since Charmaine."

Outside the cellar there is a call for Captain Flagg, the call of a wounded boy. It is little Lewinsohn. Gowdy brings him in and they lay him on the floor. He is still calling to Flagg as a hurt boy might call to his father. "Oh, Captain Flagg, stop the blood!"

But the blood can't be stopped. It's all up with Lewinsohn. They make death a little easier for him with the pharmacist's needle.

"You'll be all right in a minute," Flagg promises. "We're going to fix you up."

They are bringing in the rest of the prisoners as the curtain falls.

ACT III

Back in Cognac Pete's tavern in the early evening two days later Sergeant Ferguson is waiting for the outfit.

They are due now. At the other end of a long table Charmaine sits sewing by the yellow light of candles. She is listening as Ferguson mumbles over his satisfaction at the return of the boys but hearing no more than half of what he says. Her thoughts are on her work. Or, it may be, on her future.

Ferguson's glad the outfit's coming back. He's got the chow ready and hot for them. And he always loves to see 'em eat. Two hundred of them go away, and he always figures on two hundred coming back. Sometimes not more'n a hundred do come back, but they eat twice as much as usual.

Suddenly it dawns on Charmaine that something Ferguson is saying has to do with Captain Flagg and her interest is stirred. She did not realize the captain was so near. Then she is worried. Perhaps he is being brought back because he is wounded.

Ferguson reassures her. Flagg ain't never been wounded, says he. Flagg ain't the kind. His kind, curiously, always has the pleasure of drinking themselves to death. "I never knew a man who could float a load o' liquor didn't hold all the cards besides," he says. And Flagg'll be there probably in fifteen minutes "thirsty as hell, wishing he had forty Geisha girls to play with."

Charmaine is upstairs fixing for the impending visit when Sergeant Quirt appears. He is wearing a major's overcoat and a visored garrison cap. Below the overcoat he has tucked striped flannel pajamas into a pair of rough army shoes. "He looks exactly what he is — a slightly wounded soldier escaped from hospital in borrowed clothes."

Quirt's story is a simple adventure — to Quirt — though it takes Ferguson some time to get it out of him.

QUIRT — And now you want to know where I've been ——

FERGUSON (*distantly*) — Oh, no. If a soldier wants to

campaign in a pair of night drawers it ain't my parade. It takes all kinds of sergeants to make an army.

QUIRT (*drinking his third*) — You're too hard-hearted, Fergy —— I ain't in my right mind. I was wounded and now I've got asphasia. (*Mysteriously.*) My name is Field Marshall Von Hindenburg and I'm looking for a wagon load of pants that got lost in shipment.

FERGUSON — Yeah?

QUIRT — Yeah, sure. I wandered outta a hospital about five miles over at a place called Noisy. It was damn well named, too, Fergy. Noisy was no name for it when I came outta the ether after I'd shipped in there with a piece of pants driven through a bullet hole in my leg.

FERGUSON — Have to give you ether to take off your pants?

QUIRT (*pouring another glass*) — No. They gave me ether so the stretcher bearers could steal a gold watch and eight hundred bucks off me. I certainly put up a squawk when I woke up and found 'em missing. But a hell of a lot of good it did me. I went looking for the bird that got them and ran into a guy in a bar tender's coat in the operating room. He tried to pipe me down and I hung a shanty on the bimbo's eye for him and when they washed him off he was a captain. So they locked me up, wound and all — and then I got asphasia and here I am. You ain't seen me.

FERGUSON — No, I ain't seen you. (*There is a distant murmur, very faint, of voices, and Quirt rises quickly starting for the stairs with a skip and jump.*) Keep your drawers on, Quirt. They ain't M. P.'s. That's the outfit. I've got old Pete and his brother down at the bridge keeping coffee and slum hot for 'em. (*Becomes conciliatory.*) Better go and give yourself up to Flagg as soon as he drives in. You'll be safe then. I'd like to see a set of doctors take Flagg's first sergeant off him

when he's just out of the lines. It surely would be a pretty sight afterwards. Them doctors working on each other like monkeys. (*The voices come nearer. One hears the cry, long-drawn-out like a wolf's, from many throats of "cho-o-o-w-w".*) That's me. They're calling for me. Well, old Fergie's got their chow, and hot, too, (*Quirt limps quickly over to the bench where he has stowed the overcoat, as Ferguson goes out at the rear, Charmaine comes down the stairs at the same time.*)

QUIRT — Hello, Pittsburg.

CHARMAINE (*with a small cry*) — You are wounded.

QUIRT (*as she pats his head*) — Sure I'm wounded. Ain't that enough to put me nine miles ahead of Flagg with you? I certainly beat him here.

CHARMAINE (*inspecting his costume*) — *Mais, mais* — you are —

QUIRT — Don't embarrass me, darling, because I ain't clothed and in my right mind. I just been waiting for Fergy to leave so I could steal a uniform from him. Where's his room? (*Charmaine points to door at right. He pats her on the back.*) Wait a minute, dearie, until I salvage a pair of breeches. (*He goes out left. Charmaine goes to the outside door where voices are now heard. Quirt reappears.*) Damn it, he's locked his chest. Gimme an ice pick. (*There are steps and voices at the door, and Quirt withdraws hastily to the left, Charmaine following.*)

The outfit is in and more or less wild. There is a nice little scuffle among the corporals, Kiper, Gowdy and Lipinsky, for the possession of a bottle of cognac, when Flagg himself lunges heavily into the bar and clears the place. Let them inform the platoon commanders to see that every man is billeted as soon as he finishes mess, Flagg orders. "Tell them not to rag a man tonight. As soon as they know their billets let 'em out. Let 'em drink! Let 'em fight! Get out!"

Flagg then takes to the cognac with enthusiasm and is happy with his glass and his bottle when Charmaine comes back. She is a little afraid of him, being somewhat doubtful as to his attitude following the matter of her relations with Sergeant Quirt. But she is eager to be friendly if he is. However, there is plenty of time, she reasons. He is so tired, he will want much sleep. A bed and a bottle is all he wants to think about tonight.

Quirt sneaks back after Flagg has gone in search of his room. He has found a French farmer's blue denim frock which comes to his knees. He is no longer the beautiful soldier to Charmaine, and she is inclined to repulse him. "When you are beautiful, mon sergeant, then I love you," she laughs as she disappears through the door.

Quirt probably would have followed her if Kiper and Lipinsky had not burst in at the moment to warn him that Flagg has heard of his top sergeant's return and is looking for him. And doing more swearing during the search than Lipinsky ever heard him do before. The corporals think it would be better if Quirt would do some more runnin' away, and right now.

But Quirt is in no mood for runnin' anywhere. If Flagg comes lookin' for him, and doesn't realize that so far as Cognac Pete's place is concerned he is through for all time, he will get his gizzard cut out, that's all.

At which show of defiance Flagg swaggers through the door, "indubitably drunk."

They square off and exchange a few pleasantries and several dirty looks. Then it occurs to them that they are both drunk and that what they both need is another drink.

Standing at the bar they are elaborately formal in the etiquette of exchanging drinks. And carefully selective in their choice of the worst backhanded compliments they can fling at each other. Each in effect invites the other to go throw his lousy carcass in the canal. Failing that,

Quirt warns his friend that having survived seven minor catastrophes, he is of a mind to risk another with every expectation of survival.

Flagg considers the proposition as worthy of a man whose tongue is as thick as his goddam head, but regrets to point out that the sergeant has forgotten to bring along his gun.

This oversight Quirt attempts to correct at the next drink by suddenly leaping upon his captain and, before the corporals can separate them, taking his gun out of his holster.

The corporals are for taking Quirt away after that, but Flagg orders his release. Whereupon Quirt make a second proposition. He would like to meet Mr. Flagg outside with two of those toy guns and at fifty paces. Which is just like Quirt, Flagg suggests, seeing that the sergeant is the best pistol shot in the corps.

"I'll take you on any way you can think of, you baboon," then offers Quirt. "I can out-shoot you and out-talk you and out-drink you. There ain't anything I can't do better than you."

"You're a liar, Quirt, and you know it," replies Flagg. "I could break you in two."

He further advises the sergeant to go sleep off a couple of drinks. Which the sergeant agrees might be necessary with any ordinary man. But it happens that he was living on cognac when Flagg's buttons were all safety pins.

The exchange of compliments continues until Charmaine's return stops it. They are still belligerent, but a little calmed — until she pours them another drink. Then the question as to who is entitled to the fair lady's embraces reaches an acute stage.

Flagg's arm is around the girl and he pays little attention to Quirt's assertion that, having arrived first, he has a prior right to Charmaine.

"It strikes me there's only room for one of us in this

shanty tonight," growls Quirt. "Do you plan on going somewhere or not?"

"Did you ever see me leaving any place I didn't feel like leaving?" snaps back Flagg.

Flagg is ready to fight for his woman. It is the first time in six months he has had a real reason for fighting. Eight dollars a day isn't anything to fight for!

"Fight with what?" demands Quirt. "Flagg's refused guns. How about the dice?"

The dice would be all right, agrees the captain, but Kiper intimates that Quirt's dice are crooked. "He's got a pair ought to be in a circus," charges Kiper.

So Flagg proposes his own kind of a shooting match. There is only one gun. They'll gamble for that. One man gets the gun and the other gets a head start. One game of black jack for one automatic.

Agreed! With the gun on the table between them!

They clear the room of Charmaine and the corporals. Flagg deals. Quirt loses. But the moment he loses he turns over the table, putting out the lights, and dashes through the door.

Cursing, Flagg flounders around on the floor until he finds the gun. Out through the door he rushes and takes one shot after the fleeing figure of the sergeant.

Charmaine runs in with a lamp. She is weeping convulsively. "Don't you weep, sweetheart," Flagg comforts her. "It's you and me tonight, lady."

She is sitting on his lap, her arms around him, when Lipinsky enters. He is sorry to disturb his captain, but he comes with orders. The outfit's going back. The battalion's moving at once. All leaves revoked.

Cursing his luck Flagg gets unsteadily to his feet. Why couldn't they leave him alone? Why did these damned corporals have to find him? He's not going! Let headquarters do any damned thing it wants to! He's not going back and he's not going to take his men back!

Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"WHAT PRICE GLORY?"

"She is sitting on his lap when Lipinsky enters. Lipinsky is sorry to disturb his captain, but — the outfit's going back."

(Brian Donlevy, George Tobias, Louis Wolheim and Leyla George)

But he changes his mind. "I may be drunk, but I know I'll go," he sighs, heavily. "There's something rotten about this profession of arms, some kind of damned religion connected with it that you can't shake."

He is making his way unsteadily toward the door, issuing orders as he goes. "Good-by, Charmaine, he calls back. "Put your money in real estate and marry that cuckoo if you can. You'll never see me again. This town is a jinx for me."

He has gone and Charmaine is sitting at the table, wiping the tears out of her eyes. The door at the head of the stairs slowly opens and Sergeant Quirt appears on the landing.

"Hello, Pittsburg," he calls. "— Outfit's going in again, huh? Well, well! — Do you love your papa?"

"*Mais oui!*"

"Then you better kiss him good-by." He kisses her. "Jeez, what a lot of goddam fools it takes to make a war!" he sighs. He runs through the door.

"Hey, Flagg, wait for baby!" he calls.

The curtain falls.

THE END

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Sidney Howard

THE Theatre Guild started its seventh season at the Garrick Theatre in October with a success, Molnar's "The Guardsman," and followed it in November with another. This second hit was scored by Sidney Howard's "They Knew What They Wanted," a racy character comedy of the California vineyards.

"The Guardsman," to keep the statistics in order, was produced October 13 and continued at the Garrick until November 22. It was then moved uptown to the Booth. "They Knew What They Wanted" was produced at the Garrick November 24 and continued there until January 10. By that time the Guild needed its home theatre for a third production and the Howard play was transferred to the Klaw, on which the Guild had taken a lease. It continued there the remainder of the season.

"They Knew What They Wanted" was an immediate popular success. The subscribers loved it for its frankness and its direct emotional appeal. The reviewers were enthused by its honesty of purpose and content and the incisiveness of its characterization, and the big public, which pays comparatively little attention to either, approved it unreservedly as a "good show." Lucky the author who can so successfully broaden his appeal in the theatre without cheapening what craftsmen and critics accept as his art.

The scene is the general living and dining room of Tony Patucci's farmhouse in the Napa Valley of California. Looking across the room through windows that give onto a broad entrance porch, a glimpse may be

had of the valley and its patchwork hills, "checkered with cultivation."

"Inside the room the wall paper and the carpet are new and garish. The cheapest variety of lace curtains hangs in the windows. The furniture is new and includes a golden-oak table with chairs to match, a morris chair, another easy chair, a chest of drawers, a sideboard, a hat rack. On one wall hangs a picture of Garibaldi. A picture of George Washington hangs over the central door. Other mural decorations include a poster of the Navigazione Generale Italiana."

At the moment the room has been, and is still being, transformed by decorations. "The red, white and green of Italy combine with the red, white and blue of these United States in bunting, garlands of fluted paper, pompons, and plumes of shredded tissue, to make up a scheme of decoration which is, to say the least, violent. The picture of Garibaldi is draped with an American flag. The picture of Washington with an Italian flag. The full glare of the early morning sun streams in through door and windows."

Ah Gee, Tony's cook, "a spare Chinaman of age maturely indeterminate," is assisting with the decorating, which is being superintended largely by Joe, Tony's foreman — "dark, sloppy, beautiful and young." Joe is just now engaged in opening one of the larger of the packing cases that litter the room. Being cheerful, he sings as he works, his song being one of the I. W. W.'s favorite hymns, "Remember," set to the tune of "Hold the Fort":

> "We speak to you from jail today,
> Two hundred union men,
> We're here because the bosses' laws
> Bring slavery again."

Father McKee is an early visitor. "He wears the sober garb of a Catholic priest, not overclean, what with dust

spots and all," and "he stands a moment to mop his large, pale face with a red bandanna. Then he lowers lugubrious disapproval upon everything in sight." The decorated living room looks, thinks Father McKee, "like a bawdy house."

His reverence, however, is not in a happy frame of mind. He has come to have a serious talk with Tony, for whose prospective wedding and its accompanying festa the decorations are being arranged. But Tony is busy. He has, according to Joe, been "stallin' all morning, afraid to go meet the bride." And is still in his bedroom fixing up.

"Hey there, bridegroom, the padre's here!" calls Joe. A moment later the flustered Tony appears. "He is stout, floridly bronzed, sixty years old, vigorous, jovial, simple and excitable. His great gift is for gesture. Today we meet him in his Sunday best, a very brilliant purple suit with a more than oriental waistcoat which serves to display a stupendous gold watch chain. He wears a boiled shirt, an emerald-green tie, and a derby hat. He carries his new patent-leather shoes in his hand. He seems to be perspiring rather freely."

Tony is pleased with the decorations, particularly with an elaborate wedding cake that has come all the way from 'Frisco and cost him the generous sum of twelve dollars and two bits. There are other features of the preparations that worry him. For one thing he is uneasy about Joe's being there. He has asked the handsome young I. W. W. to go, and for a special reason, but Joe insists on staying for the festa and a kiss from the bride. A reasonable enough decision, agrees Father McKee, and one with which he refuses to interfere. A trivial matter, too, compared with the greater seriousness of the wedding itself.

Frankly Father McKee does not approve of Tony's marrying and does not hesitate to say so. And it isn't the preparations for the festa that worry him.

"Tony," he says, "you know perfectly well that I ain't got no more objection to no festa than I have to any other pomp of the flesh. But I'm your spirichool adviser an' I been mullin' this weddin' over in my mind an' I come to the conclusion that I'm agin it. I don't like it at all. I got my reasons for what I say."

TONY (*does the Padre guess his secret?*) —W'at reason you got?

FATHER McKEE — In the first place, you ain't got no business marrying no woman who ain't a good Cath'lic.

TONY (*immeasurable relief*) — Ees no matter.

FATHER McKEE — A mixed marriage ain't no better'n plain livin' in sin.

TONY — Ain't we got you for keep' sin away, Padre?

FATHER McKEE — Why ain't you marryin' a woman out of your own parish instead of trapesin' all the way to 'Frisco to pick out a heretic?

TONY — Is no good womans in dees parish.

FATHER McKEE — What's wrong with 'em?

TONY — Joe is sleepin' with evra one.

FATHER McKEE — That ain't the point.

TONY (*enlisting the shoe to help his gesticulation*) — Oh, ees point all right, Padre. Joe is told me 'bout evrathing. I been lookin' all 'round here at all da womans in dees parish. I been lookin' evra place for twenty mile. Ees no good womans for wife here. Joe is told me 'bout evra one. Den I'm gone to Napa for look all 'round dere an' in Napa ees no better — ees just the same like here. So den I go down all da way to 'Frisco for look after wife an' I find my Amy. She is like a rose all wilt'. You puttin' water on her an' she come out most beautiful. I'm goin' marry with my Amy, Padre, an' I don' marry with nobody else. She been tellin' me she is no Cath'lic. I say, w'at I care? By an' by, maybe, if we bein' patient, we bringin' her in da church, an' showin' her da candles and da Madonna, all fixed up

good with flowers and da big tin heart, an' evrathing smellin' so prett' an' you preachin' verra loud, an' da music an' evrathing, maybe — by an' by — (*He turns again to his shoe.*) But now ees no matter. W'at I care?

FATHER MCKEE — It don't look good to me.

Tony is satisfied, however. And he refuses to worry about what may have happened to any other bridegroom similarly adventuresome. Now that he has his patent leather shoes on, after a struggle, and a glass or two or three of wine in his stomach, he is keen to proceed. But Father McKee is still worried.

FATHER MCKEE — Why didn't you get married forty years ago?

TONY — I think you know verra good w'y. Ees because I'm no dam' fool — W'en I'm young, I got nothing. I'm broke all da time, you remember? I got no money for havin' wife. I don' want no wife for mak' her work all da time. Da's no good, dat. Da's mak' her no more young, no more prett'. Evrabody say Tony is crazy for no' havin' wife. I say Tony is no dam' fool. W'at is happen? Pro'ibish' is com'. Salute! (*A glass of wine. Ah Gee has returned to his kitchen.*) An' w'at I say? I say, "Ees dam' fool law. Ees dam' fool fellas for bein' scare' an' pullin' up da grape' for tryin' growin' som'thing different." W'at I'm doing? I'm keep the grape, eh? I say, "I come in dees country for growin' da grape! Ees not for pro'ibish' God mak' dees country. Ees for growin' da grape. Ees true? Sure ees true! (*Another glass of wine.*) An' w'at happen? Before pro'ibish' I sell my grape' for ten, maybe twelve dollar' da ton. Now I sell my grape' sometime one hundra dollar' da ton. Pro'ibish' is mak' me verra rich. (*Another glass of wine.*) I got my fine house. I got Joe for bein' foreman. I got two men for helpin' Joe. I got one Chink for cook. I got one Ford car. I got all

I want, evrathing, excep' only wife. Now I'm goin' have wife. Verra nice an' young an' fat. Not for work. No! For sit an' holdin' da hands and havin' kids. Three kids. (*He demonstrates the altitude of each.*) Antonio — Giuseppe — Anna — Da's like trees an' cows an' all good peoples. Da's fine for God an evrabody! I tell you, Padre. Tony know w'at he want!

FATHER McKEE — Whatever made you think a man of your age could have children? (*This staggers Tony.*) I tell you, Tony, it ain't possible.

TONY — Eh? Tony is too old for havin' kids? I tell you, Tony can have twent' kids if he want. I tell you Tony can have kids w'en he is one hundra year' old. *Dio mio!* From da sole of his feet to da top of his hat, Tony is big, strong man! I think I understand you verra good, Padre. Tony is not too old for havin' kids. He's too rich, eh? (*This rather strikes home.*) Yah! Tony is rich an', if he don' have no kids, den da church is gettin' all Tony's money an' da Padre is gettin' Tony's fine house all fix' up good for livin' in, eh?

FATHER McKEE (*a very severe shepherd*) — Tony!

TONY (*the horns of the devil with his fingers*) — Don' you go for puttin' no evil eye on Tony an' his Amy!

FATHER McKEE — You're givin' way to ignorant superstition, which ain't right in no good Cath'lic.

TONY (*on his feet in a panic*) — *Dio mio!* My Amy is comin' on dat train an' here you keep me, sittin', talkin' —

FATHER McKEE — You irreverent old lunatic, you, if you're bent on marryin', I'll marry you. (*Joe reappears in the doorway.*) But I don't want you comin' around afterwards squawkin' about it.

They manage, finally, amid more excitement, to get Tony ready to start for the train in his Ford. He is very much frightened and a little drunk, and Joe is fearful lest he drive the car off the road and break his neck.

Perhaps it would be better if he (Joe) were to meet Amy. But Tony is almost hysterically opposed to that suggestion. Not only does he feel that he alone should meet his Amy — but he is still worried about Joe's being there at all. Tony will gladly pay his foreman "double extra" if he will kindly go away immediately. But Joe only laughs at the idea. He is going to stay for that festa, and that is all there is to that.

Tony is on his way at last, and Joe, eager to be set right with the Padre, figuratively enters the confessional on his own account.

JOE — I would have no harm come to Tony, not for anything in the world, see? An' I been agitatin' against this weddin' a lot longer'n you have an' I know what it's all about, see? I'm here goin' on five months, now, an' that's longer'n I ever stayed any one place.

FATHER MCKEE — Is it?

JOE — Excep' once in jail, it is. An' I been lookin' after Tony all the time since I come here. I come in to bum a meal an' I stayed five months. Five months I been workin' for Tony an' lookin' after him and he's treated me dam' good an' that's God's truth. I wouldn't have worked that long for him if he hadn't treated me dam' good, either. I ain't none too strong for stayin' put, you know. I like to move an' now I'm goin' to move. I'm what the papers call a "unskilled migratory" an' I got to migrate, see? Tony wants me to go an' I want to go. But, what I want to know is: who's goin' to look after Tony when I'm gone?

FATHER MCKEE — Ain't that his wife's place?

JOE — Sure it's his wife's place. But suppose this weddin' don' turn out so good? Are you goin' to look out for him?

FATHER MCKEE — Ain't Tony my spirachool charge an' responsibility?

JOE — All right! An' I ain't so sure you're goin' to

have much trouble, either. Amy looks to me like a fair to middlin' smart kid an' she knows what she's in for, too.

FATHER MCKEE — You seem to be well informed, Joe! Do you happen to know the lady?

JOE — I ain't never laid eyes on her. (*Then the implication percolates.*) Oh, I may go chasin' women plenty, but I don't chase Tony's wife, see? An' I ain't fixin' to, neither. Just get that straight.

FATHER MCKEE — I'm glad to hear it, Joe.

JOE — But I happen to know about her. Didn't I have to write all Tony's letters for him? You wouldn't expect Tony to be writin' to no lady with his education, would you?

FATHER MCKEE — No, I can't say that I would.

JOE — Why, I even had to read him the letters she wrote back. That's how I got my dope. An' what I say is: she's got plenty of sense. Don't you fool yourself she hasn't. I'll show you. (*He goes to the chest of drawers for some letters and photographs. He brings them back to the Padre.*) You can see for yourself. (*And he submits Exhibit A—a letter.*) Tony goes to 'Frisco lookin' for a wife, see? The nut! An' he finds Amy waitin' on table in a spaghetti joint. Joint's called "Il Trovatore." Can you beat it? He ain't even got the nerve to speak to her. He don't even go back to see her again. He just falls for her, gets her name from the boss an' comes home an' makes me write her a letter proposin' marriage.

To that letter Amy replied promptly. Looking over her reply now, Father McKee finds it a good letter, clearly written and indicating that the girl is possessed of more character than he suspected.

The correspondence, Joe explains, continued. For his part he was careful to tell Amy everything about the farm and the living conditions there, and equally careful to say nothing about Tony's money. He did men-

tion the Ford. He felt she had a right to know about the Ford.

Later there came the exchange of photographs. It required a good deal of tact, and not a little physical force, to get Tony before a camera long enough to be "shot," but this was finally accomplished. The result was pretty awful, but Joe is sure Amy must have been satisfied, because she sent her picture right back as soon as she got Tony's.

"There ain't no explainin' women," sighs Father McKee, as he looks long and earnestly at the picture of Amy Joe hands him. "Do you think she's straight, Joe?"

"What the hell! If she ain't she wants to be. That's the main thing," answers Joe.

"Maybe it won't turn out so bad, after all," agrees Father McKee. "There's always this about life: no man don't get everything he sets out to get, but half the time he don't never find he ain't got it."

There is an understanding now between them. Father McKee is willing to give Tony's wedding the benefit of his sanction and to do all he can to help it along. And Joe is confident it is going to be a great success. Father McKee would feel better about that if Joe were to clear out, but Joe, bristling again, resents the implied suggestion, that he is all set to do something dishonorable.

The R. F. D. agent comes puffing up the hill and into the room. He, too, is looking for Tony. He has a piece of registered mail for him. The mail, it appears, is Amy, and she's outside in the buckboard — "madder'n hell because Tony didn't meet her."

The R. F. D. had found Amy pacing up and down the platform and in tears. Weepin' women being something the R. F. D. agent can't stand he had promptly volunteered to bring Amy to Tony's place. They should have met Tony on his way to the train, but he must have taken the short cut. The Padre and Joe are a little worried, remembering Tony's condition when he started out with the

Ford — but there is nothing they can do about that now, so they insist on Amy being brought in.

She comes in cheerfully enough, still a little angry at not being met, and followed by Ah Gee and the farm hands carrying her baggage. "She is all that Tony said of her and much more. She wears a pretty dress, new, ready-made and inexpensive, and a charming and equally cheap hat. Her shoes are bright colored and her handbag matches them. But her own loveliness is quite beyond belief. She is small and plump and vivid and her golden hair shimmers about her face like morning sunshine. She herself shines with an inner, constitutional energy. Her look is, to be sure, just a little tired. She probably is not more than twenty-two or three, but she seems older. Her great quality is definiteness. It lends pathos to her whole personality. At the moment her vanity is piqued by Tony's remissness and she carries matters with a hand a little too high to be entirely convincing. She is embarrassed, of course, but she won't admit it."

"I must say it ain't my idea of the way a gentleman ought to welcome his blooming bride," she announces, as she comes into the room. "I don't get it. I don't get it at all. What was the matter?"

They try to tell her how Tony had gone to meet her, and how scared he was, but she is not altogether satisfied with the explanation. "Why didn't you come yourself?" she demands of the somewhat flustered Joe. "I wanted to," Joe admits, "but — "

She does not wait for a further explanation. The decorations, and particularly the cake, have caught her eye. And the priest. Everything is all set for "a regular wop wedding," she can see that. And then she catches herself. "Excuse me. I meant Eyetalian."

She is of a mind to forgive them. "That's the way I am," she explains. "Forgive and forget! I always believe in letting bygones be bygones. And down at the

station I was thinking: Well, if they ain't got enough sense of politeness to come after the bride, I'm going to hop the very next train back to 'Frisco. I'd have done it, too, only — would you believe it? — I didn't have the price of a ticket! I spent the last cent I had on this hat. Say, when I remembered that, maybe I didn't cry! That's what I was crying over when you come up."

Now Father McKee and the R. F. D. have gone to look for Tony, and Joe and Amy are left alone. "I ain't sorry they went," Amy admits after an awkward silence. "I think they ought to have done it sooner and left us to get acquainted. They got me all fussed up staring that way. I just couldn't think of what to say next. A girl gets kind of fussed, coming off like this to marry a man she ain't never seen. I was a mile up in the air. I — I guess I must have sounded kind of fresh. I wouldn't want you to think I was fresh."

Joe assures her that he had no such impression and she rattles on, a little nervously. She is glad she is there, now. She likes it, all fixed up cute the way it is, and the view and everything. It reminds her of where she used to live, in the Santa Clara Valley. They had a nice home there, she and her father and mother. They should have done well, too, with prunes and apricots, "but the prunes didn't do so well and the apricots got leaf curl." And then her father got to drinking and after her mother died they lost the place.

Joe knows the Santa Clara Valley, too. He used to be an organizer for the Wobblies down there. She is glad he gave that up. And glad to learn that Joe isn't Italian, except by descent. "I'm Swiss by descent myself," she confesses. "My father was born in Switzerland and my grandfather, on my mother's side, he was born there, too. I don't know what that makes me — Swiss cheese, I guess."

The joke pleases her and she laughs. But Joe doesn't

seem to think it funny, and she is a little embarrassed. "You're a regular wop, ain't you?" Joe ventures.

AMY — Well, after two years in a spaghetti joint! I like Italians. They always left me alone. I guess it wouldn't have done 'em much good getting fresh with me, at that — Say, I'm getting pretty confidential.

JOE — Go right ahead.

AMY — All right — I guess I ain't got much reason for being shy with you, at that. I wouldn't never have said I was going to marry an Italian, though. But I guess I just jumped at the chance. I got so tired of things. Oh, everything! I used to think I just couldn't keep on any longer.

JOE — Poor kid!

AMY — Oh, I usually know which side my bread's buttered on. I just said to myself: "He looks all right and I like the country and anyway it can't be no worse than this." And I said: "Why shouldn't I take a chance? He's taking just as much of a chance on me as I am on him."

JOE — That's fair enough.

AMY — Sure it is. And — maybe I hadn't ought to say it — but when I come in here and seen all you done, fixing things up for the wedding and all, and looked out the window, and smelt that wind, I said to myself, I said: "Amy, old kid, you're in gravy." Now, what do you think of that for an admission?

JOE — You're dead right. That's just what I said when I come here. I only intended to stay a few days. I'm that way, see? I been here goin' on five months now.

AMY — Is that all?

JOE — That's the longest I ever stayed any one place since I was old enough to dress myself.

AMY — You have been a rover!

JOE — I been all over — with the Wobblies, you see. Before I come here. that is.

AMY — What did you used to do?

JOE — Cherries an' hops — melons down in the Imperial an' oranges down South an' the railroad an' the oil fields —— Before I come here. When I come here I just stayed. Maybe I was gettin' tired of bummin'. Now I'm tired of this. But I don't mind.

AMY — Well, don't get too tired of it. I'm not a bit strong for moving myself. I had all I want of that in my time.

JOE — I guess you have.

AMY — I wonder what you think of me coming all the way up here like I did. all by myself, to marry a man I ain't never seen, only his photograph.

JOE — You couldn't have picked a better man.

AMY — Say! don't get a swelled head, will you?

JOE — Who, me?

AMY — Oh, no, nobody! (*Ah Gee passes along the porch*). I hope you're right that's all. And I guess you are, at that. And believe me, if I thought this wasn't a permanent offer, I wouldn't be here. I mean business, I hope you do.

JOE — Me?

AMY — Well, I certainly ain't referring to the Chink.

JOE — Say, who do you think — ?

AMY (*touching his sleeve with a kind of gentle diffidence which is her first attempt at intimacy*) — Don't get sore. The minute I came in I knew I was all right. I am. Why, I feel just as comfortable as if we was old friends. There don't seem to be anything strange in me being here like I am. Not now, anyhow. It just goes to show you: you can never tell how things is going to turn out. Why, if a fortune-teller had told me that I would come up here like I did, do you know what I would have said to her? I'd have said, "You're no fortune-teller." Life sure is funny, though. It's lucky for me I can say that now and laugh when I say it. I ain't always been so good at laughing. I guess we'll get

used to each other in time. Don't you think we will, Tony?

JOE — Tony? Say, I ain't — ! Oh, Jesus! (*His words are lost in the roar of a Ford motor as it approaches, and the motor, in turn, is drowned in wild cries of dismay from Giorgio and Angelo. The tension between the two in the room is broken by the excited entrance of Ah Gee, who has evidently seen, from his kitchen window, the cause of the disturbance.*)

There is great excitement, and through it, in jerky sentences, the story of an accident to Tony is told. He had driven the Ford off a bridge and both his legs are broken above the knee. They have gotten hold of the town doctor and are bringing Tony into the house on an improvised stretcher. He is still dazed by the opiates the doctor has given him, but is able to recognize his surroundings. Anxiously he inquires about Amy. He sees her now, "standing dumbfounded against the wall" and calls to her to come to him.

"Amy, don' be standin' way off dere! Come here for shake hands. (*Amy shakes her head.*) You ain' mad with me, Amy? — (*Amy shakes her head again.*) Amy ain' mad with me, Joe?"

"Nobody's mad — Don't you worry — "

"Den we have da weddin' just da same? We have da weddin' just da same?"

"Sure we will," promises Joe.

They have carried Tony into the bedroom, his anguished cries for Amy mingling with his groans of pain. The others follow, all except Joe and Amy.

JOE (*As he starts to go, a strangled sound from Amy arrests him. He turns and meets her gaze. He closes the door.*) — This is tough on you.

AMY (*almost voiceless with her terrible surmise*) — Who — who is that old guy?

JOE — That? That's Tony —

AMY — Tony?

JOE — It's too bad he never got to meet you. It's too bad he wasn't here when you come. (*Amy sways desperately a moment, then, with a choked cry, makes for the bedroom.*) You can't go in there.

AMY — I want my trunk.

JOE — Now listen! It ain't Tony's fault he's had an accident —

AMY — Of all the dirty, low-down tricks that was ever played on a girl!

JOE — An' it ain't his fault you made a little mistake.

AMY — What do you think you are — a bunch of Houdinis? (*She tears open her handbag which she put down on the table at her first entrance and produces a photograph.*) Is this your photo or isn't it?

JOE (*in amazement*) — Where did you get it?

AMY — Where do you think I got it?

JOE — Good God, Tony didn't send you this, did he? For God's sake, tell me! Did Tony send you this?

AMY — Ain't I just told you?

JOE — By God, he must have been plumb crazy! By God, he was so dead gone on you he was afraid you wouldn't have nothin' to do with an old man like him. He didn't have the nerve. An' he just went an' sent you my photo instead of his. Tony's like that, Amy. He ain't nothing but a kid. He's like a puppy, Tony is. Honest, Amy, it's God's truth I'm telling you. I wouldn't have had nothin' to do with no such thing. Honest I wouldn't. I did write the letters for him, but that was only because he don't write good English like I do.

AMY — That ain't no excuse.

JOE — But there wasn't one word in them letters that wasn't God's own truth. I never knew nothin' about this photo, though. Honest to God, I never! An' Tony never meant no harm either, Amy. Honest he never. An' he's been after me to beat it, too. Every day he has. Sure it was a dirty trick an' he was crazy to think he could

get away with it. I ain't denyin' it's the dirtiest trick I ever heard of—— Only he didn't mean no harm.

AMY — Oh, didn't he? Well, how about *my* feelings? How about *me?*

JOE — I'll do everything I can to square it. I'll drive you right down to the station now, and you can hop the first train back.

AMY — Oh, *can* I? And what do you expect me to do when I get there? Ain't I thrown up my job there? Do you think jobs is easy for a girl to get? And ain't I spent every cent I had on my trousseau?

JOE — I'll make Tony square it.

AMY — Oh, my God! Oh, my God! I got to go back and wait on table! What'll all those girls say when they see me? And I ain't even got the price of my ticket!

JOE — We can fix that.

AMY — I'll get a lawyer, I will! I wish to God I hadn't never heard of no wops!

JOE — Don't start cryin'. (*He tries to comfort her.*)

AMY — You take your hands off me and get my things.

JOE — All right. (*He looks at her a moment, his distress quite evident. Then he gives it up and goes into the bedroom. As he opens the door, the Doctor and Tony are audible. He closes the door after him.*

Amy picks up the few belongings she has left about the room. She stands a moment holding them, looking about her, at the four walls, at the country outside.

Then her eye falls upon Joe's photograph which still lies, face up, on the table. She takes it in her hand and looks at it. Mechanically she makes as though to put it into the bosom of her dress. She changes her mind, drops it on the table and looks around her again.

She seems to reach a decision. Her face sets and she pushes the photograph vigorously away from her. Joe returns with her satchel.)

JOE — The doc's give him something to make him sleep. They're going' to get an ambulance an' take him

to the hospital. We can take the doc's Ford an'—— It's a shame, but ——

AMY — I ain't going.

JOE — What?

AMY — No. I ain't going. Why should I go? I like the country. This place suits me all right. It's just what I was looking for. I'm here and I might as well stick. I guess he ain't so bad, at that. I guess I could have done a lot worse. If he wants to marry me, I'm game. I'm game to see it through. It's nice up here.

She pulls off her hat and sits, exhausted. Joe stares in mute admiration as the curtain falls.

ACT II

It is late evening of the same day. The festa is in progress in the yard outside the house. A willing tenor is singing, loudly and persistently, "La Donna è Mobile." In the living room Tony is stretched on a cot, both legs in a plaster cast. The sky is darkening and against it there are the frequent hiss and flare of fireworks.

Tony is miserable but splendidly courageous. His whole thought is fixed on the success of the festa and the hope of Amy's having a good time. He will not listen to the doctor's repeated protests that the jollifying be brought to a close and the crowd sent home. A festa is a festa to Tony, and it will never be said of him that he stopped one in his own house.

Joe and Ah Gee come for another barrel of vino. The festa, Joe reports, is going fine and Amy is having a great time. She is playing with the kids at the moment.

Tony is worried. He had hoped he would be well in a week. The doctor will be greatly pleased with him if he is well in six months. And six months spells eternity to this bridegroom.

However, that is the way it has to be, and there is some slight compensation in the doctor's belief that eventually all will be as Tony wishes it. There will be plenty of Patucci kids playing around the house. It may be as many as ten, though Tony will be satisfied with three.

The doctor is finally induced to leave his patient for a moment and join the festa. Tony wants to talk to Joe. Principally about his worry as to what Amy thinks of him.

TONY — I'm scare', Joe. I'm scare' verra bad. I love my Amy, but my Amy don' love me.

JOE — Give her time, can't you? She wouldn't have married you if she wasn't all set to go through on the level.

TONY — You think?

JOE — Hell, I *know*.

TONY — What Amy say w'en she see me dees morning?

JOE — Oh, forget it, I tell you.

TONY — I got to know, Joe. You got to tell me. She's pretty goddam mad, eh?

JOE — Well, if she was, she got over it.

TONY — W'at I'm goin' to do for mak' evrathing all right, Joe? Da's what I want to know.

JOE — I tell you everything is all right, Tony. Oh, I ain't sayin' you ain't got to keep things movin' along easy an' friendly an' all. But that ain't goin' to be so hard. Just be good to her and take care of her. That's what Amy needs. She's tired, poor kid!

TONY — I'm all ready for tak' care like hell.

JOE — From what Amy was tellin' me this mornin', she's been a-havin' a helluva hard life for a girl, an' if she come through straight like she did, well, there ain't no credit due nobody but just only herself, and that's a fact.

TONY — You're a goddam smart fella, Joe.

JOE — I don't know how smart I am, Tony, but you can't tell me much. Not about women, you can't. Believe me, a girl gets a lousy deal any way you look at it. . . . Gee, I sure would hate to be a woman!

TONY (*nodding agreement*) — Nobody is wantin' to be a woman, Joe. But ees playnta good womans like my Amy!

JOE — Sure, there's good ones an' bad ones. But that ain't exactly what I mean, Tony. What I mean is, as far as I can see, it don't make a helluva lot of difference what a woman is: good or bad, young or old ——

TONY — I lik' best fat!

JOE — All women is up against it, and it's a dirty shame, too, because women ain't so bad. They ain't much use, maybe, but they ain't so bad. . . . The trouble with women is, there's too goddam many of 'em. Why, I was readin' in the paper only the other day about England havin' three and a half women to every man.

TONY — W'at you mean?—half a womans! . . . Ees crazy idea. Half a womans!

JOE — I'm only tellin' you what the paper said. . . . I been lookin' women over from San Diego to Seattle, an' what most of 'em is after is a home. A good safe home, whether they get any rights with it or not. You take my advice an' make everythin' nice an' comfortable for Amy an' you won't have no trouble. Amy's satisfied here. Don't you kid yourself she ain't.

Tony is going to do everything he can to make up to Amy for the deception he has practiced. But he still is pathetically doubtful of the result. Nor does all the sympathetic reasoning of Joe, born of a wide and intimate knowledge of women, turn his mind from the fear.

"I'm tellin' you, Joe, ees no good," he wails. "I'm the mos' unhappy fella in the world. W'y? Because I been verra bad sinner an' God is goin' get me for sure. He's broke both my legs already and He's not finish with me

yet. God is no cheap fella, Joe . . . an' I know verra good what God is gonna do more. Just for playin' goddam dirty trick like dat on Amy, Tony don't never have no kids, never! What do you think is mak' me do such a thing, Joe?"

"Oh, hell, you always was crazy!" explodes Joe. And then he adds, by way of being comforting, "I seen God let worse guys'n you get by."

It is Joe's advice that the best way for Tony to square himself with Amy is to make her glad for what he's done. And Tony is more than anxious to follow that advice. He has begun by buying her a present — a pair of diamond earrings — real diamonds, too — that cost him four hundred dollars.

The gift's the thing, as Joe sees it, and the quicker the presentation is made the better. It will please Amy and clear Tony's mind of his worries.

He calls Amy from the festa. She comes, a little doubtfully, and stands in the doorway. "She wears her wedding dress and veil. The dress is undeniably pretty and only wrong in one or two places. The veil has been pulled rather askew. The whole picture is at once charming and pathetic."

"What's the idea?" she demands.

Amy's voice is tired and she does not look at Joe. When she comes into the room it is to take a chair farthest from Tony's cot, and to sit there stiffly as she talks to him. Her attitude is friendly, but distant, and she is plainly restrained and unhappy.

TONY (*amorously*) — Amy —— Come over here.

AMY (*rising quickly*) — I guess I ain't so tired. I guess I better go back or they'll be wondering what's become of the blooming bride. Some bloom, huh? (*The fireworks hiss and flare again and Amy, very like a little girl, is out on the porch for the delight of seeing them. The enthusiasm of the crowd fairly rattles the*

windows.) They sure do yell out there! When you get enough wops together and put enough vino in them, they sure can speak up! . . . I think I'll take off my veil. (*She does.*) Phew! That thing don't look like no weight at all, but it feels like a ton of bricks.

TONY — Amy, come over here.

AMY — I'm all right where I am.

TONY — Amy!

AMY — What?

TONY — You like earrings, Amy?

AMY — Earrings? I'm human, ain't I?

JOE — That's the idea.

AMY (*a real snarl*) — I didn't speak to you. I was addressing Tony.

TONY — Ah, you call me Tony for da first time!

AMY — Expect me to call my husband mister? That'd sound swell, wouldn't it? Tony. Short for Antonio. Antonio and Cleopatra, huh? Can you beat it? You'll have to call me Cleo.

TONY — I like better Amy.

AMY — There ain't no short for Amy. It's French and it means beloved. Beloved! Can you beat it? The boss in the spaghetti palace told me that the night he tried to give me a twelve-dollar pearl necklace. Twelve dollars! He was some sport. When he seen I couldn't see it that way, he give it to Blanche. She was the other girl that worked there. He had a wife and three kids, too. (*Tony beckons again and Amy takes further refuge in conversation.*) I like that name Blanche. I used to wish my name was Blanche instead of Amy. Blanche got in trouble. Poor Blanche! Gee, I was sorry for that girl!

TONY — Come over here, Amy. (*He holds out the box.*)

AMY — What's that?

TONY — Ees my present for my Amy.

AMY — What you got there, Tony?

TONY — For you.

AMY — Something for me? (*By this time, she has got over to the cot. She takes the box.*) Honest? Well, now, if that isn't sweet of you, Tony. (*She opens it.*) Oh! . . . Oh! . . . Oh!!!

TONY — Ees for mak' Amy happy.

JOE — They're real! Real diamonds!

TONY — You bet your life! Four hundra dollar'.

AMY — I . . . I . . . (*Tears come.*) Real diamonds. (*She sits in the doctor's chair and cries and cries.*)

TONY — Don' cry, Amy! Don' cry! Ees no' for cry, earrings! Ees for festa! Ees for marryin' with Tony!

AMY — I don't know what to say! I don't know what to do!

JOE — Put 'em on. (*He gets the mirror, brings it over to where Amy sits, and holds it for her while she begins to put the earrings on. Her sobs gradually subside.*)

AMY — I had another pair once, so I got my ears pierced already. Ma pierced my ears herself with a needle and thread. Only these kind screw on! Say, ain't they beautiful! My others was turquoises and gold. Real turquoises and real gold. But these here cost four hundred dollars! Oh, I never dreamed of anything so gorgeous! (*She takes the mirror from Joe.*)

TONY — Amy. . . . Amy. . . .

AMY — Can I wear 'em whenever I want?

TONY — You can wear 'em in da bed if you want!

AMY — Oh, thank you, Tony! (*She is just about to kiss him.*)

JOE — Now, everything's fine!

AMY (*furiously*) — Say, what's the idea? What have you got to do with this? You're always buttin' in. Say . . . (*Suddenly she remembers the momentous photograph which still lies on the table.*) Wait a minute. (*She picks it up and hands it quite violently to Joe.*) Here's your picture.

TONY (*watching in terror*) — Santa Maria!

AMY — Here! You better take it! Take it, I tell you!

I don't want it. (*Joe looks first at the photograph, then at the lady.*)

JOE — I guess you ain't far wrong, Amy. I hope there ain't no hard feelin's.

AMY — Why should there be any hard feelings?

TONY — *Benissimo!*

JOE — All right. Only I didn't want you to think . . . (*A long pause.*)

AMY (*very steadily*) — You ain't got much of a swelled head, have you, Mr. Joe? (*Joe's face falls. The tension is snapped by a gesture from Tony.*)

TONY — Tear him up, Joe! Tear him up! (*Joe obeys.*)

AMY — Now we don't ever have to think of that again.

TONY — Madonna! . . . Da's verra good.

AMY — You see, that's the only way to do. There ain't no use of keeping things around to remind you of what you want to forget. Start in all over again new and fresh. That's my way. Burn up everything you want to put behind you. No reminders and no souvenirs. I been doing that regular about once a month ever since I was a kid. No memories for me. No hard feelings. It's a great life, if you don't weaken. I guess, if I keep at it long enough, I may get somewhere, some day. (*She turns and deliberately kisses Tony on the brow.*)

The men, at least, are greatly relieved. Joe is happy because of what he accepts as this evidence of Amy's forgiving spirit. Tony is joyous because the whole story's told and off his mind. Now everything's fine. . . . Amy understands and forgives, and there is no reason why Joe should go away. Now Joe can stay and take care of the vineyards while Tony is laid up.

But on that point they do not agree. Joe seems to think there is every reason why he should go, and Tony's need of him does not impress him as being important. "You'll get somebody," he says. . . . "I just got to be on my way, and that's all there is to it."

TONY — Ees all dose goddam Wobblies, Amy. You tell him stay here, w'ile Tony is so sick in da bed like dees. You don' go tomorrow, Joe. You and me is talkin' more by-an'-by, in da morning.

JOE — Oh, what's the use. I'm goin', I tell you.

AMY (*smiling darkly*) — It must be pretty swell, being free and independent and beating it around the country just however you feel like, sleeping any place the notion hits you, no ties, work a day and bum a week, here and there, you and the — what do you call 'em? Wobblies? Huh! I never could see much in it myself. Calling in at farmhouses for a plate of cold stew and a slab of last Sunday's pie. Down in the Santa Clara we used to keep a dog for those boys. I guess it's fine life if you like it. Only I never had much use for hoboes myself.

TONY — Joe ain' no hobo, Amy!

AMY — Ain't he?

JOE (*completely discomfited*) — I guess I'll say good-night.

The arrival of the doctor and Father McKee, shouting arguments for and against the prohibition laws, save this particular situation. Here the representative of the church is for "the divine gifts of providence" and the use of wine as the Bible sanctions its use. But the medic is strong for the one hundred per cent enforcement of a law that is "the greatest reform since the abolition of slavery." Both have been generously inspired by the refreshments of the festa.

"You're a godless heretic, young man, or you wouldn't be talkin' such blasphemy!" shouts Father McKee. "I ain't got no sympathy with drunkenness, but there's plenty of worse things. How about chamberin'? Ain't chamberin' a worse sin than drunkenness? You think you can put a stop to drunkenness by pulling up all the grapes. I suppose you think you can put a stop to chamberin' by pulling up all the women!"

"There's an argument for you, Doc," puts in Joe.

"Alcohol is a poison to the entire alimentary system whether you make it in a still or in a wine barrel," insists the doctor. It's poison, and poison's no good for any man. As for the church. . . ."

And Father McKee shouts back: "It ain't poison if you don't get drunk on it, an' you don't get drunk if you're a good Cath'lic!"

Soon the guests are crowding the porch and insisting, despite the doctor's protests, on bidding Tony good-night and showering blessings on his bride. They press into the room, excited and voluble, and Tony greets them and thanks them each by name. And when they finally are herded out onto the porch again Amy follows and thanks them on her own account. "I've had the very best wedding that ever was," she tells them, "and I'm the happiest girl in the world because you've been so good to me."

They are going down the hill now, singing to the accompaniment of concertinas. The others are watching them from the porch. All but Amy. She is standing by Tony's cot and he is earnestly talking to her.

"Oh, Amy, I w'isper in your ears. You ain' goin' be mad with Tony for bein' so crazy-wild with love? You come in da house like da spring come in da winter. You come in da house like da pink flower dat sit on da window sill. W'en you come da whole world is like da inside da wine cup. You ondrastan', Amy? I canno' help talkin' dees way. I got for tell you, Amy, an' I ain' got no English language for tell you. My Amy is so good, so prett'! My Amy . . ."

Gradually the situation clears for the night. Joe and the doctor have carried Tony in the bedroom and the doctor has left his orders with Amy. She flatly refuses, however, to consider having a nurse sent the next morning. She is all the nurse Tony needs, and she is quite used to working.

"And when Tony's good and strong and don't have to be in bed all the time, we'll have Giorgio and Angelo carry him out in the sun and I'll sit beside him and read the paper out loud and we'll look at the view and feel that nice wind and we'll just enjoy ourselves."

Father McKee is also on his way, after assuring Amy that she is a fine, brave girl, even if she isn't a Catholic, and subscribing himself her friend and well-wisher, to be called upon at any time he can be of help to her or Tony.

"I had my doubts of this here marriage," his reverence admits; "but God knows who's meant for who in this world. . . . Be patient with him. He's old enough to be your father, and no man ain't got no business marryin' at his age, but he's a good fella."

"I got no kick," insists Amy.

Joe has fixed up a bed for Amy in Tony's room, and he is going to throw together some sort of bunk for himself in the living room — in case she — or Tony — should need him in the night.

Amy is not enthusiastic about the arrangement, but she accepts it stolidly. She is pretty tired and nervous. And irritable — especially with Joe. She picks him up at every turn, and resents his kindly efforts to take charge and make himself a sort of God Almighty around there.

But Joe goes amiably along, following a line of duty he evidently has marked out for himself. He'll be gone in the morning, he tells her again, and he is only anxious about one thing:

"You like Tony all right, don't you?" he demands, eagerly.

"I married him, didn't I?" she answers. "And I let him give me jewelry, too, didn't I? A nice, self-respecting girl don't accept jewelry from a man she don't like. Not real jewelry."

"I know that . . . only . . . It ain't just what I mean. Because, Tony, — oh, he's a nut an' a wop an' all that, but he's just the best old fella I ever knew. Regular salt

of the earth, Tony is. I wouldn't like to see Tony in trouble or unhappy or gettin' his feelings hurt or anything in that line. . . ."

"Oh, wouldn't you?"

There will be plenty of time "for outsiders to butt in and make remarks," Amy thinks, when she starts complaining. She's satisfied. She married for a home, and she's got it. She wanted to get away from working in the city, and she did. "I got all I bargained for and then some," she snaps. "I'm fixed. I'm satisfied. I didn't come up here . . . like I did . . . looking for love . . . or . . . or anything like that."

"All I got to say is it's a good thing you got so dam' much sense," says Joe.

"I'll thank you not to swear about me, too. . . ."

Joe finds it difficult to understand Amy's attitude. He is trying hard enough to be nice to her. He is willing to apologize for anything, for everything And he's proud of the way she has come through. "You're a great girl and I'm all for you," he declares, emphasizing his approval with a patronizing pat on the shoulder.

"Oh, for God's sake, leave me alone, can't you?" she snaps.

They are staring at each other as they say good-night. Faintly from the foot of the hill come the echoes of the irrepressible tenor still singing. "Maria Mari" is the song.

JOE — I'm sleeping in here in case . . .

AMY — There won't be any need of your putting yourself out.

JOE — How do you know but what Tony . . .

AMY — I can take care of Tony and the further off you keep yourself the better I'll be pleased. (*Their eyes blaze.*)

JOE — Well, if you feel that way, I'll go back to my own shack. (*He grabs his coat and makes for the door.*)

That wop'll be singing all night. (*He is out on the porch.*)

AMY — Joe!

JOE — What? (*He returns.*)

AMY — Would you mind waiting just a minute? There's something I got to ask you.

JOE — Shoot.

AMY — You got to tell me the truth this time. You just got to tell me the truth. . . . You really and honestly didn't know nothing about his sending me that photo of you instead of his own, did you? You didn't know nothing at all about that?

JOE — Honest to God, I didn't. . . . Honest to God.

AMY — On your sacred word of honor?

JOE — Honest.

AMY — I'm glad. And I want to apologize to you for what I said just now . . . and for that other thing I said about your being a common hobo and all. . . . I'm sorry, Joe. Will you forgive me?

JOE — Oh, that's all right.

AMY — I wouldn't want to have you go away tomorrow thinking what a mean character I got.

JOE — Nothing like that.

AMY — You mean it?

JOE — Shake. (*They shake hands, standing in the doorway.*) You're cryin'! . . . What's the matter, kid?

AMY — Oh, I don't know . . . Nothing. . . . I'm all right.

JOE — Come on! Don't get upset. Just make the best of things.

AMY — It ain't that.

JOE — Well, just make the best of things, anyway.

AMY — I'm tryin' to! I'm tryin' to!

JOE (*his hands on her shoulders*) — You're married to a good man. I know the weddin' was kind of funny

with Tony all smashed up an' all. But you just hold on a while an' everything'll be O. K. You'll see!

AMY — I bet all those people are laughing at me.

JOE — No they ain't.

AMY — I bet you're laughing at me.

JOE — I ain't, Amy. I'm sorry.

AMY (*moving back from him*) — Leave me alone, can't you?

JOE (*his voice very low*) — Say, you're all right, Amy. You're plumb all right.

AMY — I always was all right till I come up here. Now I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead!

JOE — Don't talk that way. You're all right. (*Clumsily, he takes her arm. She stumbles. He catches her. There is a moment of silence broken only by their deep breathing as the physical being of one is communicated to the physical being of the other. Suddenly and irresistibly he clutches her to his breast and kisses her. She struggles a moment, then abandons herself.*)

TONY (*calling out in the bedroom*) — Amy! (*She breaks loose, sobbing hysterically.*)

JOE (*a whisper*) — Jesus! (*She stifles a little cry and turns for the bedroom door.*) No, you don't. . . . (*He catches her.*)

AMY (*struggling*) — Let me go!

TONY — Amy! (*She breaks free, terrified, and runs out of the house. Joe stands listening a moment, then runs after her as the curtain falls.*)

ACT III

The scene is unchanged, but the decorations now show the effect of a woman's presence. "Handsome, though inexpensive, cretonne curtains grace the windows. . . . The lamps have acquired art shades. . . . New pictures, selected from the stock in trade of almost any provincial 'art department' hang upon the wall; one of them, per-

haps, a portrait of a well-known lady screen star. . . . A white wastepaper basket is girt by a cerise ribbon which makes some corner of the room splendid."

It is three months later and Tony is out of bed. They have improvised an invalid chair for him by laying a board between the seat of the morris chair and the top of a box. He is reclining in this chair now, a pair of crutches on the floor beside him. Across the room is Father McKee, drowsy but sufficiently awake to continue an argument he is having with Joe, who sits on the porch rail outside the window reading an I. W. W. paper.

FATHER MCKEE (*continuing the discussion*) — Now, Joe, don't be tryin' to tell me that things is goin' to be any better for havin' a revolution, because they ain't. Gover'ment's always gover'ment no matter what you call it, an' no particular kind of gover'ment ain't no mor'n a label anyway. You don't change nothin' by givin' it a new name. Stick a "peppermint" label on a bottle of castor oil an' then drink it an' see what happens to you. Castor oil happens!

TONY — I am work' just as much like Joe an' I don' want changin' nothing.

JOE — I suppose you both come over here in the first place because you was satisfied with everythin' just like it was in the old country?

FATHER MCKEE — Human nature ain't nothin' but human nature an' the only way you ever could make a gover'ment is by obedience. Scalliwaggin' around about grievances an' labels don't accomplish nothin'. An' the only way you can make a revolution anythin' but a mess to no purpose is to change the people's ideas an' thank goodness there ain't nobody can accomplish that. It can't be done.

JOE — They're changin' already, Padre.

FATHER MCKEE — I'm talkin' to you with the cassock off, Joe. I'm lettin' you in on the secrets of the Mother

Church. She knows the stock of ideas the world over an' she knows they don't never change. The Mother Church just keeps hammerin' an' hammerin' the same old nails because she knows there ain't no new ones worth hammerin'.

TONY — People come in da Unita State' because ees good place. I been comin' for mak' money.

JOE — You certainly succeeded.

TONY — You don' ondrastan', Joe. You got crazy idea. I'm comin' here for mak' money an' you want tak' my money all away.

JOE — What's your idea of progress, Padre?

FATHER MCKEE — Improvin' yourself! Now, Joe, it comes to my notice that you been 'round here talkin' pretty uppity 'bout the U. S. gover'ment. T'aint no good just makin' slurrin' remarks 'bout the gover'ment when you ain't got the ability nor the power to do nothin' toward improvin' it. You have got the power to do somethin' toward improvin' yourself, but I don't see you doin' it.

TONY — W'at I care for gover'ment? Peoples is tellin' me King is no good an' freedom is verra fine. W'at I care for King? W'at I care for freedom? Evrabody say dees gover'ment is bad for havin' pro'ibish'. I say pro'ibish mak' me dam' rich. Evra man got his own idea w'at is good for evrabody else.

JOE — You're a bloomin' capitalist, that's what you are!

TONY — You mak' me tire', Joe. Evra minute talkin' 'bout Russia. . . . Tak' a pinch-a snuff an' shut up!

JOE — Russia's got the right idea.

FATHER MCKEE — Now, listen to me, young man. If you had the energy an' the reverence for authority and the continuance that Tony has, you wouldn't be carryin' on 'bout no revolutions in Russia. 'Tain't sense. I've read a-plenty of your radical literature an' if you ask me, it's just plain stupid. I may be a priest an' I may be a

celibate, but that don't make me no less of a man. An' no real man ain't never got no use for carryin's on. You radicals, Joe, you're always an' forever hollerin' an' carryin' on 'bout your rights. How 'bout your duties? There ain't no one to prevent your doin' your duties but you ain't never done 'em in your life.

JOE — I'm savin' my duties for the brotherhood of man.

TONY — *Dio mio!*

FATHER MCKEE — You're talkin' a lot of balderdash. Mind your own business an' leave the brotherhood of man to me. Brothers is my job.

Tony has little hope of anything resembling brotherhood coming out of an organization such as Joe's Wobblie friends conduct, and Father McKee deduces from his years of observation that human nature being what it is the contest between capital and labor is quite likely to go on to the end of time.

Tony advances the further argument that if Joe would acquire just a little common sense he would be much happier. "You marry with good wife like my Amy an' live quiet in a fine house an' gettin' rich like me an' . . . an' . . . raisin' playnta kids like I am goin' do. Dat's wat is for life. Not for runnin' evra place, goddam to hell gover'ment with goddam Wobblies!"

But Joe is unconvinced. As for himself, he may be right, or he may be wrong. He may be "just restless and rarin' to go." Whatever ails him he feels he already has been out of the fight too long and is keen to get back in. So he will be off in a day or so. And nobody ain't any right to get sore about that. What th' hell? What if he does go to jail again? There's worse places, especially if a guy goes to jail for the privilege of standin' up for his rights. "What I say is: about the only freedom we got left is the freedom to choose which one of our rights we'll go to jail for."

The coming of Amy puts an end to the discussion. She is now the active houseworker. "She wears a bright dress and a red straw hat which pushes her hair down about her face. A duster swings dashingly from her shoulders. Her market basket hangs from her arm."

"We been talkin' 'bout reformin' the social system," Father McKee explains.

"Well, you got a fine day for it," Amy admits, giving Tony's head an affectionate hug as she passes him. And a moment later she adds: "The world may need reforming but I got no kick. The grapes is near ripe and ready for picking. The nights is getting longer, the mornings is getting colder and Tony's getting better. Downtown they're putting up the posters for the circus and I hear the show's going into winter quarters just the other side of Napa. I guess that's all the remarks I got to make."

The doctor is in for his weekly visit to Tony, and both surprised and delighted to find his patient able to hobble a few steps with the aid of Joe and his crutches. The exhibition is nothing to brag of, but it indicates amazing progress in three months. Indicates, too, that Tony has had a good doctor. And a perfect nurse. "It's like the layin' on of hands, her nursin' is," Father McKee insists.

Amy is pleased, but not surprised. A fortune teller told her once she would make a good nurse. And Tony is there to vouch for the accuracy of the prophecy. "My Amy is da best nurse I ever see!" he announces, as one challenging denial of the claim.

At the doctor's suggestion, and with the help of the excited Giorgio and Angelo, they get Tony out into the yard that he may sit in the sun — the first time he has been out of the house in three months.

Now the doctor and Joe are alone and the doctor has become suddenly, menacingly serious.

THE DOCTOR — Joe. . . .

JOE — What is it?

THE DOCTOR — I hear you're going away.

JOE — Yeah. I'm really goin' this time.

THE DOCTOR — Where to?

JOE — Search me. Frisco first.

THE DOCTOR — Hadn't you better take Amy with you? (*He turns then and looks sternly into Joe's startled eyes.*)

JOE — What?

THE DOCTOR — You heard me.

JOE — I don't get you.

THE DOCTOR — Amy came to see me last week. I didn't tell her what the trouble was. I didn't have the heart. I put her off. . . . Oh, it's easy to fool a woman. But you can't fool a doctor, Joe. (*A step nearer Joe and eyes hard on his face.*) Tony isn't the father. . . . He couldn't be. (*A long pause.*)

JOE (*under his breath*) — Oh, Christ!

THE DOCTOR — I thought so. (*Another long pause.*) I've been tryin' to figure out how to make things easiest for Tony. It upset me a good deal. Doctors get shocked more often than you think. . . . And a girl like Amy, too. . . . I didn't know what to do. I guess it's up to you.

JOE — Poor old Tony!

THE DOCTOR — You might have thought of him sooner — and of Amy, too, for that matter.

JOE — It wasn't on purpose. It was only once! But — honest to God, we wouldn't either of us have put anything like that over on old Tony. Not for a million dollars!

THE DOCTOR — You couldn't have wasted much time about it.

JOE — It was the first night.

THE DOCTOR — Good Lord!

JOE — It just happened. There was reasons you don't know about. I'm a swell guy, ain't I? To do a thing like that to a fellow like Tony.

THE DOCTOR — Shall I tell Tony? Or Amy?

JOE — No. . . . Gimme time to think.

THE DOCTOR — There's no concealing this. Don't try anything of that sort. I won't have it.

JOE — No.

THE DOCTOR — This is going to come near killing him. (*Joe nods fearsomely.*)

A moment later Amy comes in happily from the porch looking for some newspapers for Tony to read. And a comforter. And Joe tells her. His voice is strangled, and his features strained with the pain of the fear for Amy and the thought of Tony's suffering have given him.

JOE (*after an awful pause*) — You're goin' to have a kid. (*She stares incredulously at him without making a sound.*) Yeah. . . . It's so, Amy. . . . I'm awful sorry. . . . The doc just told me. . . . He found out when you was sick last week. . . . He knows all about it.

AMY (*she stands a moment without moving at all. Suddenly she lets quilt and papers slip to the floor and her hands clasp themselves over her abdomen.*) — Oh, my God! (*She picks the quilt and papers up very carefully and puts them on the table. She drops weakly into one of the chairs as though her knees had failed her, her face rigid with terror.*)

JOE — I know how it is. . . . Just keep your head, now. . . .

AMY — What am I going to do?

JOE — I got to think . . .

AMY — If you go wrong, you're sure to get it sooner or later. I got it sooner.

JOE — That kind of talk won't help any.

AMY — I'm glad of it. It serves me right . . .

JOE — There's ways, you know. . . . there's doctor. . . .

AMY (*shakes her head vigorously*) — Them kind of doctors is no good.

JOE — But maybe . . .

AMY — They're no good. I'm too far gone anyway. . . . I know. . . . and anyway . . . doing that . . . It's worse than the other.

JOE — I'm sorry, Amy . . .

AMY — You being sorry ain't got anything to do with it, either. I'm thinking of Tony.

JOE — So'm I.

AMY — Tony's a white guy if he is a wop.

JOE — Yeah . . .

AMY (*desperately loud*) — What am I going to do? What am I going to do?

JOE — Hey! . . . Not so loud!

AMY — But I ain't got no money . . . only my earrings. . . .

JOE — I got money enough.

AMY — You?

JOE — Tony made me save it. It's in the bank. Mor'n two hundred bucks. That'll see you through.

AMY — Tony'll be crazy. . . . Tony'll be just crazy.

JOE — The doc said for me to take you away with me.

AMY — You?

JOE — Yeah. . . . An' believe me, Amy, I'll do anything. . . .

AMY — Going away with you won't help things any.

JOE — I'll treat you right, Amy.

AMY — Poor Tony!

JOE — I'll do the right thing if it kills me.

AMY — I must have been crazy that night.

JOE — We both was . . . but there's no use sayin' that now.

AMY — No. . . . Tony'll be crazy. (*She lifts her head, recognizing the inevitable.*) I guess the doc's right. . . . I guess I'll have to go with you. . . . Somebody's got to help me out. . . . There ain't nobody but you.

JOE — That's all right. . . I'm willing. . . .

AMY — And afterwards. . . . Oh, my God! . . . And Tony will be thinking that all the time . . . you and me. . . . Oh! (*This is an exclamation of unutterable disgust.*) Poor Tony! You don't know how good he's been to me. And all the time he was so crazy for a kid. . . . go quick.

JOE — I'm ready, if you are.

AMY — I'll just pack my grip.

JOE — Don't take it too hard, Amy. (*He tries to take her hand.*)

AMY (*shaking him off*) — None of that! I don't want no sympathy.

JOE — Excuse me.

AMY — You better get your own things.

JOE — All right. . . . I'll be back in a minute.

AMY — I'll get a move on, too.

For a moment Amy stands, holding desperately to the back of a chair. Tony, calling to know why she has not come back with the papers, rouses her. She has no time to answer him before he has hobbled onto the porch and into the room.

What's the matter with everybody? he would like to know. Joe is rushing about like a crazy man and refusing to talk! And after all he has done for Joe, too, and loving him, like a son. Joe's just no good.

"Joe ain't no worse than other people I could mention," mutters Amy. And then, seeking pathetically to soften the blow by a trembling repetition of her love for him, Amy tells the incredulous Tony the wrong she and Joe have done him.

AMY (*nerving herself*) — It's going to make you just crazy, but I'm going to tell you exactly what it is, Tony, because I ain't going to have you thinking afterwards that I wasn't grateful or that I ain't been happy here . . . happier than I ever been in my whole life . . .

TONY — Amy!

AMY — Wait a minute . . . I got to confess, Tony. I got to tell you the whole business so's you won't be thinking I been any worse than just what I have . . .

TONY — Amy!

AMY — Yeah. . . . And I don't want you blaming Joe no mor'n what you blame me and anyway you're a-bound to find out sooner or later, an' it'll hurt you a lot less in the long run if I tell you the truth right now, and I got to tell you the truth anyway. I simply got to. Wait a minute, Tony! I'm going to tell you the truth and after I go away and you don't see me no more you can say: "Well, she wasn't no good but it wasn't my fault." Because it wasn't our fault, Tony. Not one bit, it wasn't. You didn't have nothing to do with it. And I wouldn't be going away, neither, not for a million dollars I wouldn't, only for what's happened . . .

TONY — Amy, w'at you talkin' 'bout goin' away?

AMY — That's what I'm trying to tell you, Tony, only you got to give me a chance because it ain't easy to tell you no more'n it's easy to go away. And I got to go. But it ain't because I don't love you. I do. And it ain't because I don't appreciate all you done for me. I ain't never going to forget none of it, nor you, nor this place . . .

TONY — Amy!

AMY — Listen to me, Tony! You're going to kick me out when you hear what I got to say, but I don't care if you do. I'm going to have a baby, Tony . . . and it's . . . God help me! . . . it's Joe's baby.

TONY (*raising his crutch with a great cry of anger*) — Ah!

AMY — Didn't I tell you you'd kick me out?

TONY (*faltering*) — *Dio mio! Dio mio!* No! Amy, you fool with me? Eh?

AMY — No, I'm not fooling. It's so. And that's why I'm going away, Tony.

TONY (*pursuing her as she retreats*) — You been Joe's woman!

AMY — I was crazy!

TONY — You been Joe's woman!

AMY — I was crazy.

TONY — You been lovin' Joe!

AMY — No . . . I ain't . . . I ain't . . . I never loved Joe. Honest, I never. I was crazy.

TONY — You been just like da Padre say you was. . . . You been a whore . . .

AMY — I ain't! . . . I ain't! . . . I been straight all my life! Only that one night. . . .

TONY — W'at night?

AMY — The first night I come here.

TONY — The night you marry with me!

AMY — I ain't even spoke to Joe alone since that night.

TONY — You lyin'.

AMY — I swear to God I ain't! Not once! Not till today after the doc told him what was going to happen.

TONY — You lyin' to me! You been Joe's woman!

AMY — I ain't, Tony! That's what I'm trying to tell you. It's the truth I'm trying to tell you and now I'm going away.

TONY — You goin' away with Joe?

AMY — My God, what else can I do?

TONY (*furiously he forces her back into the corner where the shotgun is hanging, spluttering all the time with slobbering, half-intelligible rage.*) I don' let you go! I don' let you go! By God, I'm goin' kill dat Joe! Questo bastardo, Joe! I'm goin' kill him an' keep you here for see me kill him! Goddam you! You goddam dirty . . . (*He has got the gun down, broken it, and is loading it.*)

AMY (*speaking at the same time*) — No, you won't, Tony! Don't do anything like that, now, Tony! You'll be sorry if you do! You know what'll happen to you if you do that! You know what'll happen to you, Tony!

That ain't no way to act! You'll see what you get! You'll see!

TONY — Goddam! . . . You wait, you dirty . . .

He flourishes the gun and Amy, cowering near the door, covers her eyes with her hands. But before he can fire Joe has burst into the room and wrenched the gun from him. In the struggle Tony loses his balance and topples headlong off his crutches. They both rush to him and pick him up, fearing for his injured legs. He is cursing them wildly, and trying to strangle Joe as they finally get him into a chair. The next moment he is sobbing helplessly. Amy, realizing that she must get away as soon as possible, goes for the few things she brought with her.

"I'm only taking my little grip, Tony," she explains. "I'm leaving the earrings on the dresser."

Tony continues to sob and moan in the chair from which he cannot rise. Joe tries again to say a word to him, not in his own defense, but in the hopeless sort of explanation that never explains. He even tries to make Tony comfortable and brings him a glass of wine, which the older man thrusts from him in rage.

Suddenly Tony shouts Amy's name — again and again. And when Amy rushes from the bedroom he grabs her wildly and cries out his fear for her. Where is she going? Who is goin' to take care of Amy? Is she goin' live with Joe?

No, Amy is not going to live with Joe. No matter what happens. She will probably go back to San Francisco. And there she will take care of herself some way. Joe again insists that he will do what's right. Amy doesn't have to worry about that. But Tony is not satisfied with that.

"Pretty soon Joe is leavin' you desert, and d'en what is goin' happen? . . . Ees no good! My Amy havin' baby in da street! Ees no good!"

AMY — Don't say that! For God's sake, Tony, don't say that . . .

TONY — W'at is goin' happen, Amy? W'at's goin' happen with you?

AMY — Joe . . . I can't stand no more of this.

TONY (*frenzied*) — No! NO! NO!! NO!!

AMY — Let go, Tony! Let go of my skirt!

TONY — You ain' goin', Amy! I don't let you go! You stayin' here with Tony!

AMY — Don't talk that way, Tony! It ain't no good.

TONY — No! No! You goin' listen to w'at Tony say now. You goin' listen, Amy. You don' love Joe. You love Tony. You been good wife, Amy . . .

AMY — Good wife!

TONY — W'at is Tony goin' do without you?

JOE — Come on!

TONY — Amy, I get excite' just now, Amy. Excuse! Excuse! I think verra good once more. You ain' goin' with Joe. You stayin' here with Tony just like nothin' is happen', an' by an' by da little fella is come . . .

AMY — Don't talk that way, Tony!

TONY — W'y not?

AMY — Because it ain't no way to talk!

TONY — Yes . . . Yes . . . ees good sense! Ees w'at is evrabody wantin' here! You an' Joe an' me! . . . Looka Joe. Joe is wantin' go with Wobblies, eh? With goddam Wobblies. All right. . . . Looka Amy! . . . Amy is wantin' stay here nice an' safe in dees fine house with Tony. Is not true, eh? (*Amy nods through her tears.*) Sure is true. Look Tony, *Dio mio*, an' ask him w'at he want? Don' he want baby?

AMY — But not this baby, Tony?

TONY — W'at I care?

AMY — But, think of what people would say!

TONY — W'at I care w'at evrabody say? We tellin' evrabody he's Tony's baby. Den evrabody say Tony is so goddam young an' strong he's break both his legs an'

Photo by Francis Bruguiere.

"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"

Tony: You ain' goin', Amy! I don't let you go! You stayin' here with Tony!

(Richard Bennett, Pauline Lord and Glenn Anders)

havin' baby just da same! . . . Ees good, eh? You don't go with Joe now, Amy? . . . Oh! Amy! . . .

AMY (*he has swayed her, but she looks at him as at a madman*) — No. It wouldn't work, Tony. . . . You wouldn't mean it afterward. You're crazy . . .

TONY (*a last frantic appeal*) — No! No! No! (*Leaning back in his chair and looking around the room.*) W'at's good for me havin' dees fine house? W'at's good for me havin' all dis money w'at I got? I got nobody for give my house an' my money w'en I die. Ees for dat I want dis baby, Amy. Joe don' want him. Ees Tony want him, Amy . . . Amy . . . For God's sake don' go away an' leave Tony!

AMY — But, Tony! Think of what I done!

TONY — What you done was a mistake in da head, not in da heart. . . . Mistake in da head is no matter.

AMY — You — you ain't kiddin' me, are you? You're serious, ain't you, Tony? You'll stick to this afterwards, won't you, Tony? (*She walks slowly over to him. She throws her arms around his neck and presses his head against her breast. A prolonged pause.*) Well, Joe, I guess you better be going.

JOE — You mean?

AMY — I guess you'd better be going. (*Joe straightens in great relief.*)

JOE — All right. (*He picks up his knapsack which he dropped when he came in.*) I guess you're right. (*He pulls on his cap and stands a moment in the doorway, a broad grin spreading over his face.*) I guess there ain't none of us got any kick comin', at that. No real kick. (*He goes out slowly.*)

AMY (*lifting her face*) — No.

Tony clutches her even closer as the curtain falls.

THE END

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

A Play in Three Parts

By Eugene O'Neill

THE season of 1923–1924 found Eugene O'Neill, who had taken his place as the first of American dramatists, practically inactive. His only play of that year, a tense but monotonous drama entitled "Welded," was a quick failure.

Late that season he became associated with Kenneth Macgowan, formerly a dramatic critic, and Robert Edmond Jones, a designer of scenery and costumes, in the direction of the Provincetown Players, a semi-professional group of Little Theatre enthusiasts who were responsible for O'Neill's introduction to the legitimate theatre through the production of his one-act plays.

With the beginning of the season of 1924–1925, O'Neill again took a prominent place in the dramatic life of New York. Four of his short plays were produced at the Provincetown Theatre under the collective title of "S.S. Glencairn," both his "Emperor Jones" and "Diff'rent" were revived, and a few weeks later a full length drama, "Desire Under the Elms," was produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre, which the Provincetowners had taken under lease, and were running in connection with their home theatre, the Provincetown Playhouse.

"Desire" proved a stark, morbid, thrilling tragedy of New England life and character seventy-four years ago, profoundly impressive in its adherence to the truth of the situations, characters and problems of the individuals engaged in its telling. It continued at the Village Theatre for several weeks, admired and patronized by the now

definite and constantly growing public of O'Neill followers.

Recognizing its possibilities as commercial drama, the Messrs. A. L. Jones and Morris Green (who finance most of their other theatrical ventures from the profits of "The Greenwich Village Follies") secured an option on the play and moved it closer to the theatrical center, offering it at the Earl Carroll Theatre. Its success here was not immediate, but following an agitation for cleaner drama that set in after the production of those comparatively trivial plays, "Ladies of the Evening" and "A Good Bad Woman," such public curiosity was aroused concerning the O'Neill play that for the next several weeks its box-office takings were huge.

When the curtain rises on the first scene of "Desire Under the Elms" the audience sees the south end of a two-story New England farmhouse. A stone wall follows practically the line of the footlights, and a wooden gate lets into the barren yard. "The house is in good condition but in need of paint. Its walls are a sickly grayish, the green of the shutters faded. Two enormous elms are on each side of the house. They bend their trailing branches down over the roof — they appear to protect and at the same time subdue; there is a sinister maternity in their aspect, a crushing, jealous absorption. When the wind does not keep them astir, they develop from their intimate contact with the life of man in the house, an appalling humanness. They brood oppressively over the house, they are like exhausted women resting their sagging breasts and hands and hair on its roof, and when it rains their tears trickle down monotonously and rot on the shingles."

"It is sunset of a day at the beginning of summer in the year 1850." Eben Cabot, a large bell in hand, comes to the end of the porch and swings the bell mechanically. "He is twenty-five, tall and sinewy. His face is well-formed, good-looking, but its expression is resentful and

defensive. There is a fierce, repressed vitality about him."

His clanging bell summons his older half-brothers, Simeon and Peter, from their work in the fields. "They are tall men, much older than their half-brother (*Simeon is thirty-nine and Peter thirty-seven*), built on a squarer, simpler model, fleshier in body, more bovine and homelier in face, shrewder and more practical. Their shoulders stoop a bit from years of farm work. They clump heavily along in their clumsy thick-soled boots caked with earth. Their clothes, their faces, hands, bare arms and throats are earth-stained. They smell of earth."

They turn at the corner of the house and survey the Cabot acres. It is, to them, a "purty" sight, and yet it visualizes in their dull minds no more than years of sweating toil, wrenching disappointments and a sense of bitter loneliness. The western sunset recalls what evidently have been their frequent discussion of the gold that has been reported discovered in "Californi-a." There's the promise of gold in the West. "Here it's stones atop o' the ground," says Peter with sardonic bitterness; "stones atop of stones—makin' stone walls — year atop o' year — him 'n' yew 'n' me 'n' then Eben — makin' stone walls fur him t' fence us in!"

They have had their dreams of Californi-a. But it is at t'other side of the earth from them. And going there would mean giving up all that they had worked for, all that the farm may mean to them should their father die, as die he may.

"Mebbe — fur all we know — he may be dead now," allows Simeon, almost hopefully. "He's been gone two months — with no word."

But there would have to be proof of that, Peter warns. The fact that he had left 'em in the fields, onnateral like, and druv away isn't proof of much. And if they were to try to have him declared insane there ain't no jedge thereabouts as would admit any man as slick as the elder

Cabot in a trade could be crazy. They are still pondering their situation when Eben calls them in to the evening meal.

The curtain is down briefly. When it rises the wall of the house hiding the kitchen from view is removed. "A pine table is at the center, four rough wooden chairs, a tallow candle on the table. Everything is neat and in order but the atmosphere is of a man's camp kitchen rather than that of a home. The three eat in silence for a moment, the two elder as naturally unrestrained as beasts of the field, Eben picking at his food without appetite, glancing at them with tolerant dislike."

The talk is of "him" — old Ephraim Cabot, the father — and of Eben's bitterness toward him. It is a bitterness born of a conviction that the elder Cabot had been cruel to Eben's mother; that by his constant driving he had as good as killed her. The older boys are understanding, if not sympathetic. Their stepmother had been good to them. But as fur killin':

SIMEON (*after a pause*) — No one never kills nobody. It's allus somethin'. That's the murderer.

EBEN — Didn't he slave Maw t' death?

PETER — He's slaved himself t' death. He's slaved Sim'n' 'n' yew t' death — on'y none o' us hain't died — yit.

SIMEON — It's somethin' — drivin' him — t' drive us —

EBEN (*vengefully*) — Waal — I hold him t' jedgment! (*Then scornfully.*) Somethin'! What's somethin'?

SIMEON — Dunno.

EBEN (*sardonically*) — What's drivin' yew to Californi-a, mebbe? (*They look at him in surprise.*) Oh, I've heerd ye! (*Then, after a pause.*) But ye'll never go t' the gold fields!

PETER (*assertively*) — Mebbe!

EBEN — Whar'll ye git the money?

PETER — We kin walk. It's an a'mighty ways — Californi-a — but if yew was t' put all the steps we've walked on this farm end t' end we'd be in the Moon!

EBEN — The Injuns'll skulp ye on the plains.

SIMEON (*with grim humor*) — We'll mebbe make 'em pay a hair fur a hair!

EBEN (*decisively*) — But 't ain't that. Ye won't never go because ye'll wait here fur yer share o' the farm, thinkin' allus he'll die soon.

SIMEON (*after a pause*) — We've a right.

PETER — Two-thirds belongs t' us.

EBEN (*jumping to his feet*) — Ye've no right! She wan't yewr maw! It was her farm! Didn't he steal it from her? She's dead! It's my farm!

SIMEON (*sardonically*) — Tell that t' Paw — when he comes! I'll bet ye a dollar he'll laugh — fur once in his life. Ha! (*He laughs himself in one single, mirthless bark.*)

Eben's anger flares again at the thought of his brothers' pretending to have liked his mother and yet letting *him* slave her t' death. There was the farm work to do, they protest, and no time for other things, like meddlin', for instance. And as for that, what was Eben doing? He was fifteen before his mother died, and large for his age. Why didn't he do something?

"It was on'y arter she died I come to think of it," Eben answers, slowly. "Me cookin' — doin' her work — that made me know her, suffer her sufferin' — she'd come back t' help — come back t' bile potatoes — come back t' fry bacon — come back t' bake biscuits — come back all cramped up t' shake the fire, an' carry ashes, her eyes weepin' an' bloody with smoke an' cinders same's they used t' be. She still comes back — stands by the stove thar in the evenin'— she can't find it nateral sleepin' an' restin' in peace. She can't git used t' bein' free — even in her grave."

SIMEON — She never complained none.

EBEN — She'd got too tired. She'd got too used t' bein' too tired. That was what he done. (*With vengeful passion.*) An' sooner'r later, I'll meddle. I'll say the thin's I didn't say then t' him! I'll yell 'em at the top o' my lungs! I'll see t' it my maw gits some rest an' sleep in her grave! (*He sits down again, relapsing into a brooding silence. They look at him with a queer, indifferent curiosity.*)

Again the question turns on the mysterious disappearance of *him*. None of them can figure where he's gone nor what inspired his going. "He druv off in the buggy, all spick an' span, with th' mare all breshed and shiney," Simeon reports; "druv off clackin' his tongue an' wavin' his whip. His old snake's eyes was glitterin' in the sun like he'd been drinkin' a jugful an' he says with a mule's grin: 'Don't ye run away till I come back!' "

"Wonder if he knowed we was wantin' fur Californi-a?"

"Mebbe. I didn't say nothin' an' he says, lookin' kinder queer an' sick: 'I been hearin' the hens cluckin' and the roosters crowin' all the durn day. I been listenin' t' the cows lowin' an' everythin' else kickin' up till I can't stand it no more. It's spring an' I'm feelin' damned,' he says. 'Damned, like an old bare hickory tree fit on'y fur burnin',' he says. An' then I calc'late I must've looked a mite hopeful, fur he adds, real spry and vicious: 'But don't git no fool idee I'm dead. I've sworn t' live a hundred an' I'll do it, if on'y t' spite yer sinful greed! An' now I'm ridin' out t' learn God's message t' me in the spring, like the prophets done. An' yew git back t' yer plowin',' he says. An' he druv off singin' a hymn. I thought he was drunk — 'r I'd stopped him goin'!"

Eben doubts that statement. They're both scared of *him* and they know it. "He's stronger — inside — than both o' ye put together," he sneers. And stronger than

Eben, too, they put in. But Eben's growin' an' growin' — and some day —

The brothers are amused at such implied boasting. And inspired to rough laughter a moment later at Eben's defiant confession that he is goin' t' town, an', it may be to see a certain citizeness named Minnie, a scarlet sister, they charge between guffaws, teeterin' on the edge o' forty. A friendly soul, however, to all the Cabot line, includin' *him*.

"D'ye mean t' say he — ?" demands Eben.

"Ay-eh. We air his heirs in everythin'!" answers Simeon, grinning.

Eben's anger flares again. "That's more to it," he shouts. "That grows on it! It'll bust soon! I'll go smash my fist in her face!"

"Mebbe — but the night's warm — purty — by the time ye git thar mebbe ye'll kiss her instead!"

"Sart'n he will!" agrees Peter.

Their coarse laughter follows Eben into the yard. He is jest like his paw, they insist. "Dead spit an' image." And it is their personal conviction that sooner or later "dog'll eat dog."

In the yard outside Eben hesitates, but the night is luring and his thoughts rebellious. Soon he is striding toward the village.

The curtain is down again momentarily. At its rise the kitchen wall has been replaced, and that covering the bedroom of Simeon and Peter upstairs is removed. The brothers are sleeping heavily. It is the pitch darkness just before dawn.

Through the woods from the direction of the village Eben comes stumbling in, "feeling his way, chuckling bitterly and cursing half aloud to himself."

He can be heard half stumbling up the stairs and then knocking at the door before he pushes it open and rouses them. He comes with news, Eben does, news that won't keep.

EBEN (*explosively*) — He's gone an' married agen!

SIMEON and PETER (*explosively*) — Paw?

EBEN — Got himself hitched to a female 'bout thirty-five — an' purty, they says —

SIMEON (*aghast*) — It's a durn lie!

PETER — Who says?

SIMEON — They been stringin' ye!

EBEN — Think I'm a dunce, do ye? The hull village says. The preacher from New Dover, he brung the news — told it t' our preacher — New Dover, that's whar the old loon got himself hitched — that's whar the woman lived —

PETER (*no longer doubting — stunned*) — Waal — !

SIMEON (*the same*) — Waal — !

EBEN (*sitting down on a bed — with vicious hatred*) — Ain't he a devil out o' hell? It's jest t' spite us — the damned old mule!

PETER (*after a pause*) — Everythin'll go t' her now.

SIMEON — Ay-eh. (*A pause — dully.*) Waal — if it's done —

PETER — It's done us! (*Pause — then persuasively.*) They's gold in the fields o' Californi-a, Sim. No good a-stayin' here now.

SIMEON — Jest what I was a-thinkin'. (*Then, with decision.*) S'well fust's last! Let's light out and git this mornin'.

PETER — Suits me.

How do they expect to get to Californi-a, Eben would like to know. Walk? Having no wings to fly with, Simeon thinks perhaps they will have to. But they might ride, Eben persists, with a new, a crafty enthusiasm in his voice. If they are willing to sign a paper he has prepared they can ride.

"I've had it writ out and ready in case ye'd ever go," he explains. "It says fur three hundred dollars t' each ye agree yewr shares o' the farm is sold t' me."

They are suspicious of the paper. And doubtful of the money. Wherever did Eben get six hundred dollars?

"I know whar it's hid," he admits cunningly. "I been waitin' — Maw told me. She knew whar it lay fur years, but she was waitin' — It's hearn — the money he hoarded from her farm an' hid from Maw. It's my money by rights, now."

They are still doubtful. Nor eager to trade without further confirmation, both of the marriage and the existence of the hidden money. They would have more details of his hearing the news.

He heard it in the village, Eben says, on his way to Min's, and it angered him. He was half crazed, and there were thoughts of smashing Min by way of being even with *him* who had known her first.

"Waal," he confesses, sheepishly, but still defiantly, "when I seen her, I didn't hit her — nor I didn't kiss her, nuther — I begun t' beller like a calf an' cuss at the same time, I wus so durn mad — an' she got scared — an' I just grabbed hold and tuk her! (*Proudly.*) Yes, sirree! I tuk her! She may've been his'n — an' your'n, too — but she's mine now!"

The idea of Eben's bein' in love like, and with Min, fills Simeon and Peter with joy. They think, mebbe, Eben will go on having his way — perhaps he'll be tryin' t' take this new woman his paw's married. "I'd as soon pet a skunk 'r kiss a snake!" Eben spits back at them, as he storms out of their room.

Simon and Peter are still doubtful as to what should be their next move, and decide finally they had better await developments. It might be that Eben is fooling them.

PETER — We'll wait and see. (*Then, with sudden, vindictive anger.*) An' till he comes, let's yew 'an' me not work a lick, let Eben tend to thin's if he's a mind t', let's us jest sleep an' eat an' drink likker, an' let the hull damned farm go t' blazes!

SIMEON (*excitedly*) — By God, we've earned a rest! We'll play rich fur a change. I hain't a-going to stir outa bed till breakfast's ready.

PETER — An' on the table!

SIMEON (*after a pause — thoughtfully*) — What d' ye calc'late she'll be like — our new maw? Like Eben thinks?

PETER — Mor'n' likely.

SIMEON (*vindictively*) — Waal — I hope she's a she-devil that'll make him wish he was dead an' livin' in the pit o'hell fur comfort!

PETER (*fervently*) — Amen!

The curtain is down briefly again and at its rise the kitchen is revealed with the three men at breakfast. "Simeon and Peter are just finishing. Eben sits before his plate of untouched food, brooding frowningly."

They try roughly, coarsely, to cheer him, but with little success. Already he can feel *him* gettin' near. "I kin feel him comin' on like yew kin feel malaria chills afore it takes ye."

Not until the older boys declare their intention of doing no more work — of "aimin' t' start bein' lilies o' the field" does Eben brighten. And when they suggest that he, being sole owner of the farm now, had better get at the milkin', he is thrilled with a new enthusiasm. It means they may sell their share in the farm to him.

"It's Maw's farm agen!" he shouts. "It's my farm. Them's my cows! I'll milk my durn fingers off fur cows o' mine!"

They stare after him indifferently as he goes out the door. "Like his paw," observes Simeon. "Dead spit an' image," agrees Peter. "Waal — let dog eat dog!"

At the gate Eben stops and gazes proudly around him, "with glowing, possessive eyes. He takes in the whole farm with his embracing glance of desire." And then, as he suddenly throws his head back he almost shouts. "It's purty! It's damned purty! It's mine! Mine,

d'yeh hear? Mine!" He goes on quickly to the barn.

In the kitchen Simeon and Peter are restless and not altogether happy with their new freedom. Eben, they admit, never was much of a hand at milkin' or with the stock.

They try takin' a swaller out of the jug to cheer them up, but even that doesn't set just right. They ain't used to likker so early in the day.

They try walkin' out, thinking that perhaps the morning air will freshen them. And at the gate they, too, stare out over the Cabot acres with a dumb appreciation of the picture.

SIMEON (*staring around the farm, his compressed face tightened, unable to conceal his emotion*) — Waal — it's our last mornin' — mebbe.

PETER (*the same*) — Ay-eh.

SIMEON (*stamps his foot on the earth and addresses it desperately*) — Waal — ye've thirty year o' me buried in ye — spread out over ye — blood an' bone an' sweat — rotted away — fertilizing ye — richin' yer soul — prime manure, by God, that's what I been t' ye!

PETER — Ay-eh! An' me!

SIMEON — An' yew, Peter. (*He sighs, then spits.*) Waal — no use'n cryin' over spilt milk.

PETER — They's gold in the West — an' freedom, mebbe. We been slaves t' stone walls here.

SIMEON (*defiantly*) — We hain't nobody's slaves from this out — nor no thin's slaves, nuther. (*A pause, restlessly.*) Speakin' o' milk, wonder how Eben's managin'?

PETER — I s'pose he's managin'.

SIMEON — Mebbe we'd ought t' help — this once.

PETER — Mebbe. The cows knows us.

SIMEON — An' likes us. They don't know him much.

PETER — An' the hosses, an' pigs, an' chickens. They don't know him much.

SIMEON — They knows us like brothers — an' likes us! (*Proudly.*) Hain't we raised 'em t' be fust-rate, number one prize stock?

PETER — *We* hain't — not no more.

SIMEON (*dully*) — I was fergittin'. (*Then, resignedly.*) Waal, let's go help Eben a spell an' git waked up.

PETER — Suits me.

They have taken but a step when Eben rushes in breathlessly to meet them. He's seen them — "the old mule an' the bride" — down the road. They're coming, sure enough. The news stirs Simeon and Peter to action. Now they are ready to trade with Eben. Let them see the color of the old skinflint's money and they will sign the paper fast enough.

While they are upstairs getting their bundles Eben pulls up a strip of the kitchen flooring under the stove and takes out a canvas bag. When his brothers are down again with their carpet bags he is ready to pour out the money before them — thirty twenty-dollar gold pieces. And now they have taken the gold and are awkwardly trying to say good-by to him.

When they are in the yard they can see *him* down at the barn doin' his own unhitchin'. The sight and thought of it fills them with joy. They feel like dancin' and singin' and kickin' and tearin' away. Simeon takes the gate off its hinges and puts it under his arm. "We harby 'bolishes shet gates, an' open gates, an' all gates, by thunder!" he shouts, gleefully.

They are standing, stiffly, at the front of the yard when Ephraim Cabot and Abbie Putnam come near the house.

"Cabot is seventy-five, tall and gaunt, with great wiry concentrated power, but stoop-shouldered from toil. His face is as hard as if it were hewn out of a boulder, yet there is a weakness in it, a petty pride in its own narrow strength. His eyes are small, close together, and ex-

tremely near-sighted, blinking continually in the effort to focus on objects, their stare having a straining, ingrowing quality. He is dressed in his dismal black Sunday suit.

"Abbie is thirty-five, buxom, full of vitality. Her round face is pretty but marred by its rather gross sensuality. There is strength and obstinacy in her jaw, a hard determination in her eyes, and about her whole personality the same unsettled, untamed, desperate quality which is so apparent in Eben."

CABOT (*as they enter, a queer, strangled emotion in his dry, cracking voice*) — Har we be t' hum, Abbie.

ABBIE (*with lust for the word*) — Hum! (*Her eyes gloating on the house without seeming to see the two stiff figures at the gate.*) It's purty — purty — ! I can't believe it's r'ally mine!

CABOT (*sharply*) — Yewr'n? Mine! (*He stares at her penetratingly. She stares back. He adds, relentingly.*) Our'n — mebbe! It was lonesome too long. I was growin' old in the Spring. A hum's got t' hev *a woman.*

ABBIE (*her voice taking possession*) — A woman's gut t' hev a hum!

CABOT (*nodding uncertainly*) — Ay-eh. (*Then, irritably.*) Whar be they? Ain't thar nobody about — 'er workin' — 'r nothin'?

ABBIE (*sees the brothers. She returns their stare of cold appraising contempt with interest, slowly*) — Thar's two men loafin' at the gate an' starin' at me — like a couple of strayed hogs.

CABOT (*straining his eyes*) — I kin see 'em — but I can't make out —

SIMEON — It's Simeon.

PETER — It's Peter.

CABOT (*exploding*) — Why hain't ye workin'?

SIMEON (*dryly*) — We're waitin' t' welcome ye hum — ye an' the bride!

CABOT (*confusedly*)—Hunh? Waal — this be yer new maw, boys. (*She stares at them and they at her.*)

SIMEON (*turns away and spits contemptuously*) — I see her!

PETER (*spits also*) — An' I see her!

ABBIE (*with the conqueror's conscious superiority*) — I'll go in an' look at *my* house. (*She goes slowly around to the porch.*)

SIMEON (*with a snort*) — *Her* house!

PETER (*calls after her*) — Ye'll find Eben inside. Ye better not tell him it's yewr house.

ABBIE (*mouthing the name*) — Eben. (*Then, quietly.*) I'll tell Eben.

CABOT (*with a contemptuous sneer*) — Ye needn't heed Eben. Eben's a dumb fool — like his maw — soft an' simple!

SIMEON (*with his sardonic burst of laughter*) — Ha! Eben's a chip o' yew — spit an' image — hard 'n' bitter's a hickory tree! Dog'll eat dog. He'll eat ye yet, old man!

CABOT (*commandingly*) — Ye git t' work!

But a rebellious freedom has laid itself upon Simeon and Peter and they laugh at the old man. They taunt him about his new wife and gleefully proclaim their own independence. They are on their way to Californi-a and he can do what he durn pleases with the farm. They whoop and yell, like drunken Indians, dancing within his range of vision and out again and holding their sides with laughter.

They must be insane, he thinks. The lust for gold has made them mad.

PETER — They's gold besides what's in Californi-a! (*He retreats back beyond the vision of the old man and takes the bag of money and flaunts it in the air above his head, laughing.*)

SIMEON — And sinfuller, too!

PETER — We'll be voyagin' on the sea! Whoop! (*He leaps up and down.*)

SIMEON — Livin' free! Whoop! (*He leaps in turn.*)

CABOT (*suddenly roaring with rage*) — My cuss on ye!

SIMEON — Take our'n in trade fur it! Whoop!

CABOT — I'll hev ye both chained up in the asylum!

PETER — Ye old skinflint! Good-by!

SIMEON — Ye old blood sucker! Good-by!

CABOT — Go afore I — !

PETER — Whoop! (*He picks a stone from the road. Simeon does the same.*)

SIMEON — Maw'll be in the parlor.

PETER — Ay-eh! One! Two!

CABOT (*frightened*) — What air ye —

PETER — Three! (*They both throw, the stones hitting the parlor window with a crash of glass, tearing the shade.*)

SIMEON — Whoop!

PETER — Whoop!

CABOT (*in a fury now, rushing toward them*) — If I kin lay hands on ye — I'll break yer bones fur ye! (*But they beat a capering retreat before him, Simeon with the gate still under his arm. Cabot comes back, panting with impotent rage. Their voices as they go off take up the song of the gold-seekers to the old tune of "Oh, Sussanah!"*

"I jumped aboard the Liza ship,
And travelled on the sea,
And every time I thought of home
I wished it wasn't me!
Oh! Californi-a,
That's the land fur me!
I'm off to Californi-a!
With my wash bowl on my knee.")

Cabot can't make out what has happened. Suddenly the thought that these crazy sons might have done injury to the stock assails him, and he is off to the barn to investigate.

Abbie has been through the house and slowly pushes open the door to the kitchen. Eben is still there, and still preoccupied. "He does not notice her at first. Her eyes take him in penetratingly with a calculating appraisal of his strength as against hers. But under this her desire is dimly awakened by his youth and good looks. Suddenly he becomes conscious of her presence and looks up. Their eyes meet. He leaps to his feet, glowering at her speechlessly."

ABBIE (*in her most seductive tones which she uses all through this scene*) — Be you Eben? I'm Abbie. (*She laughs.*) I mean I'm yewr new maw.

EBEN (*viciously*) — No, damn ye!

ABBIE (*as if she hadn't heard, with a queer smile*) — Yewr paw's spoke a lot o' ye —

EBEN — Ha!

ABBIE — Ye mustn't mind him. He's an old man. (*They stare at each other.*) I don't want t' pretend playin' maw t' ye, Eben. (*Admiringly.*) Ye're too big an' too strong fur that. I want t' be frens with ye. Mebbe with me fur a fren ye'd find ye'd like livin' here better. I kin make it easy fur ye with *him*, mebbe. (*With a scornful sense of power.*) I calc'late I kin git *him* t' do most anythin' fur me.

EBEN (*with bitter scorn*) — Ha! (*They stare again, Eben obscurely moved, physically attracted to her, in forced, stilted tones.*) Ye kin go t' the devil!

ABBIE (*calmly*) — If cussin' me does ye good, cuss all ye've a mind t'. I'm all prepared t' have ye agin me — at fust. I don't blame ye, nuther. I'd feel the same at any stranger comin' t' take my maw's place. (*He shudders. She is watching him carefully.*) Ye must've cared

a lot fur your maw, didn't ye? My maw died afore I'd growed. I don't remember her none. (*A pause.*) But ye won't hate me long, Eben. I'm not the wust in the world — an' yew an' me've got a lot in common. I kin tell that by lookin' at ye. Waal — I've had a hard life, too — oceans o' trouble an' nuthin' but work fur reward. I was a orphan early an' had t' wuk fur others in other's hums. Then I married an' he turned out a drunken spreer an' so he had t' wuk fur others an' me too agen in others' hums, an' the baby died, an' my husband got sick and died too, an' I was glad, sayin' now I'm free fur once, on'y I diskivered right away all I was free fur was t' work agen in others' hums, doin' others' work in others' hums till I'd most give up hope o' ever doin' my own work in my own hum, an' then your paw come —

EBEN (*fighting against his growing attraction and sympathy, harshly*) — An' bought ye — like a harlot! (*She is stung and flushes angrily. She has been sincerely moved by the recital of her troubles. He adds, furiously.*) An' the price he's payin' ye — this farm — was my maw's, damn ye! — an' mine now!

ABBIE (*with a cool laugh of confidence*) — Yewr'n? We'll see 'bout that! (*Then, strongly.*) Waal — what if I did need a hum? What else'd I marry an old man like him fur?

EBEN (*maliciously*) — I'll tell him ye said that!

ABBIE (*smiling*) — I'll say ye're lyin' apurpose — an' he'll drive ye off the place!

EBEN — Ye devil!

ABBIE (*defying him*) — This be my farm — this be my hum — this be my kitchen!

EBEN (*furiously, as if he were going to attack her*) — Shut up, damn ye!

ABBIE (*walks up to him, a queer coarse expression of desire in her face and body, slowly*) — An' upstairs — that be my bedroom — an' my bed. (*He stares into her eyes, terribly confused and torn. She adds softly.*) I

hain't bad nor mean — 'ceptin' fur an enemy — but I got t' fight fur what's due me out o' life, if I ever 'spect t' git it. (*Then, putting her hand on his arm, seductively.*) Let's yew an' me be frens, Eben.

EBEN (*stupidly, as if hypnotized*) — Ay-eh. (*Then, furiously flinging off her arm.*) No, ye durned old witch! I hate ye! (*He rushes out the door.*)

ABBIE (*looks after him, smiling satisfiedly, then, half to herself, mouthing the name.*) Eben's nice. (*She looks at the table, proudly.*) I'll wash up *my* dishes now.

Outside in the yard Cabot, returned from the barn, is gazing down the road in the direction taken by his rebellious sons. "He stands glowering, his fist clenched, his face grim with rage."

He raises his arms to heaven in the fury he can no longer control. "Lord God o' hosts," he prays, "smite the undutiful sons with thy wust cuss!"

And Eben, coming from the house, faces his father sneeringly and defiantly.

"God o' th' old! God o' th' lonesome!" prays Cabot.

"Naggin' his sheep t' sin! T'hell with yewr God!" mocks Eben.

CABOT (*wrathfully*) — "The days air prolonged and every vision faileth."

EBEN (*spitting*) — Good enuf fur ye! (*Cabot turns. He and Eben glower at each other.*)

CABOT (*harshly*) — So it's ye. I might've knowed it. (*Shaking his finger threateningly at him.*) Blasphemin' fool! (*Then, quickly.*) Why hain't ye t' work?

EBEN — Why hain't yew? They've went. I can't work it all alone.

CABOT (*contemptuously*) — Nor no-ways. I'm wuth ten o' ye yit, old's I be! Ye'll never be more'n half a man! (*Then, matter of factly.*) Waal, let's git t' the barn. (*They go. A last faint note of the "Californi-a"*

song is heard from the distance. Abbie is washing the dishes.)

Curtain.

PART II

It is a hot Sunday afternoon two months later. The house is closed. Abbie, dressed in her best, is sitting at the end of the porch, rocking listlessly.

The window in Eben's bedroom is gently raised and he sticks his head out, furtively intent on discovering whether or not there is anyone about. Abbie, sensing his movements, stops rocking, but he is not fooled. He knows that she is there and is disappointed. He draws back into the house and she waits expectantly his next move.

When Eben comes out of the house, "dressed in his store suit, spruced up, his face shining from soap and water," he is plainly confused in the presence of his stepmother. "Their eyes meet. His falter. He slams the door. Abbie laughs tantalizingly, amused, but at the same time, piqued and irritated."

"Ye look all slicked up like a prize bull," she chuckles.

"Waal — ye ain't so durned purty yerself, be ye?" he sneers.

"They stare into each other's eyes, his held by hers in spite of himself, hers glowingly possessive. Their physical attraction becomes a palpable force quivering in the hot air."

ABBIE (*softly*) — Ye don't mean that, Eben. Ye may think ye mean it, mebbe, but ye don't. Ye can't. It's agin nature, Eben. Ye been fightin' yer nature ever since the day I come — tryin' t' tell yerself I hain't purty t' ye. (*She laughs a low, humid laugh without taking her eyes from his. A pause — her body squirms desirously — she murmurs languorously.*) Hain't the sun

strong an' hot? Ye kin feel it burnin' into the earth. Nature — makin' thin's grow— bigger'n bigger — burnin' inside ye — makin' ye want t' grow — into somethin' else — till ye're jined with it — an' it's your'n — but it owns ye, too — an' makes ye grow bigger — like a tree — like them elms. (*She laughs again softly, holding his eyes. He takes a step toward her, compelled against his will.*) Nature'll beat ye, Eben. Ye might's well own up t' it fust's last.

EBEN (*trying to break from her spell, confusedly*) — If Paw'd hear ye goin' on —— (*Resentfully.*) But ye've made such a damned idjit out o' the old devil — (*Abbie laughs.*)

ABBIE — Waal, hain't it easier fur yew with him changed softer?

EBEN (*defiantly*) — No. I'm fightin' him — fightin' yew — fightin' fur Maw's rights t' her hum. (*This breaks her spell for him. He glowers at her.*) An' I'm onto ye. Ye hain't foolin' me a mite. Ye're aimin' t' swaller up everything an' make it your'n. Waal, ye'll find I'm a heap sight bigger hunk nor yew kin chew!

He turns from her with a sneer, but she ignores his anger. Seductively she tries to woo him into a better temper. She seeks to know where he is going. To the village, he confesses, with malicious nonchalance, and her anger flares out at him.

He is, she charges, on his way "t' see that Min," and he smilingly admits the possibility. She is furious at the suggestion and excited. He goads her on. Min's purtier 'n she. An' better. Min owns up t' her sins. She don't go sneakin' an' stealin'. Min wouldn't sell herself for a farm that rightfully belongs to another.

"Git out o' my sight!" she screams at him, now beside herself with anger; "Go on t' yer slut — disgracin' yer paw 'n' me! I'll git yer paw t' horsewhip ye off the place if I want t'! Ye're only livin' here 'cause I tolerate ye! Git along! I hate the sight o' ye!"

She is panting and glaring at him as he turns and strides down the road, and is standing thus when old Cabot comes up from the barn. "The hard grim expression of his face has changed. He seems in some queer way softened, mellowed. Yet there is no hint of physical weakness about him — rather he looks more robust and younger."

Abbie's attitude toward her husband is one of unconcealed aversion, and her answers to his questions follow the wake of the anger Eben has inspired. She denies that she and Eben had been quarreling again, as Cabot suspects. And when he suggests that it may be he has been too hard on Eben, because he never liked the boy for bein' soft, like his maw, she is quick to resent the change in him. She is in no mood to favor Eben's chances with his father just now.

Later, when again the old man's thoughts turn to Eben as the last of his line and the only one there is to succeed him, she resents his weakness. No one left but Eben? "They's me, ain't they?" she demands. "Hain't I yer lawful wedded wife?"

She is, he admits, staring at her desirously and seizing her hands. She is his Rose of Sharon and she is fair. Behold, her eyes are doves and her lips are like scarlet.

But she does not seem to notice when he covers her hands with kisses. She is staring before her with hard, angry eyes.

ABBIE (*jerking her hands away, harshly*) — So ye're plannin' to leave the farm t' Eben, air ye?

CABOT (*dazedly*) — Leave — ? (*Then, with resentful obstinacy.*) I hain't a-givin' it t' none!

ABBIE (*remorselessly*) — Ye can't take it with ye.

CABOT (*thinks a moment — then, reluctantly*) — No, I calc'late not. (*After a pause, with a strange passion.*) But if I could, I would, by the Etarnal! 'R if I could, in my dyin' hour, I'd set it afire an' watch it burn — this

house an' every ear o' corn an' every tree down t' the last blade o' hay! I'd sit an' know it was all a-dyin' with me an' none else'd ever own what was mine, what I'd made out o' nothin' with my sweat 'n' blood! (*A pause, then he adds, with a queer affection.*) 'Ceptin' the cows. Them I'd turn free.

ABBIE (*harshly*) — An' me?

CABOT (*with a queer smile*) — Ye'd be turned free, too.

ABBIE (*furiously*) — So that's the thanks I git fur marryin' ye — t' have ye change kind t' Eben who hates ye, an' talk o' turnin' me out in the road!

And then, vengefully, she tells him of Eben; of his visit to the harlot, Min — "disgracin' yew an' me — on the Sabbath, too!"

When he sees in that act of Eben's no more than a natural sinner's heritage she adds to the charge by accusing Eben of having tried to make love to her there when he thought they were quarreling.

Cabot is furious at the charge. "By the A'mighty God! I'll end him!" he shouts. "I'll git the shotgun an' blow his soft brains t' the top o' them elms!"

And now, seeing the hurricane temper she has started, Abbie is at pains to arrest its force. It was nothin' but a boy's foolin', she assures him. "It must hev sounded wusser'n I meant. An' I was mad at thinkin' ye'd leave him th' farm."

He is willing, as his anger ebbs, to compromise on horsewhipping Eben from the place, and a moment later he has agreed with Abbie that, with men as scarce as they are, that also would probably be unwise.

"I oughtn't t' git riled so at that ere fool calf," he admits. "But har's the p'int. What son o' mine'll keep on here t' the farm — when the Lord does call me? Simeon an' Peter air gone t' hell — an' Eben's follerin' 'em."

ABBIE (*suddenly*) — Mebbe the Lord'll give *us* a son.

CABOT (*turns and stares at her eagerly*) — Ye mean — a son — t' me'n yew?

ABBIE (*with a cajoling smile*) — Ye're a strong man yet, hain't ye? T'ain't noways impossible, be it? We know that. Why d'ye stare so? Hain't ye never thought o' that afore? I been thinkin' o' it all along. Ay-eh — an' I been prayin' it'd happen, too.

CABOT (*his face growing full of joyous pride and a sort of religious ecstasy*) — Ye been prayin', Abbie? — fur a son? — t' us?

ABBIE — Ay-eh. (*With a grim resolution.*) I want a son now.

CABOT (*excitedly clutching both of her hands in his*) — It'd be the blessing o' God, Abbie — the blessin' o' God A'mighty on me — in my old age — in my lonesomeness! They hain't nothin' I wouldn't do fur ye then, Abbie. Ye'd hev on'y t' ask it — anythin' ye'd a mind t' —

ABBIE (*interrupting*) — Would ye will the farm t' me then —t'me an' it — ?

CABOT (*vehemently*) — I'd do anythin' ye axed, I tell ye! I swar it! May I be everlastin' damned t' hell if I wouldn't! (*He sinks to his knees, pulling her down with him. He trembles all over with the fervor of his hopes.*) Pray t' the Lord agin, Abbie. It's the Sabbath! I'll jine ye! Two prayers air better nor one. "An' God hearkened unto Rachel and she conceived an' bore a son." An' God hearkened unto Abbie! Pray, Abbie! Pray fur Him to hearken! (*He bows his head, mumbling. She pretends to do likewise but gives him a side glance of scorn and triumph.*)

The break in the scenes is again indicated by the lowering of the curtain. At its rise the lower rooms of the house are walled in and the interiors of the two upstairs bedrooms are exposed.

Eben is sitting on the side of his bed in the room on the left. It is hot and he wears only his undershirt and his pants. He is brooding moodily, his chin in his hands.

In the other room Cabot and Abbie, in their nightclothes, are sitting side by side on the edge of their old four-poster. Cabot is still "in the queer, excited mood into which the notion of a son had thrown him."

"The farm needs a son," he ventures, mistily.

"I need a son," she answers.

"Ay-eh," Cabot agrees. "Sometimes ye air the farm an' sometimes the farm be yew. That's why I clove t' ye in my lonesomeness. (*A pause. He pounds his knee with his fist.*) Me an' the farm has got t' beget a son!"

Abbie is vaguely mystified by his state of mind, but her thoughts are soon directed into other channels. She hears Eben as he gets up from his bed and begins to pace his room. Her eyes are fixed on the wall separating them with such concentrated attention that Eben seems to feel her hot glances. "Unconsciously he stretches out his arms for her and she half rises." Then, conscious and ashamed, "he mutters a curse at himself and flings himself face downward on the bed." Abbie relaxes with a faint sigh, but her eyes remain fixed on the wall.

Now Cabot has drifted into a ruminating mood, bitter, self-revealing and a little pathetic. And as he drifts on, relating to her the tragic story of his life in the half-formed hope that she will know and understand him better, she continues to stare at the wall that stands between her and Eben.

In droning voice, punctuated now and again by flashes of defiant anger, Cabot tells of how, at twenty, he had taken over the stony acres of his home; of how folks laughed at him until he showed them, because he was strong and hard, that he could make corn grow from that soil. "When ye can make corn sprout out o' stones, God's livin' in yew," he says. "They wa'n't strong enuf fur that. They reckoned God was easy. They laughed.

They don't laugh no more. Some died hereabouts. Some went West an' died. They're all under ground — fur follerin' arter an easy God. God hain't easy. (*He shakes his head slowly.*) An' I growed hard. Folks kept allus sayin' 'he's a hard man' like 'twas sinful t' be hard, so's at last I said back at 'em: 'Waal then, by thunder, ye'll git me hard an' see how ye like it!' "

Once he had been weak and grown despairful and followed a party going West to where the farmin' was easy; where there were broad meadows and black soil and no stone. He could have stayed West and grown rich. But it was too easy. Something in him rebelled and he heard the voice of God, sayin': "This hain't wuth nothin' t' Me. Get ye back t' hum!"

He came back, back to the stones, leaving for whoever would take them his western claim and his crops. "God's hard, not easy. God's in the stones. 'Build My church on a rock — out o' stones, an' I'll be in 'em!' That's what he meant t' Peter."

And so he worked, piling up the stones into walls and fencing in the fields. And when he grew lonesome he took a wife and she bore him Simeon and Peter and worked hard with him for twenty years, being a good woman and strong, though she never understood him.

When she died he went on workin' with Simeon and Peter and watched the farm grow until, after some years, the lonesomeness came over him again. "But ye can't hitch yer mind t'one thin' day an' night. I tuk another wife — Eben's maw. Her folks was contestin' me at law over my deeds t' the farm — my farm! That's why Eben keeps a-talkin' his fool talk o' this bein' his maw's farm. She bore Eben. She was purty — but soft. She tried to be hard. She couldn't. She never knowed me nor nothin'. It was lonesomer 'n hell with her. After a matter o' sixteen-odd years, she died. (*A pause.*) I lived with the boys. They hated me 'cause I was hard. I hated them 'cause they was soft. They coveted the farm

without knowin' what it meant. It made me bitter'n wormwood. It aged me — them covetin' what I'd made fur mine. Then this spring the call come — the voice of God cryin' in my wilderness, in my lonesomeness — t' go out an' seek an' find! (*Turning to her with strange passion.*) I sought ye an' I found ye! Ye wair my Rose o' Sharon! Yer eyes air like — (*She has turned a blank face, resentful eyes to his. He stares at her for a moment — then, harshly.*) Air ye any the wiser fur all I've told ye?

ABBIE (*confusedly*) — Mebbe.

CABOT (*pushing her away from him, angrily*) — Ye don't know nothin' — nor never will. If ye don't hev a son t' redeem ye — (*This in a tone of cold threat.*)

ABBIE (*resentfully*) — I've prayed, hain't I?

CABOT (*bitterly*) — Pray agin — fur understandin'!

ABBIE (*a veiled threat in her tone*) — Ye'll have a son out o' me, I promise ye.

CABOT — How can ye promise?

ABBIE — I got second-sight, mebbe. I kin foretell. (*She gives a queer smile.*)

CABOT — I believe ye have. Ye give me the chills sometimes. (*He shivers.*) It's cold in this house. It's oneasy. They's thin's pokin' about in the dark — in the corners.

He is restless and someway conscious of Abbie's disinterest. Suddenly he pulls on his trousers and his boots and starts for the barn where he can talk to the cows. "They know. They know the farm an' me. They'll give me peace."

At the sound of his father clumpin' down the stairs Eben sits up with a start. And as Cabot comes out of the house and continues on toward the barn, Abbie and Eben again become nervously conscious of each other through the wall. "He acts as if he saw every move she was mak-

ing, he becomes resolutely still. She seems driven into a decision — goes out the door in rear determinedly. His eyes follow her. Then as the door of his room is opened softly, he turns away, waits in an attitude of strained fixity. Abbie stands for a second staring at him, her eyes burning with desire. Then with a little cry she runs over and throws her arms about his neck, she pulls his head back and covers his mouth with kisses. At first, he submits dumbly; then he puts his arms about her neck and returns her kisses. But finally, suddenly aware of his hatred, he hurls her away from him, springing to his feet."

For a second they stand facing each other, "speechless and breathless, panting like two animals," and then Abbie speaks, pleadingly. Still Eben repulses her, denying any love for her and declaring his abiding hatred. Kissing her meant nothing — he might have been thinking of someone else. Of Min, most likely. The taunt stings her.

ABBIE (*raging*) — Then ye're a dog, Eben Cabot!

EBEN (*threateningly*) — Ye can't talk that way t' me!

ABBIE (*with a shrill laugh*) — Can't I? Did ye think I was in love with ye — a weak thin' like yew! Not much! I on'y wanted ye fur a purpose o' my own — an' I'll hev ye fur it yet 'cause I'm stronger'n yew be!

EBEN (*resentfully*) — I knowed well it was on'y part o' yer plan t' swaller everythin'!

ABBIE (*tauntingly*) — Mebbe!

EBEN (*furious*) — Git out o' my room!

ABBIE — This air my room an' ye're on'y hired help!

EBEN (*threateningly*) — Git out afore I murder ye!

ABBIE (*quite confident now*) — I hain't a mite afeerd. Ye want me, don't ye? Yes, ye do! An' yer paw's son'll never kill what he wants! Look at yer eyes! They's lust fur me in 'em, burnin' 'em up! Look at yer lips now! They're tremblin' an' longin' t' kiss me, an' yer teeth t'

bite! (*He is watching her now with a horrible fascination. She laughs a crazy, triumphant laugh.*) I'm a-goin' t' make all o' this hum my hum! They's one room hain't mine yet, but it's a-goin' t' be tonight. I'm a-goin' down now an' light up! (*She makes him a mocking bow.*) Won't ye come courtin' me in the best parlor, Mister Cabot?

EBEN (*staring at her, horribly confused, dully*) — Don't ye dare! It hain't been opened since Maw died an' was laid out thar! Don't ye — (*But her eyes are fixed on his so burningly that his will seems to wither before hers. He stands swaying toward her helplessly.*)

ABBIE (*holding his eyes and putting all her will into her words as she backs out the door*) — I'll expect ye afore long, Eben.

He stares after her as she leaves. A moment later a light appears in the parlor window below. Eben hears Abbie moving about the parlor. Suddenly he starts to dress, hurriedly, mechanically. Now he stands, still barefooted, looking about him in bewilderment.

"Maw! Whar air ye?" he mutters, helplessly. He goes slowly toward the door, as the curtain falls.

The scene has changed to the parlor. "Abbie sits on the edge of the horsehair sofa. She has lighted the candles and the room is revealed in all its preserved ugliness. A change has come over the woman. She looks awed and silent now, ready to run away."

When Eben appears "his face wears an expression of obsessed confusion." Abbie invites him to sit beside her and he moves awkwardly to a place on the sofa. "They both remain rigid, looking straight ahead with eyes full of fear."

There is, they both feel, an uncanny something in the room. "It's Maw!" Eben is convinced. And Abbie accepts his conclusion. It was an unfriendly something

at first, but now that Eben has come there is no more unfriendliness. "Maw allus loved me!" ventures Eben.

It may be, thinks Abbie, that her love for Eben is what has made the presence kind to her, instead of hatin' her, as Eben thinks it should, for havin' stole her place and her hum. But it doesn't. "Seems like Maw didn't want me t' remind ye," he mutters, mystified by the curious influences he feels.

"I knowed, Eben. It's kind t' me. It don't b'ar me no grudges for what I never knowed an' couldn't help!" Abbie insists.

But Maw bears a grudge against *him* — that Eben knows. And so does he. But his flashing anger at thought of that grudge is soon quieted by the now eager and pleading Abbie.

Gently she leads him to talking again of his mother. She was kind and good, he recalls, and sometimes she would sing to him. Cabot never appreciated her. He murdered her with his hardness. Suddenly Eben burst into a fit of sobbing and Abbie comforts him wildly.

ABBIE (*both her arms around him—with wild passion*) — I'll sing fur ye! I'll die fur ye! (*In spite of her overwhelming desire for him, there is a sincere maternal love in her manner and voice — a horribly frank mixture of lust and mother love.*) Don't cry, Eben! I'll take yer maw's place! I'll be everythin' she was t' ye! Let me kiss ye, Eben! (*She pulls his head around. He makes a bewildered pretense of resistance. She is tender.*) Don't be afeerd! I'll kiss ye pure, Eben — same's if I was a maw t' ye — an' ye kin kiss me back 's if ye was my son — my boy — sayin' good-night t' me! Kiss me, Eben! (*They kiss in restrained fashion. Then suddenly wild passion overcomes her. She kisses him lustfully again and again and he flings his arms about her and returns her kisses. Suddenly, as in the bedroom, he frees himself from her violently and springs to*

his feet. He is trembling all over, in a strange state of terror. Abbie strains her arms toward him with fierce pleading.) Don't ye leave me, Eben! Can't ye see it hain't enuf — lovin' ye like a maw — can't ye see it's got t' be that an' more — much more — a hundred times more — fur me t' be happy — fur yew t' be happy?

EBEN (*to the presence he feels in the room*) — Maw! Maw! What d'ye want? What air ye tellin' me?

ABBIE — She's tellin' ye t' love me. She knows I love ye an' I'll be good t' ye. Can't ye feel it? Don't ye know? She's tellin' ye t' love me, Eben!

EBEN — Ay-eh. I feel — mebbe she — but — I can't figger out — why — when ye've stole her place — here in her hum — in the parlor whar she was —

ABBIE (*fiercely*) — She knows I love ye!

EBEN (*his face suddenly lighting up with a fierce, triumphant grin*) — I see it! I see why! It's her vengeance on him — so's she kin rest quiet in her grave!

ABBIE (*wildly*) — Vengeance o' her on him! Vengeance o' her on me — an' mine on yew — an' you'rn on me — an' our'n on him! Vengeance o' God on the hull o' us! What d'we give a durn? I love ye, Eben. God knows I love ye! (*She stretches out her arms for him.*)

EBEN (*throws himself on his knees beside the sofa and grabs her in his arms — releasing all his pent-up passion*) — An' I love ye, Abbie! Now I kin say it! I been dyin' fur want o' ye — every hour — since ye come! I love ye! (*Their lips meet in a fierce, bruising kiss.*)

The scene is changed again to the exterior of the house. "The front door at the right is opened and Eben comes out and walks around to the gate. He is dressed in his working clothes. He seems changed. His face wears a bold and confident expression, he is grinning to himself with evident satisfaction."

As he passes the front of the house the parlor window is raised and Abbie sticks her head out. "Her hair

tumbles over her shoulder in disarray, her face is flushed, she looks at Eben with tender, languorous eyes."

She calls to Eben. She wants to kiss him before he goes to work. She wants to hear him say again that he loves her. With a little begging she extracts the soft confused confession from him.

Old Cabot is still at the barn, but they have no fear of him now. "I kin allus pull the wool over his eyes," guarantees Abbie.

A strange look crosses the face of Eben. His vengeance is complete. "Maw's gone back to her grave," he half mutters. "She kin sleep now."

Cabot comes up from the barn. Eben grins as he meets him. There is an exultant note in his voice as he speaks. Cabot can't make him out. "Maw kin rest now, and sleep content," says Eben. "She is quits with ye." The old man looks at him confusedly.

EBEN (*suddenly jovial*) — . . . . Waal, ye better git t' work.

CABOT (*grimly amused*) — Air ye bossin' me, ye calf?

EBEN (*beginning to laugh*) — Ay-eh! I'm bossin' ye! Ha-ha-ha! See how ye like it! Ha-ha-ha! I'm the prize rooster o' this roost. Ha-ha-ha! (*He goes off toward the barn laughing.*)

CABOT (*looks after him with scornful pity*) — Soft-headed. Like his maw. Dead spit 'n' image. No hope in him! (*He spits with contemptuous disgust.*) A born fool! (*Then matter-of-factly.*) Waal, I'm gittin' peckish. (*He goes toward the door as the curtain falls.*)

PART III

It is a night in the late spring the following year. Three rooms of the house are exposed — the kitchen and the two upper bedrooms. "Eben is sitting on the side of

his bed, his chin propped on his fists, his face a study of the struggle he is making to understand his conflicting emotions." In the next room a cradle stands beside a bed.

In the kitchen below a party is in progress. The floor has been cleared for dancing, chairs and benches moved back against the wall. A dozen or more of the neighbors, old and young, have gathered and are having a joyous time. "They evidently have some secret joke in common. There is no end of winking, of nudging, of meaning nods of the head toward Cabot who, in a state of extreme hilarious excitement increased by the amount he has drunk, is standing near the rear door where there is a small keg of whiskey. He is serving drinks to all the men. There is a musician in the corner, tuning up his fiddle.

"Abbie is sitting in a rocking chair, a shawl wrapped about her shoulders. She is very pale. Her face is thin and drawn."

Abbie is anxious about Eben. She wonders why he does not come. The guests are amused at her anxiety. They nudge each other and grin whenever she mentions him. One man suggests that perhaps Eben "is walkin' th' kid to sleep.' '

Abbie admits the possibility. The baby is a boy, two weeks old now and purty as a picture. Perhaps, allows the fiddler, Eben is down t' the church offerin' up prayers because unto him a — brother is born. The suggestion is greeted by a roar of laughter. Cabot, irritated by the laughter, takes command of the situation.

CABOT — What're ye all bleatin' about — like a flock o' goats? Why don't ye dance, damn ye? I axed ye here t' dance — t' eat, drink an' be merry — and thar ye set cacklin' like a lot o' wet hens with the pip! Ye've swilled my likker an' guzzled my vittles like hogs, hain't ye? Then dance fur me, can' ye? That's fa'r an' squar', hain't it? (*A grumble of resentment goes around but they are*

all evidently in too much awe of him to express it openly.)

FIDDLER (*slyly*) — We're waitin' fur Eben. (*A suppressed laugh.*)

CABOT (*with a fierce exultation*) — T'hell with Eben! Eben's done fur now! I got a new son!

Now Cabot is insisting that they dance. Awkwardly the guests get to their feet and form two lines, the girls and the boys, and shuffle through a square dance to the calls of the fiddler. Now Ephraim joins in, pushing the dancers roughly out of his way. "Ye're all hoofs!" he shouts. "Git out o' my road! Give me room! I'll show ye dancin'. Ye're all too soft."

The fiddler starts up "Pop Goes the Weasel" and Cabot dances wildly, "leaping up and cracking his heels together, prancing around in a circle with body bent in an Indian war dance, then suddenly straightening up and kicking as high as he can with both legs. He is like a monkey on a string."

"Whoop! Here's dancin' for ye! Whoop! See that? Seventy-six if I'm a day! Hard as iron yet!"

He exhausts the fiddler before he is through. Then he returns to the keg.

In the room above Eben gets to his feet and moves quietly from one room to the other. He goes to the side of the cradle and looks down at the sleeping infant. "His face is as vague as his reactions are confused, but there is a trace of tenderness, of interested discovery."

In the kitchen Abbie seems to sense something of Eben's movements and moves toward the door. She is going to the baby, she tells Ephraim, and he solicitously offers to help her up the stairs. "Don't git wore out," he warns. "He needs ye, remember — our son does!"

She draws away from his affectionate pat on the back and starts for the stairs. Cabot follows her out. He

needs a bit of fresh air, he confides. "Let the others go on dancin'."

"What's happened in this house is as plain as the nose on yer face," declares a woman when the Cabots are gone.

Cabot walks around the house and is standing at the gate, staring blinkingly at the sky. Upstairs Abbie pauses in the bedroom doorway, "looking in surprise and adoration at Eben, who does not see her." She crosses quietly to him and throws her arms around him.

EBEN (*starting*) — Abbie!

ABBIE — Ssshh! (*She throws her arms around him. They kiss, then bend over the cradle together.*) Ain't he purty? — dead spit 'n' image o' yew!

EBEN (*pleased*) — Air he? I can't tell none.

ABBIE — E-zactly like!

EBEN (*frowningly*) — I don't like this, 'n' I don't like lettin' on what's mine's his'n. I been doin' that all my life. I'm gettin' t' the end o' b'arin' it!

ABBIE (*putting her finger on his lips*) — We're doin' the best we kin. We got t' wait. Somethin's bound t' happen. (*She puts her arms around him.*) I got t' go back.

EBEN — I'm goin' out. I can't b'ar it with the fiddle playin' an' the laughin'.

ABBIE — Don't git feelin' low. I love ye, Eben. Kiss me. (*He kisses her. They remain in each others' arms.*)

CABOT (*at the gate, confusedly*) — Even the music can't drive it out — somethin' — ye kin feel it droppin' off the elums, climbin' up the roof, sneakin' down the chimney, pokin' in the corners. They's no peace in houses, they's no rest livin' with folks. Somethin's always livin' with ye. (*With a deep sigh.*) I'll go t' the barn an' rest a spell. (*He goes wearily toward the barn.*)

FIDDLER (*tunin' up*) — Let's celebrate the old skunk

gittin' fooled! We kin have some fun now he's went.

"He starts to fiddle 'Turkey in the Straw.' There is real merriment now. The young folks get up to dance as the curtain falls."

A half hour later Eben is standing by the gate. The house is closed in again, but "from within comes the whining of the fiddle and the noise of stamping feet and laughing voices."

The elder Cabot comes up from the barn. When he sees Eben "his whole mood changes. He becomes excited, a cruel, triumphant grin comes to his lips."

His joviality is not returned. Eben is moody. He has no interest in the dance, and his father's suggestion that if he were to pick out one of those purty gals inside and marry her he might earn himself a share of the farm is met with a sneer. Besides, Eben is content. He already has a farm. He happens to be standing on a part of it at the moment.

The suggestion whips the old man into a rage. "Yewr farm!" he shouts. "God A'mighty! If ye warn't a born donkey ye'd know ye'll never own stick nor stone on it, specially now arter him bein' born. It's his'n, I tell ye — his'n arter I die — but I'll live a hundred jest t' fool ye all."

At this Eben is inclined to laugh sardonically, which serves to fire the Cabot anger to a fury.

It will be Abbie's farm, too, he shouts, and Eben will never get around her. It will be Abbie's farm, and her son's despite all Eben's fine scheme to make love to her, tryin' t' git her on his side, as she has told.

Eben rises angrily to this statement. Abbie never said such a thing.

CABOT (*suddenly triumphant when he sees how shaken Eben is*) — She did. An' I says, I'll blow his brains to the top o' them elums — an' she says no, that hain't

sense, who'll ye git t'help ye on the farm in his place — an' then she says yew'n me ought t' have a son — I know we kin, she says — an' I says, if we do, ye kin have anythin' I've got ye've a mind t'. An' she says, I wants Eben cut off so's this farm'll be mine when ye die! (*With terrible gloating.*) An' that's what's happened, hain't it? An' the farm's her'n! An' the dust o' the road — that's your'n! Ha! Now who's hawin'?

EBEN (*has been listening, petrified with grief and rage, suddenly laughs wildly and brokenly*) — Ha-ha-ha! So that's her sneakin' game — all along! — like I suspicioned at fust — t' swaller it all — an' me, too. (*Madly.*) I'll murder her! (*He springs toward the porch but Cabot is quicker and gets in between.*)

CABOT — No, ye don't!

EBEN — Git out o' my road!

He tries to throw the older man aside. In a moment they have grappled and are fighting furiously. Cabot is too much for his younger son. He forces him back against the wall of the house and is choking him when Abbie, coming from the house, rushes between them. Cabot releases his grip and throws Eben to the grass. "Ye needn't fret, Abbie, I wan't aimin' t' kill him," he reassures her. "He hain't wuth hangin' fur — not by a hell of a sight."

Abbie is at Eben's side as Cabot goes triumphantly into the house. Eben pushes her violently away from him as she tries to kiss him. He wants nothing more to do with her.

EBEN (*scrambling to his feet and following her, accusingly*) — Ye're nothin' but a stinkin' passel o' lies! Ye've been lyin' t' me every word ye spoke, day an' night, since we fust — done it. Ye've kept sayin' ye loved me —

ABBIE (*frantically*) — I do love ye! (*She takes his hand but he flings her's away.*)

EBEN (*unheeding*) — Ye've made a fool o' me — a sick, dumb fool — a purpose! Ye've been on'y playin' yer sneakin', stealin' game all along — gittin' me t' lie with ye so's ye'd have a son he'd think was his'n an' makin' him promise he'd give ye the farm an' let me eat dust, if ye did git him a son! (*Staring at her with anguished, bewildered eyes.*) They must be a devil livin' in ye! T'ain't human t' be as bad as that be!

ABBIE (*stunned — dully*) — He told yew?

EBEN — Hain't it true? It hain't no good in yew lyin'.

ABBIE (*pleadingly*) — Eben, listen — ye must listen — it was long ago — afore we done nothin' — yew was scornin' me — goin' t' see Min — when I was lovin' ye —an' I said it t' him t' git vengeance on ye!

EBEN (*unheedingly, with tortured passion*) — I wish ye was dead! I wish I was dead along with ye afore this come! (*Ragingly.*) But I'll git my vengeance too! I'll pray Maw t' come back t' help me — t' put her cuss on yew an' him!

ABBIE (*brokenly*) — Don't ye, Eben! Don't ye! (*She throws herself on her knees before him, weeping.*) I didn't mean t' do bad t' ye! Fergive me, won't ye?

Fiercely Eben continues to boast the plan and extent of his wrath. He will tell his father the truth about the son he is so proud of. He'll go to Californi-a with Sim and Peter and get rich and come back and fight for the farm and kick both his father and stepmother out — and their infant son with them.

"He's yew'r son, too, Eben," she says, pathetically.

"I wish he never was born! I wish he'd die this minute! I wish I'd never sot eyes on him! It's him — yew havin' him — a-purpose t' steal — that's changed everythin'!"

But he loved her before the boy was born, Abbie pleads. He didn't believe she was a lyin' thief then. And now he hates her, and is goin' away!

"If that's what his comin's done t' me," she says, slowly, coldly, "killin' yewr love — takin' ye away — my on'y joy — the on'y joy I ever knowed — like heaven t' me — purtier'n heaven! — then I hate him, too, even if I be his maw!"

His reply is bitter. She lies again. She loves her son. She is prepared to steal for him and she knows it. But that isn't the worst of it to Eben. It's her deceit, her gettin' him t' love her, just to steal the farm from him! 'Tain't no use of her to deny it, nor to beg him to stay. He's goin' without so much as kissing her again. He's not wantin' to kiss her, knowing what he knows. He's goin' in to dance and he's goin' to get drunk.

ABBIE (*clinging to his arm — with passionate earnestness*) — If I could make it — 's if he'd never come up between us — if I could prove t' ye I wa'n't schemin' t' steal from ye — so's everythin' could be jest the same with us, lovin' each other jest the same, kissin' an' happy the same's we've been happy all along — if I could do it — ye'd love me agen, wouldn't ye? Ye'd kiss me again? Ye wouldn't never leave me, would ye?

EBEN (*moved*) — I calc'late not. (*Then, shaking her hand off his arm, with a bitter smile.*) But ye hain't God, be ye?

ABBIE (*exultantly*) — Remember ye've promised? (*Then, with strange intensity.*) Mebbe I kin do one thin' God does!

EBEN (*peering at her*) — Ye're gittin' cracked, hain't ye? (*Then, going towards door.*) I'm a-goin' t' dance.

ABBIE (*calls after him intensely*) — I'll prove t' ye! I'll prove I love ye better'n — (*He goes to the door, not seeming to hear. She remains standing where she is, looking after him, then she finishes desperately*) — better'n everythin' else put t'gether!

The curtain falls.

The next scene is just before dawn the following morning. The kitchen and Cabot's bedroom are exposed. In the kitchen Eben is sitting by the table, his carpet-bag packed and ready beside him. In the bedroom upstairs old Cabot is asleep in the bed. Abbie, an old dressing gown drawn around her, is bending over the baby's cradle. "She is listening, her face full of terror, yet with an undercurrent of desperate triumph. Suddenly she breaks down and sobs."

The old man's restless sleeping startles her. With a gesture of horror she shrinks away from the cradle and goes out the door at the back. A moment later she joins Eben in the kitchen, flinging her arms about his neck and kissing him wildly.

"I done it, Eben," she mutters, hysterically! "I told ye I'd do it. I've proved I love ye — better'n everythin' — so's ye can't never doubt me no more."

"Whatever ye done, it hain't no good now," he answers dully.

He kisses her, without emotion, as she pleads with him. His own resentment has softened. He has decided not to do half the things he threatened. He'll not tell Cabot anything. If he did it would be just like the old skunk to take his anger out on the baby and Eben doesn't want anything bad to happen to that baby. Some day he's comin' back to him, and —

Abbie is pleading with him again that there is no reason now why he should go away. "It's all the same's it was," she says. "They's nothin' t'come b'tween us now — arter what I done!"

EBEN (*something in her voice arouses him. He stares at her a bit frightenedly.*) — Ye look mad, Abbie. What did ye do?

ABBIE — I — I killed him?

EBEN (*amazed*) — Ye killed him?

ABBIE (*dully*) — Ay-eh.

EBEN (*recovering from his astonishment, savagely*) — An' serve him right! But we got t' do somethin' quick t' make it look s'if the old skunk'd killed himself when he was drunk. We kin prove by 'em all how drunk he got —

ABBIE (*wildly*) — No! No! Not him! (*Laughing distractedly.*) But that's what I ought t' done, hain't it? I oughter killed him instead. Why didn't ye tell me?

EBEN (*appalled*) — Instead? What d'ye mean?

ABBIE — Not him.

EBEN (*His face drawn ghastly*) — Not — not that baby!

ABBIE (*dully*) — Ay-eh!

EBEN (*falls to his knees as if he'd been struck, his voice trembling with horror*) — Oh, God A'mighty! A'mighty God! Maw, whar was ye, why didn't ye stop her?

ABBIE (*simply*) — She went back to her grave that night we fust done it, remember? I hain't felt her about since. (*A pause. Eben hides his head in his hands, trembling all over as if he had the ague. She goes on dully.*) I left the piller over his little face. Then he killed himself. He stopped breathin'. (*She begins to weep softly.*)

EBEN (*rage beginning to mingle with grief*) — He looked like me. He was mine, damn ye!

Slowly and brokenly she tries to justify herself. She didn't want to do it. But it was her only way to hold him. He said so. It was the only way to make things the same as they were before the baby came.

He is wild with rage at the charge. He had never dreamed of such a thing. He would cut off his head before he would have harmed a finger of his child. "I see yer game now," he shouts. "The same old sneakin' trick — ye're aimin' t' blame me fur the murder ye done."

He shrinks from her as his mood changes to one of horror. He grows wild in his attack upon her, as though he were almost insane. "You knowed he was all mine," he cries, "an' ye couldn't b'ar it. I know ye. Ye killed him fur bein' mine."

Abbie has sunk to her knees and is sobbing. He rushes by her and turns at the door, shaking both fists at her.

EBEN — But I'll take vengeance now! I'll git the Sheriff! I'll tell him everythin'! Then I'll sing "I'm off to Californi-a" an' go — gold — golden gate — gold sun — fields o' gold in the West! (*This last he half-shouts, half-croons incoherently, suddenly breaking off passionately.*) I'm a-goin' fur the Sheriff t' come an' git ye! I want ye tuk away, locked up from me. I can't stand t' luk at ye! Murder an' thief 'r not, ye still tempt me! I'll give ye up t' the Sheriff! (*He turns and runs out, around the corner of the house, panting and sobbing, and breaks into a swerving sprint down the road.*)

ABBIE (*struggling to her feet, runs to the door, calling after him*) — I love ye, Eben! I love ye! (*She stops at the door weakly, swaying, about to fall.*) I don't care what ye do — if ye'll on'y love me agen — if ye'll on'y love me!

"She falls limply to the floor in a faint as the curtain falls."

The last scene is about an hour later. The house is open as before. "In the kitchen Abbie sits at the table, her body limp and exhausted. Upstairs Cabot is asleep, but awakens with a start."

For a time he thinks Abbie is in the bed with him. He mutters his surprise that he has slept so late and so soundly and chides her for not having called him. Then

he discovers that she is not there. He is up now and has pulled on his clothes. He tiptoes to the cradle and looks down at the baby, proud that his child, too, is a sound sleeper and don't spend the night bellerin', like most on 'em.

In the kitchen Abbie tells him that the baby is dead — that she killed him. The old man is stunned by the news. Gropingly he stamps up the stairs to confirm the fact. And then back to the kitchen to demand an explanation. He grabs Abbie violently by the shoulders.

ABBIE (*gives him a furious push which sends him staggering back and springs to her feet, with wild rage and hatred*) — Don't ye dare tech me! What right have ye t' question me 'bout him? He wa'n't yewr son! Think I'd hev a son by yew? I'd die fust! I hate the sight o' ye an' allus did! It's yew I should've murdered, if I'd had good sense! I hate ye! I love Eben. I did from the fust. An' he was Eben's son — mine an' Eben's — not your'n!

CABOT (*standing looking at her dazedly — a pause — finding his words with an effort — dully*) — That was it — what I felt — pokin' 'round the corners — while ye lied — holdin' yerself from me — sayin' ye'd a'ready conceived — (*He lapses into crushed silence, then, with a strange emotion.*) He's dead, sartin. I felt his heart. Pore little critter! (*He blinks back one tear, wiping his sleeve across his nose.*)

ABBIE (*hysterically*) — Don't ye! Don't ye! (*She sobs unrestrainedly.*)

CABOT (*with a concentrated effort that stiffens his body into a rigid line and hardens his face into a stony mask, through his teeth to himself*) — I got t' be — like a stone — a rock o' jedgment! (*A pause. He gets complete control over himself, harshly.*) If he was Eben's, I be glad he air gone! An' mebbe I suspicioned it all along. I felt they was somethin' onnateral — some-

whars — the house got so lonesome — an' cold — drivin' me down t' the barn — t' the beasts o' the field. Ay-eh. I must've suspicioned — somethin'. Ye didn't fool me — not altogether, leastways — I'm too old a bird — growin' ripe on the bough. (*He becomes aware he is wandering, straightens again, looks at Abbie with a cruel grin.*) So ye'd liked t' hev murdered me 'stead o' him, would ye. Waal, I'll live t' a hundred! I'll live t' see ye hung! I'll deliver ye up t' the jedgment o' God an' the law! I'll git the Sheriff now.

Eben has attended to that, she tells him, dully. And now Eben is back, panting exhaustedly, rushing past his father into the kitchen. He stumbles over to Abbie and falls on his knees beside her, begging her forgiveness.

EBEN — I love ye! Forgive me!

ABBIE (*ecstatically*) — I'd fergive ye all the sins in hell — fur sayin' that! (*She kisses his head, pressing it to her with a fierce passion of possession.*)

EBEN (*brokenly*) — But I told the Sheriff. He's comin' fur ye!

ABBIE — I kin bear what happens t' me — now!

EBEN — I woke him up. I told him. He says, wait till I git dressed. I was waiting. I got to thinkin' of yew. I got t' thinkin' how I'd love ye. It hurt like somethin' was bustin' in my chest an' head. I got t' cryin'. I knowed sudden I loved ye yet, and allus would love ye!

ABBIE (*caressing his hair, tenderly*) — My boy, hain't ye?

EBEN — I begun t' run back. I cut across the fields an' through the woods. I thought ye might have time t' run away — with me — an' —

ABBIE (*shaking her head*) — I got t' take my punishment — t' pay fur my sin!

EBEN — Then I want t' share it with ye!

Photo by Francis Bruguiere

"DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS"

Abbie: I'd fergive ye all the sins in hell — fur sayin' that!
(Mary Morris and Charles Ellis)

ABBIE — Ye didn't do nothin'!

EBEN — I put it in yer head. I wisht he was dead! I as much as urged ye t' do it!

ABBIE — No. It was me alone!

EBEN — I'm as guilty as yew be! He was the child of our sin.

ABBIE (*lifting her head as if defying God*) — I don't repent that sin! I hain't askin' even God t' fergive that!

EBEN — Nor me — but it led up t' the other — an' the murder ye did, ye did 'count o' me — an' it's my murder, too. I'll tell the Sheriff — an' if ye deny it, I'll say we planned it t'gether — an' they'll all b'lieve me fur they suspicion everythin' we've done, an' it'll seem likely an' true to 'em. An' it is true — way down — I did help ye — somehow.

Cabot comes staggering back from the barn. He stares at Eben and Abbie, as they face him, their arms about each other. "Ye make a slick pair o' murderin' turtle doves!" he sneers. "Ye'd ought t' be both hung on the same limb an' left thar t' swing in the breeze an' rot — a warnin' t' old fools like me t' b'ar their lonesomeness alone — an' fur young fools like ye t' hobble their lust."

He rambles on, crazily. He's turned the stock loose; given ' em their freedom. He'll burn the house and the barn and quit the farm. He'll go to Californi-a, and join Simeon and Peter. The Cabots 'll find Solomon's mines together. He'll sail, too, on one o' the finest clippers. He has the money. He's had it hid —

But the money isn't under the board. Eben took it. And swapped it to Sim and Peter for their share o' the farm. Slowly the old man recovers from the shock, and gets to his feet.

"I calc'late God give it to 'em, not yew," he says. "God's hard, not easy! Mebbe they's easy gold in the West but it hain't God's gold. It hain't fur me. I kin

hear his voice warnin' me agen t' be hard an' stay on my farm. I kin see his hand usin' Eben t' steal t' keep me from weakness. I kin feel I be in the palm o' His hand. His fingers guidin' me. (*A pause, then he mutters sadly.*) It's a-goin' t' be lonesomer now than ever it war afore — an' I'm gettin' old, Lord — ripe on the bough. (*Then, stiffening.*) Waal — what d'ye want? God's lonesome, hain't He? God's hard an' lonesome!

The Sheriff and two of his deputies are at the door. They enter the room and wait awkwardly. Eben faces them.

EBEN (*suddenly calls*) — I lied this mornin', Jim. I helped her do it. Ye kin take me, too.

ABBIE (*brokenly*) — No!

CABOT — Take 'em both. (*He comes forward, stares at Eben with a trace of grudging admiration*) — Purty good — fur yew! Waal, I got t' round up the stock. Good-by.

EBEN — Good-by.

ABBIE — Good-by. (*Cabot turns and strides past the men, comes out and around the corner of the house, his shoulders squared, his face stony, and stalks grimly toward the barn. In the meantime the Sheriff and men have come into the room.*)

SHERIFF (*embarrassedly*) — Waal — we'd best start.

ABBIE — Wait. (*Turns to Eben.*) I love ye, Eben.

EBEN — I love ye, Abbie. (*They kiss. The three men grin and shuffle embarrassedly.*)

EBEN (*to the Sheriff*) — Now. (*He takes Abbie's hand.*) Come. (*They go out door in rear, the men following, and come from house, walking hand in hand to the gate. Eben stops there and points to the sunrise sky.*) Sun's a-rizin'. Purty, hain't it?

ABBIE — Ay-eh. (*They both stand for a moment looking up raptly in attitudes strangely aloof and devout.*)

SHERIFF (*looking around at the farm enviously, to his companions*) — It's a jim-dandy farm, no denyin'. Wished I owned it!

THE END

THE FIREBRAND

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Edwin Justus Mayer

BY October the producers were taking definite notice of what they believed to be a demand for racy entertainment in the theatre.

The enthusiasm with which crowds had flocked to see and hear "What Price Glory?" — admittedly tradition-defying in the boldness of its speech and the truth of its character delineation — convinced others that the drama of the present and the future was in for a considerable change in content if not in form.

It was psychologically the perfect time for the introduction of a Benvenuto Cellini play. "The Firebrand," as it transpired, fulfilled expectations without further ruffling the moralists. It is a Cellini play in spirit more than in fact. "Although I have endeavored to retain the spirit of Cellini and his times, as revealed in his autobiography," Mr. Mayer explains in his preface to the published play (Boni & Liveright), "'The Firebrand' is inspirational rather than documental."

It is builded upon a single episode in the Cellini autobiography — that in which the beautiful Angelica, figured — the girl who was first spirited away by Beatrice, her unspeakable hag of a mother, found later in Sicily and bargained for by Cellini on a basis of ducats and velvet gowns.

With this as a pivotal incident the Mayer story weaves a romantic tale about a further adventure of the eager and glamorous youth that is smartly told and proved so

diverting and amusing to the sophisticated New York crowd, and so attractive to the town's visitors, that it ran through the season with never a losing week and with few empty seats.

As the story opens we are in the Cellini workshop in Florence on an early summer afternoon in 1535. "The shop itself is a hodge-podge of beauty, made and in the making. Statues, both ancient and contemporary — the latter often unfinished — are littered about the room with various vases and exquisite curios." There is a furnace, and an anvil beside it, beneath a Renaissance window which floods the room with light.

Ascanio, the Cellini apprentice, and Emelia, a house servant, are filling in the time, as servants will with the master away, when suddenly the door bursts open and Cellini is with them. He is breathing heavily and is somewhat dishevelled. He holds a dagger in his hand, and he is particular to close the door and fasten it immediately he is in the room.

Gradually the safety of his own quarters restores his confidence and his poise. He has, he admits to Ascanio, just come through a terrible adventure. He has killed one Maffio and he stands in danger of arrest — worse than arrest. And yet, being a brave fellow, he could do no less than he did. Was he not set upon by a gang of three and forced to defend himself?

"I was coming home through the narrow street," he relates, the glory of his heroism mounting within him as he talks, "When I noticed a fellow standing on one side, and two on the other side. I thought, 'Benvenuto, you had better look out.' Well, sure enough, as I came up, I saw that one was Maffio; when I knew that it was he, I was in a great heat to get at him, but seeing that the others would be at my back, I sprang to the wall and dared them to come on. You know how I am with a dagger; it is a family trait to handle one as Zeus handles the lightning! I turned away the two of them in a jiffy, and

Maffio would have fled, but before he could do so, I struck him in the neck. Then I made off — "

Again the thought of the danger in which he stands overcomes him. His best chance of escape is that the Cardinal will intercede for him with the Duke. He has done so before. And at the moment Benvenuto happens to be working upon a golden cup with which the Cardinal is particularly pleased. Genius is in itself a charm, Cellini declares to the surprised Ascanio. It is his genius that has saved his life on numerous occasions. "I am in great danger of my life at the moment, Ascanio, but, compared to other men who walk in peace, I am a safe man. For all of us are born naked, and we live in danger against the winds, clothed only in the little safety we find which we call beauty. This cup is a better armor to me than a Pope's pardon; that vase is a visor which protects me from Time's battle-ax, and through that statue I enter into the Holy Ghost before I die."

A moment later he has sent Ascanio, bearing a vase as a gift, to the Cardinal, with a plea that his eminence intercede with the Duke if Cellini should be summoned for murder. Let Ascanio tell his worthiness of the fight in which his master engaged against such terrible odds — set upon by three men.

He repeats the story again to Angela, who has come to pose for him, when Ascanio has gone. "Since Cellini uses her as his model, Angela is, of course, beautifully formed; and despite her experiences — brought on by her bawdy mother — she has retained a fine sweetness of expression." But Angela finds that Benvenuto is not in a working mood.

ANGELA (*timidly*) — You sent for me?
CELLINI (*dropping his tools with delight*) — Angela!
ANGELA — Shall I undress?
CELLINI — No, I will not work today.
ANGELA — But you wished to see me.

CELLINI — Must I see you only when I have a chisel in my hand? Do you never think that I am a man as well as an artist?

ANGELA (*confused*) — My mother —

CELLINI (*spitting*) — Do not mention that harridan!

ANGELA (*submissively*) — Yes, sir.

CELLINI — And do not say, yes, sir! It is my desire that you call me Benvenuto.

ANGELA (*overawed by this condescension*) — Yes, sir.

CELLINI — Angela, my life is in the gravest danger.

ANGELA (*with artless concern*) — Oh, sir, do not say that!

CELLINI (*harshly*) — I have forbidden you to call me sir. Let me hear you call me Benvenuto.

ANGELA (*in a soft tone*) — Benvenuto.

CELLINI — Let me hear you say it again!

ANGELA — Benvenuto.

CELLINI (*throwing his arms wide in rapture*) — Seraphs and nightingales! Your songs are less than her common speech. Oh, Angela, Angela, I am a violent and dreadful man, covered with the blood of my enemies —

ANGELA — I had forgotten your danger.

CELLINI (*irritated*) — Do not interrupt me when I am speaking well.

ANGELA (*crushed*) — I am sorry.

CELLINI — No, no, it is I who am sorry, for the music of your voice puts to shame the splendor of my words! I was born with a bird caged in my heart, and you have set the bird free, Angela.

ANGELA (*not knowing how to take this*) — You are making fun of me.

CELLINI — I would as soon make fun of the Madonna! And to think that you come into my life at its very end —

ANGELA — Some one wishes to kill you?

CELLINI — A dozen men — but they fear me more than I fear them. It is only the Duke's anger that I fear.

ANGELA — You have offended him?

CELLINI — I killed two men today, and I do not know what he will do about it. When I was pardoned, it was on condition that I keep the peace.

ANGELA (*scared*) — Who was it you killed?

CELLINI — Maffio and another, whose name I don't know. But let me tell you all about it.

By now the three men have grown to five and the fight was more furious than before. "I fought my way through the five of them until I reached Maffio," Benvenuto relates, "the rest of them running away as fast as their accursed legs could carry them."

And then back to the business of love-making. "Listen to me, Angela, and try to understand what my heart holds. To me you are the mystery men must live on beyond bread; the wonder and the glory of the world. Do you know that I am mad about your hair? That I am furious about your eyes? And that I am jealous that God, and not I, created your body?"

ANGELA — You must not come near me.

CELLINI — You are the matin in the morning, and the angelus in the evening; the bell which awakens me and the bell which says rest.

ANGELA — You must not come near me.

CELLINI — I love you like an angel, and I love you like a man, and I love you like a boy. I have had many women, but you are the first woman I have had, and I have not had you.

ANGELA — You must not come near me.

CELLINI — I must come very near you.

ANGELA — That is near enough.

CELLINI (*close to her*) — I am miles away! It will take me years to reach you!

ANGELA — My mother has forbidden me —

CELLINI — What do I care what your mother forbids?

ANGELA — But I must do as she tells me!
CELLINI — You must think as I think and do as I do!

But Beatrice will have something to say about that. Angela's mother, "chiefly distinguished from other hags in appearance by a monstrous growth of hair on her chin," has entered unobserved. She has agreed to her daughter's becoming the Cellini model, but further than that the bargain does not carry. "Everybody knows the kind of man you are," she growls from the stand she has taken between them.

"Everybody knows I am the greatest man in Florence," answers Benvenuto.

"Yah! You were suckled by a tiger."

"Beware then of my claw!" says he, laying his hand upon his dagger. For a time they snarl and snap at each other, and then the bargain is struck.

BEATRICE — You ask me to give up my daughter?
CELLINI — You have no daughter. You have a property and I am willing to buy.
BEATRICE (*raising her glance on high*) — Holy Father! Did'st Thou make this man? who has no more respect for the feelings of a mother than to put things so plainly.
CELLINI (*impatiently*) — Thirty ducats.
BEATRICE (*instantly*) — Fifty ducats.
CELLINI — Too much.
BEATRICE — Not enough, you mean.
CELLINI — Thirty ducats.
BEATRICE — Fifty or nothing!
CELLINI (*turning to his work*) — Nothing.
BEATRICE — Wait a minute; is fifty ducats too much for the shame my daughter brings on me by her wiful behavior?
CELLINI — Thirty ducats.
BEATRICE — Make it forty.
CELLINI — Done.

BEATRICE — And I am to see my daughter once a week.

CELLINI (*at work again*) — The deal is off.

BEATRICE — You haven't any consideration.

CELLINI — When you get the money, you leave the house, not to return. Is that agreed?

BEATRICE (*sighing*) — You're hard on my feelings.

CELLINI — Yes, or no?

BEATRICE — I am a mother, and hate to lose my daughter, but when it's so plainly to her advantage, I'm not the one to stand in the way. Let it be as you say.

Angela has gone to don her loveliest gown and Beatrice to help her when Pier Landi, Benvenuto's friend, drops in. He, too, must hear the story of the killing of Maffio and the Cellini heroism. By now, as best Benvenuto can remember the details, there were six men on one side of the road and more than six on the other and Maffio was not finally dispatched until two other villains had been killed and a dozen wounded. But as Pier had seen the brawl the recital does not go so well. The duel was fair, Pier admits, but Maffio was alone.

Cellini is a bit subdued at being thus caught in what promised to be his most successful lie. But his defense is prompt.

"You are unjust to me. I am not a liar," he explains. "I am a poet. A liar is a man who makes much out of nothing; but a poet is a man who makes more out of a very little. I kill one man, and say that I have killed three. And why not? . . . This is an age of braggadocios; the wildest man rules. Well, seeing this is my youth, I set out to be the greatest braggadocio of them all; I make my deeds prodigious! legendary! Bourbon falls before my shot, and Italy rings with the fame of my terrible deeds!"

They are agreed, however, that it is doubtful if either lying or pleading will save Cellini this time. The Duke

Photo by Apeda, N. Y.

"THE FIREBRAND"

Angela: My mother — I must do as she tells me.
Cellini: You must think as I think and do as I do.
(Eden Gray and Joseph Schildkraut)

is not only angered but he has been placed in such a position that he will be obliged to make an example of Benvenuto. And at such a time! With Angela donning her most beautiful gown to come to him. To be robbed before heaven thus! The thought appalls the great lover.

There is a great knocking at the gate. The Duke has arrived. Pier swings the door open and the party enters. "The Duke is about Cellini's age. Among his own countrymen his swarthy skin has earned him the sobriquet of 'The Moor.' This base man, this bastard Medici who was no Medici, has features which are at once either sullen or childishly alive. At the moment, he is not up to the mark of his usual capacity for cruelty; he does not even relish the necessity of hanging Cellini. The Duke, in fact, is in a mood for pleasure, and it is not unlikely that he will gratify his mood to excess during the next twenty-four hours. There is first the annoyance of Cellini, unfortunately." The Duke is accompanied by Ottaviano and Polverino, graceful courtiers but of uncertain loyalty.

The Duke is depressed by his errand, but determined upon the correction of the bold Cellini. He is of no mind to listen to any elaborate defense of Benvenuto, though he smiles appreciatively as the artist better than holds his own with the excitable Polverino, who would hang him at once and have it done with.

THE DUKE (*to Cellini*) — Our lenience to you in the past has been greater than that extended to any other of our subjects, for we valued your service and gifts. You have repaid our lenience by mocking it.

CELLINI (*fervently*) — If that were true, no dungeon would be deep enough to rot me, no tree high enough to swing me.

THE DUKE — Only a short while ago, we pardoned a grave crime, on condition that you keep the peace.

CELLINI — With all gratitude, I remember.

THE DUKE — In a strange, rough way, then. This morning, in broad daylight, you spilled blood on the streets of Florence, once again.

CELLINI — But in self-defense, my Lord.

THE DUKE — The time for leniency is past.

CELLINI — My Lord, all that I ask is, that having heard my enemies, you hear me.

THE DUKE — We hear Maffio, also.

CELLINI — My Lord, he attacked me.

THE DUKE — We have heard differently.

CELLINI (*dramatically*) — Attacked me, my Lord, with a whole regiment of villains at his heels!

THE DUKE (*to Pier*) — You were there. Was there a regiment of them?

PIER — There was, my Lord.

THE DUKE — Come, now; on your honor?

PIER (*hesitant*) — Well — perhaps not a regiment. (*More decisively.*) But enough of them.

POLVERINO — My Lord, he loves Cellini.

CELLINI — My Lord, are only those who hate me, to speak of me?

THE DUKE — Enough! I know my mind.

CELLINI (*throwing himself on his knees*) — My Lord, I beseech you to give me leave to go to France.

THE DUKE — The King of France is my friend, and I will not wish you on him; within a week his dominions would be in an uproar. I might put you in prison, but what's the use? When you are put in prison you break out! There is, however, a prison from which there is no escape. Therefore, Cellini, in full justice, I sentence you to —

At which dramatic moment Angela, robed gorgeously, appears in the doorway. The Duke's attention is immediately diverted. The courtiers, knowing his weakness where maids are concerned, exchange knowing glances. As the Duke turns to speak to Angela, Cellini rises to

his feet, pleased with the respite. His pleasure is not for long, however. As he more clearly comprehends the Duke's intentions he grows resentful. What right has even this great man to rob him, Cellini, of his favorite and much-desired Angela? It is outrageous.

The Cellini opinion, however, has little effect on the Duke, who calmly continues his suddenly determined plan to invite the beautiful model to visit him in the summer palace, and, with the endorsement of her mother, to compel Angela's acceptance of the invitation. Cellini may protest until his throat is sore — he should be glad that his model has saved his life.

Now the Duke and his party, including Angela, Beatrice and the servant Emelia, are ready to start for the palace. It will not be necessary, the Duke suggests to his gentlemen, to mention to the Duchess the impending visit of Angela. As for Cellini — well, he can't reasonably be hung while he still is at work upon a medal for the Duke, can he? Therefore he is commanded not to leave Florence, not even to leave his own house, until final judgment in his case shall have been rendered.

"I shall probably hang you yet," calls the Duke, gaily, as the party prepares to move. "You deserve it."

The Duke's brother, Ottaviano, is left behind. He is to take up the matter of the medal's reverse with Benvenuto. But Ottaviano, it appears, has a deeper and more personal design in mind. He has work for a good murder expert, and he thinks perhaps Cellini, with Angela and the Duke's impudence upon his mind, may be interested. With the Duke out of the way Ottaviano would be next in line for the accession, and that might mean much to all of his friends.

It might, Cellini agrees, but the idea does not interest him. He will have none of Ottaviano's conspiracies, which angers Ottaviano.

OTTAVIANO (*in a cold rage*) — Cellini, you have

played with me. You must proceed with the design.

CELLINI — I am always ready to proceed with the design for the Duke's medal.

OTTAVIANO — If the Duke lives you shall be hanged twice; once by him, and once by me.

CELLINI — If I am under the Duke's arrest I am also under his protection, sir.

OTTAVIANO — The Duke is an ass. And you are a fool!

CELLINI — Sir, I have been remembering who you are. But you impugn my honor.

OTTAVIANO (*sincerely*) — Fellows like yourself are not called upon to have honor. That rests with me and my sort.

CELLINI — Sir, Florence was named after one of my family.

OTTAVIANO (*staggering back*) — What! No thunder? No lightning? Still there? Then there is no God!

CELLINI — My house is honored by your presence, sir, but my dinner waits.

OTTAVIANO — And so must your appetite. For I must tell you that when you are hanged and the Duke is tired of Angela I shall enjoy her.

CELLINI (*half-drawing his blade*) — This is unbearable.

OTTAVIANO — It is death to touch that in the presence of a Medici. Come now, be sensible. (*As he turns to go, Cellini again half-draws his dagger.*) Think it over! I shall drop back in an hour or so. Cellini, there was a man found dead in the City, last week, with a great gash in his head. There was no inquiry. (*Ottaviano pushes Cellini's dagger back in place. He walks to the rear door and looks out on the scene, which has darkened a little.*) Ah! The sun and moon are both in the sky. It will be a beautiful evening. Cellini, come here! (*Cellini, after hesitating, crosses to him. Ascanio takes advantage of the clear foreground to dart out.*) Look

out there, my friend; don't you feel how good a thing it is to be alive? To see that moon rising like a silver ghost from the burning grave of the sun? Think of it — not to see the evening or the morning! Not to hunt the spirit lost in nature — not to touch warm flesh — but to be wrapped forever in a hideous futility! We're wise to hold on to things as long as we can. And yet, there are fools who throw all this away out of sheer pig-headedness! I can't abide them. Well, a good appetite and expect me later. (*He goes with a gracious wave of the hand.*)

CELLINI (*to himself*) — Swine!

And now there is a new turn in the fortunes of Cellini. The Duchess of Florence arrives, accompanied by the ladies of her court. "The Duchess is not good-looking, in any conventional sense," the author insists, "but she is an imperious, charming woman."

She has come, she insists, with nothing resembling sympathy or interest for the young firebrand who fights in the streets with a knife in his hand like any common ruffian. She has come, first, to find out when he is to be hanged, and is much surprised and a little suspicious because the Duke has let him live; there must be a woman back of the action somewhere; it generally is a woman that distracts the Duke. And, second, she is here to see the salt cellars on which Benvenuto is at work for her table. She suggests that her ladies in waiting be shown the salt cellars in their original setting, below stairs.

Once they are out of the way the Duchess is a changed woman. Her interest in young Benvenuto then is quite as marked as was that of the Duke in Angela.

Still, she is out of patience with Cellini. Why did he ask the Cardinal to intercede for him when he had a greater friend at court than his eminence.

THE DUCHESS — I was annoyed with you, today. You sent to the Cardinal and begged him to intercede for you.

CELLINI — A drowning man will clutch at a straw.

THE DUCHESS — There are firmer reeds for you to lean on. Why did you not send to me?

CELLINI — I dared not hope so high.

THE DUCHESS — Then you are not the man I took you for, Benvenuto. You have a good friend in me.

CELLINI — Had I only known!

THE DUCHESS — You might have a better friend, in me.

CELLINI — What shall I do, my Lady?

THE DUCHESS — Stop pretending to be a fool.

CELLINI (*after a pause*) — I dare not, my Lady.

THE DUCHESS — Benvenuto, are you afraid?

CELLINI — Not at all, my Lady. Life is not easy; if we are lucky we are offered, and perhaps only once, gifts so precious that not to take them seems blasphemous. Our blood leaps up and our hands, our hearts reach out — and there we must stop.

THE DUCHESS — And pray, why, if not in fear?

CELLINI — Because of that little part of our soul which we call "honor."

THE DUCHESS (*indignantly*) — Honor, indeed! Your masculine metaphysics are enough to turn an honest woman's stomach. Honor! that shining name which men use to cover their cowardice. Faugh! I am disappointed in you.

CELLINI — What can I say that will atone?

THE DUCHESS — Nothing. Your first love was a chisel and your last will be a hammer.

CELLINI — My Lady, you wrong me. I am capable of great love.

THE DUCHESS — You? Never! It is the tragedy of great ladies to discover that great men make poor lovers. They do not love women; they use them. That is why we generally marry half-wits.

CELLINI — It is a very tempting challenge that you make, my Lady.

THE DUCHESS — I meant to take you with me to the

Summer Palace, to devise a decoration for the fountain.

CELLINI (*starting*) — The Summer Palace!

THE DUCHESS — Yes, the Duke asked me to go, this morning, and I said I would not. But I have changed my mind; I shall be there tonight.

CELLINI — That will be a joyful surprise for him, I'm sure.

THE DUCHESS — He was happy when I said no. What do you say? Will you come down — to look at the fountain?

CELLINI — The Duke has bound me to my house.

THE DUCHESS — I will protect you.

CELLINI — My Lady, I will risk all to get to the Summer Palace! (*As an afterthought.*) For you. (*He kisses her hand.*)

THE DUCHESS — Spoken like a man! (*She takes a key out of her bosom.*) You know the balcony? — My door?

CELLINI — I have gazed up at it a thousand times in desolation.

THE DUCHESS — We shall console you for that, tonight. (*She hands him the key. Then, as he kisses her hand and is about to kiss her on the lips, the Ladies reënter.*)

FIRST LADY (*to the Duchess*) — Madam, that little thing will be the wonder of the ages.

SECOND LADY (*to Cellini*) — It would grace the table of Lucullus.

THE DUCHESS (*severely*) — Do not spoil him with your compliments; he does not deserve them; he is a wicked man. I have just been giving him a piece of my mind. Cellini, I go; mind what I have said.

CELLINI — To the last syllable, my Lady. (*He bows them out, right rear. Taking the key from his pocket, he looks at it — smilingly.*)

Curtain.

ACT II

That night we are in the garden of the Summer Palace. As the moon rises a charming setting emerges slowly from the shadows. Some one is singing. It is Angela. She is seated on a bench against a wall and Emelia is with her. "The moonlight falls profusely on the bench; elsewhere the greenery lies in shadow except for stray beams."

Angela finishes the song. The girls talk of love and of what love means to them. Songs make Emelia think of Ascanio, and Angela is conscious of stray thoughts of Benvenuto, the master, who has been very kind to her. Whether she loves him or not Angela is not sure. There have been many men in Angela's life, and some have been kind. But none of them has made her "fall in love" as Emelia describes the sensation. Men are all much the same to Angela — if they are good-looking. Their pursuit of her she enjoys, but she does not love them. She thinks, perhaps, it is her mother's curse upon her. If her mother were dead, Angela believes she might begin really to love.

Soon the Duke is with them, and relieved to find them, after a wild search of the grounds. The Duke is restless and eager and soon dismisses his gentlemen and sends Emelia away. He would talk with Angela of his plans. He would have her know him better — well enough, in fact, to call him by his silly old nickname, Bumpy. And Angela, being an obliging child, calls him Bumpy. But they are no sooner this well acquainted than Polverino is back and greatly disturbed. The Duchess has arrived — and has asked for the Duke.

The Duke is momentarily irritated. The situation is awkward. It may even force a change of plans. But it is not hopeless. The Duchess has said that she is weary and intends to retire early. The Duke will go to her, that he may lend moral support to that intent. Angela is to

stay where she is until he returns for her. Emelia may keep her company.

Cellini is over the wall and with them the moment the Duke has disappeared. He carries his dagger between his teeth, and is excited by the adventure that has brought him to the Summer Palace. He has left a trail of blood behind him — guards and soldiers slaughtered wherever they barred his way. But even an army would have been powerless to prevent his reaching his Angela.

Angela tells him of her arrival at the Palace and of the Duke's increasing interest in her; of the arrival of the Duchess and the imminent return of the Duke. And she is troubled by the thought, now that Cellini is there.

ANGELA (*nestling to him*) — I wish that the Duke weren't coming back.

CELLINI — Believe me, he is not coming back.

ANGELA — He promised.

CELLINI — He cannot come back; he is far behind us; he cannot touch us. Life has begun from a new, safe source, and all things flow from the future. We are here, hands held, lips pressed (*A lengthy kiss*) — forever.

ANGELA (*dreamily*) — Ah! The Duke used that word.

CELLINI (*disconcerted*) — Did he get that far? But do not mention the Duke; how can I think of the Duke when I can only think of you? The Duke is the world, and the world has vanished; it was a bad dream of last night, gone in the dawning light of you. What is everything? I divide the heavens, I count the suns, I multiply the stars, and add them all up to — you.

ANGELA (*softly*) — I should like to learn — to love you.

CELLINI — My words are your tutors.

ANGELA — I should like to want you — when you are away.

CELLINI — Listen: I have been away for an eternity.

Day after day you have climbed to the top of the tall hill, hoping in vain to see me come down the long, long road. And now — at last — you see me. You wave your shawl. You cannot wait for me to reach you, so long is the road, so wild is your pulse! You race as fast as your little feet will carry you — you reach me — and throw your arms around me — and now you have caught me in the net of your wonder!

ANGELA (*half-stirred*) — And would you do anything for me?

CELLINI — Anything.

ANGELA (*thinking of something for him to do*) — Then make me a ring like you made for the Duchess!

CELLINI (*a little jarred by her instant reaction*) — You are quick to follow me up. But to be at your feet is to be above thrones.

ANGELA — And you will always think of me?

CELLINI — Always.

ANGELA — You wouldn't leave me — for another?

CELLINI — Never.

ANGELA (*probing further*) — You wouldn't leave me if I wanted you with me — for your work?

CELLINI (*unthinkingly*) — Never. (*He realizes the meaning of her words.*) My work! Did you say my work? (*Abruptly releases her and is on his feet.*)

There is a change of tone in his voice at thought of his work. There is much that he has left undone, much that may go wrong at the shop. Can he pick that work up again, and carry it through as he had intended?

The Duke approaches. To remain longer with Angela means discovery, and likely no further pardon. Still Cellini is of a mind to stay and face his lordship. Only Angela's pleading sends him over the wall in time to escape.

The night is not friendly to the Duke. He has no sooner resumed his pretty speeches to Angela than there

is another interruption. Ottaviano is there to report the escape of Cellini from his shop, and the murder of his guard. Also Ottaviano would have the Duke keep a close watch over his own person. He (Ottie) had heard Cellini plotting to kill his lordship.

OTTAVIANO — I know everything. When I stayed behind to instruct Cellini on the reverse for the medal, he proposed to me that it would be to our mutual advantage if you were put out of the way, Alessandro.

THE DUKE — So it would be. What did you say?

OTTAVIANO — I led him on and told him I would return later to discuss the details. When I arrived, I found that he had killed his guard and fled.

THE DUKE (*irritated by the entire proceeding*) — He might have waited a day. I had planned such an enjoyable evening.

OTTAVIANO (*displaying his impatience*) — Alessandro, it would be best if you gave orders to hang him directly he is caught.

THE DUKE (*feebly assuming the ducal air*) — We order that Cellini be hanged directly that he is caught and give the matter into your hands for execution. (*Relapsing into his mood.*) And now, go away.

OTTAVIANO (*to the soldiers*) — A hundred ducats to the man who brings me Cellini dead! (*A piercing scream is heard.*)

THE DUKE — What was that?

OTTAVIANO (*staring into the dark*) — That was murder.

A SOLDIER — Some one is coming, my Lord! (*They grasp their weapons. Polverino staggers in, rear, and almost falls; the Soldier catches him.*)

OTTAVIANO — It is Polverino. He is wounded.

THE DUKE — Polverino? Wounded? In my grounds?

POLVERINO (*gasping*) — My Lord. . . . I am dead.

OTTAVIANO (*scenting his prey*) — Who has killed you?

POLVERINO — Cellini.

THE DUKE (*showing fear*) — Cellini here?

POLVERINO — I stumbled across him. . . . I am dead. (*Collapses in the Soldier's arms.*)

THE DUKE — Treason!

OTTAVIANO (*swiftly*) — Two hundred ducats to the man who brings me Cellini dead. (*General excitement as the soldiers and Ottaviano exit. Polverino has been rudely laid on the earth.*)

THE DUKE (*calling after them*) — Beat the bushes! Don't let him escape! I won't feel comfortable until he's hanged.

ANGELA (*swooning*) — My Lord. . . . I am unwell.

THE DUKE — Good Heavens! You mustn't do that here! They shouldn't have left me alone. Angela — wake up, like a good little girl. What will I do with her? Polverino! Why don't you answer me? What will I do with her? (*Leans Angela against back of the bench and goes to Polverino. Shakes him.*) Polverino! You must speak. What will I do with her? Where will I take her?

POLVERINO (*murmuring, as the Duke raises him*) — To your own room . . . The Duchess . . . will never think . . . (*Falls back, unconscious again.*)

THE DUKE (*dropping him*) — To my own room! The Duchess will never think! . . . Oh, Polverino! What a clever servant I have lost in you. (*Goes to Angela, endeavors to arouse her.*) Angela!

Angela is giving signs of life as the Duke carries her awkwardly from the scene. From the shadow of the bushes Cellini emerges. He hears the soldiers as they make their way through the grounds. "There is one place they will not look for me," he decides, quickly; "in the Duchess's bed . . ."

Suddenly the moon is down and the garden is in darkness. When it rises again a corner of the Palace balcony is revealed. Beneath the balcony the top of a low wall. At the back the Palace walls, with two large, curtained glass doors letting in from the balcony. The doors are side by side, the first opening into the Duchess's rooms, the other into the Duke's.

Cellini is not seen as he climbs to the balcony just where it turns, but is visible as soon as he surmounts the railing. With the utmost caution he makes his way over it, and to the Duchess's door. Here, he stops and listens; takes the key which he has; fits it into the lock as quietly as possible; turns it, and slowly, very slowly, pulls out the door. The room is in darkness, save for one candle. This is held by the Duchess, who has heard him and stands on the threshold in negligee. Throughout the scene all talk is *pianissimo*."

THE DUCHESS — Cellini?

CELLINI — My Lady — let me in.

THE DUCHESS (*stepping on to the balcony*) — You are impatient, now, who were so slow before.

CELLINI — My Lady, some one may see us, here.

THE DUCHESS (*stepping on to the balcony*) — We are safer here than in my room. The Duke sleeps next door.

CELLINI — You are daring, Madam.

THE DUCHESS — What woman would not be daring when the moon shines? What a beautiful evening, Benvenuto.

CELLINI — Beautiful with your presence, my Lady.

THE DUCHESS — The night is our friend. You may take my hand, Benvenuto. (*He kisses her hand, she sighs.*) Now, we three together, holding hands — you, and I, and the night.

CELLINI — Madam, you make me jealous of the night.

THE DUCHESS — You are ardent, now, who were so — honorable, before. I wondered if you would come.

. . . . .

CELLINI — Do not let us delay longer, Madam.

THE DUCHESS — You are too much in haste.

CELLINI — When I killed Polverino, he roused the guard. They searched for me, in the gardens. I may be seen.

THE DUCHESS — The guard passed you?

CELLINI — Yes, but they will return, Madam.

THE DUCHESS — They will never dream of seeing you on my balcony, and if they do, they will think it is the Duke. There is no danger.

CELLINI (*his pride wounded*) — You wrong me, Madam.

THE DUCHESS — Not willingly, my Benvenuto.

CELLINI — It is not for fear of them, but for love of you, that I would withdraw.

THE DUCHESS (*offering her mouth*) — Now, it is you who must pardon me. (*They kiss, passionately.*)

CELLINI (*taking advantage of her closed eyes to look about for enemies*) — My Lady ——

THE DUCHESS (*a gentle interruption*) — When our lips met, I was no longer your Lady, but your love.

CELLINI — My Love! . . . Let us go. See; it is not only your soldiers' eyes that watch us.

THE DUCHESS — The night has eyes, too.

CELLINI (*ruefully*) — A thousand eyes!

THE DUCHESS — And my room . . . has none.

. . . . .

CELLINI — I am on fire.

THE DUCHESS — Press me close, that I may catch the delicious flame.

CELLINI — I used your key to open your door, let me use it, now, to lock your door!

THE DUCHESS (*not meaning it*) — You must be patient.

CELLINI — Was Paris patient in Helen's arms?

THE DUCHESS — And for his haste he was killed. Let us hold on to these sweet moments until the sweet becomes unbearable.

CELLINI — Beauty's mother was cruelty.

THE DUCHESS — But her child is kindness, as you will live to learn tonight. (*Disengaging herself as much as Cellini will permit.*) I must leave you for an instant.

CELLINI — Cannot we go together?

THE DUCHESS — I must see that the Duke is in his room, that he sleeps.

CELLINI (*releasing her*) — Well, I trust.

THE DUCHESS (*taking the candle*) — Better than we shall sleep. . . . (*She brings the door forward with her; they embrace in its shadow; she goes, and Cellini shuts the door.*)

Cellini's ardor quickly cools with the Duchess away. "It was Angela that I was kissing," he mutters, as he surveys the balcony for a chance to escape. He has taken but a step or two when he sees the door to the Duke's room slowly opening, and he has no more than had time to dash suddenly around the corner of the Palace into the shadows before the Duke and Angela appear on the balcony. "Angela is dressed as before, but her hair is down. It is evident that she has not yet recovered from the swoon."

The Duke is both solicitous and tender. He thinks the air may help revive the girl. He also is reassuring. Angela has nothing to fear, even with the Duchess so near. Her ladyship is a heavy sleeper, the Duke insists, and given to snoring. But he is a little startled when there is a distinct knocking at the inside door of his room. And a moment later, as he hears the Duchess gently calling him, as though hesitating to waken him if he happened to be sleeping, he is still more perturbed. He thinks perhaps he had better go and speak to the Duchess, and then listen until she returns to her own room. But Angela must wait for him.

The Duke is no sooner in his room than Cellini pops out of the shadows. And now Angela is in his arms, trembling and apprehensive. She tells him of Ottaviano's duplicity and of the Duke's belief that he (Cellini) is plotting his death. But Cellini is too much in love to worry. If this is to be his last night on earth it is no time to be lingering there in the shadows of danger.

CELLINI (*lifting her from the ground*) — Oh, Angela, Angela, you are my Summer Palace, my house under the stars, and every star a silver bell which rings, come home, come home!

ANGELA (*as he starts right with her*) — But the Duke!

CELLINI (*pausing*) — What is a Duke compared to Cellini? Tomorrow my life ends, but tonight I find endless life. (*With sudden sadness.*) Summer is almost over, and already there is a chill in the air. (*With as sudden exaltation.*) But tonight is Spring, and the colors and fires of Spring!

ANGELA (*alarmed and delighted*) — Where are we going?

CELLINI (*reckless, with a great laugh*) — Where are we not going! (*Starts right again.*) There are no blossoms we shall not touch, no heavens we shall not see!

ANGELA (*as he throws a leg over the rail*) — I will fall.

CELLINI — Hold on to my heart, and fly.

ANGELA (*holds on not to his heart, but his neck*) — Aren't you afraid of what the Duke will do?

CELLINI (*triumphantly, as he throws his other leg over*) — Let him howl — tonight another thief enters into Paradise! (*Darkness swallows them as they disappear below the edge of the balcony. Simultaneously, both doors open, and the Duke and the Duchess, each bearing a candle, step out. As they become aware of each other, the Duchess gives only a slight indication of the shock; but the Duke narrowly avoids apoplexy. The*

Duchess imagines that Cellini is hidden behind her door; the Duke imagines that Angela is hidden behind his door. Instinctively, she looks right and he, left. There is a silent moment of vast relief for both. Then ——)

THE DUCHESS (*coldly*) — A lovely evening, my Lord.

THE DUKE (*stuttering*) — A lovely evening, Madam. (*They diligently study the skies.*)

Curtain.

ACT III

Late the next morning Cellini, in his workshop, is trying to get on with his work. "Angela sits near, but a different Angela than she who drooped in Cellini's arms. There has been a subtle change in her demeanor; she is neither as shy nor as humble as she was, but a good deal more self-assured."

Angela is petulant and demanding. She would not have Cellini work. She would have him talk with her. If he loved her as he should he would want to talk with her and never to work unless she first gave him permission. In the future, it shall be that way with them. "I'm damned if I make that promise," declares Cellini, with definite insistence.

And yet there is a memory of Angela that is pleasant to Cellini and he would be true to the love of the moment that inspires it. But he will not have his art interfered with. Nor will he be lured by her childish chatter from the more important work that is his life. On the other hand: "It is silly for us to quarrel when I am so near the gallows," he admits.

As for that Angela has her own plans. Cellini will not hang. If she is kind to the Duke she will have sufficient influence to prevent that catastrophe. The thought of such a compromise enrages Benvenuto at the moment. He will not buy his life at the expense of his vanity.

Angela's mother is back. She has come, and in no

pleasant mood, to demand her forty ducats. Cellini bargained fairly for her daughter, let him pay as he promised. Cellini had rather strangle the hag than trade further with her and tells her so. He owes her nothing. She sold Angela to him and then turned her over to the Duke. Let her go hang.

Cellini's friend, Pier, arrives with discouraging news, which he imparts to Cellini after Beatrice and Angela have been sent out of the room. The Duchess is no longer Cellini's friend, Pier reports. She is decidedly angry with him. And the Duke, with whom Cellini has begged audience, sends back word that it is his present plan to hang Benvenuto before the morning is over. The Duchess, too, is on her way. She, too, sends a message before her: "Tell Cellini I come, but that the gallows follow me." The Duchess has become, Pier reports, as a woman carved in ice.

Nor is Cellini's report that he had stolen Angela from the Duke the night before reassuring to his friend. "Then you are dead," decides Pier, dejectedly. "The Duke will forgive murder, but not the loss of a girl."

And what does the possession of Angela mean to Cellini? "I stole her," he confesses, with a sigh. "But what have I found? That what was rich and mystical under the stars was gross and common in the light of day."

"That discovery," replies Pier, "is generally made at twenty. Surely a man of thirty-five should have learned that what are flowers from afar are thorns in the hand. and that to reach the promised land is to lose it."

A rapid knocking at the door heralds the approach of the Duchess. She comes unaccompanied, and she is in a high state of anger. She will have none of Benvenuto's gentle approaches. He has humiliated her unthinkably. She is visibly surprised when his mood changes and anger creeps into his voice in turn, but she will not give way.

THE DUCHESS (*studying him*) — You are not only a villain, Cellini, but a clever villain. You try to put me on the defensive. You will not succeed.

CELLINI — Madam, whatever you speak from, I speak from the heart.

THE DUCHESS (*biting her lips*) — You have no heart!

CELLINI — No, for your ladyship has torn it out of my breast and flung it in my face!

THE DUCHESS (*beating a tattoo again*) — Cellini, you have my key. I want it. (*He does not look at her as he hands it to her.*) You will have no further use for it.

CELLINI — Madam, then, has finished her sport.

THE DUCHESS (*losing ground with her temper*) — How dare you say that to me? You, who made a fool of me last night!

CELLINI — Madam has made a fool of me for a lifetime.

THE DUCHESS (*her voice revealing her weakening*) — You left me waiting up for you, like an idiot, until dawn came.

CELLINI (*whose one fear was that she knew of Angela*) — Is that all?

THE DUCHESS (*witheringly*) — All?

CELLINI — I spoke unthinkingly, my Lady.

THE DUCHESS — Why did not you return? I left you for a moment, and you were gone for the night.

CELLINI — I could have returned, Madam. But I did not desire Ottaviano and the executioner for my companions.

THE DUCHESS — What do you mean?

CELLINI — Let me tell you all about it.

THE DUCHESS — I know your tongue; it is as glib as your chisel.

CELLINI — Judge for yourself, Madam. When the Duke appeared, I vaulted the wall and crouched there. You left me with my blood in fever, and my one desire

was to reach you again. But Fate does not grant us bliss easily. I was seen and chased by the soldiers.

THE DUCHESS — The Duke and I stood on the balcony for the longest time. It is strange that we heard no noise.

CELLINI — It is not strange, Madam, for I tried to make no noise, and the soldiers did the same. It was hide-and-seek in the dark, and I was It. One fellow caught me, but I laid him out with one blow, before he could yell! Finally, after a dozen hairbreadth escapes, I reached the road. But so great was my desire to be with you — that here, where I was safe — I turned back.

THE DUCHESS — That was bravely done, Benvenuto.

CELLINI (*highly gratified*) — I had barely entered the garden again, when I was seen again, and this time, they chased me half the way to Florence. It was dawn before I was free of them.

. . . . .

CELLINI — I did not run away — I was chased away. What can I say if you will not believe me?

THE DUCHESS — I did not say that. I said I do not believe you! But I will believe you, although I do not; for there are fables which our hearts accept while our minds reject them. Your fable is one of those.

CELLINI — I ask no more than that your heart believe me.

THE DUCHESS — It does, Benvenuto — but stay, keep your distance; yet: I would warn you, first, that the credulity of even my heart can be taxed too far! Look to it, in the future, my friend, that you do not vanish from my threshold into the wide, dark world!

CELLINI — My desire has never left your threshold.

THE DUCHESS (*producing her key from her bosom*) — It cannot cross my threshold without this . . . (*Cellini's hand stretches forth hopefully; as it does, a terrific pounding shakes the rear door.*)

The newcomer is Ottaviano. With him are soldiers and

the hangman with his rope. Ottaviano has come to carry out his instructions to hang Cellini the moment of his capture. But Benvenuto is not to be taken without a fight, and fight he does until he is overpowered by numbers, one soldier jumping to a table top and from there leaping upon his back and bearing him to the ground.

The Duchess interferes, but though her protest causes Ottaviano to hesitate, he still is intent on carrying out the Duke's orders. He will hang Cellini immediately, whatever the Duchess may threaten.

They have Cellini standing on a chair with the rope around his neck when a fanfare of trumpets announces the arrival of the Duke. He, too, has come to see the hanging and calmly orders that chairs be placed from where he can view the execution to the best advantage.

Again the Duchess intervenes. It is Cellini's right that he be heard in his own defense. Let him tell the Duke of Ottaviano's conspiracy. Which Cellini does.

The Duke is impressed by the charge, but easily reassured by Ottaviano's reply — that it is quite natural a man should try to lie himself out of a hangman's noose.

The Duchess is persistent. It was Ottaviano who tried to be rid of the Duke three years before, if his lordship will make the needed effort to recall the circumstance.

It is not easy for the Duke to recall anything that has happened more than five minutes back, as he confesses, and he resents the effort. The important consideration of the moment is: Can Cellini produce a witness to his charges against Ottaviano?

That, Cellini cannot do. He and Ottaviano were alone. Or thought themselves so. But Ascanio, the servant, it now appears, was hidden back of the furnace and steps forward to confirm his master's statements. Also, being urged to clear his mind of all that he recalls of the incident, Ascanio is reminded that Ottaviano called the Duke an ass.

This is the crowning insult. For this his lordship is

ready to hang Ottaviano in Cellini's place. Nor will he be moved by his cousin's plea that he is still a Medici, nor listen to his denial that he ever called the Duke an ass.

"Maybe not," the Duke admits, "but it sounds like you to say it."

A moment later, upon the insistence of the Duchess, the Duke does recall the former conspiracy of Ottaviano to seize the Dukedom, and now he is thoroughly angered. He will free Cellini and he will hang Ottaviano. If not today — at least tomorrow.

And now the Duchess, with a joyful twinkle in her eye, sweeps out of the room, turning to Benvenuto to say, as she goes: "Cellini, I shall want you to decorate the fountain at the Palace." "My Lady, your service is my pleasure," he replies. And that, the Duke allows, is "very prettily put."

And now, seeking to repay in some small way, the great service the Duke has done him in restoring to him his life, Cellini has called Angela and she stands, eager and beautiful, before them, to the surprise and delight of his lordship.

CELLINI — My Lord, I found her wandering in the gardens, fearful of the Duchess. There was nothing to do but bring her with me.

THE DUKE (*to Angela*) — If you knew the night I spent. Peering into dark corners, thinking you were hidden there . . .

CELLINI — My Lord, I love this girl.

THE DUKE — I fancied yesterday you were sweet on her.

CELLINI — I love her, with all my heart and soul. Life without her will be arid and desolate. But, my Lord, I must think of your great generosity to me.

THE DUKE — You affect me, Benvenuto.

CELLINI — The house without her will be quiet, my Lord.

THE DUKE — You'll miss her about you?

CELLINI — I will, my Lord. I will wonder why she is not near me, when I work, and I will long for her gay little chatter! But I must think of your great generosity to me.

THE DUKE — I am moved, Benvenuto.

CELLINI — My Lord, I boasted that I would give you a gift as precious as the one you gave me. You gave me life, and in return, I give you the life of my life.

THE DUKE (*exploding*) — Damn it! I won't let you do it.

CELLINI — My duty to you comes before my happiness, my Lord. Take her and leave me to the stillness of my house.

THE DUKE — Benvenuto, we are both men of sentiment. I can't let you sacrifice your happiness for mine.

CELLINI — My Lord, I will get along somehow, without her.

THE DUKE — You have given her to me, nobly, and I give her back to you.

CELLINI (*panic-stricken*) — You will offend me deeply, my Lord. My Lord, I will learn not to miss her, on my word. Time heals the bitterest hurt.

ANGELA (*who has been listening mutely, goes to the Duke*) — My Lord, take me with you.

THE DUKE (*pleased*) — What do you think of that! She wants to come with me.

ANGELA (*without malice*) — He doesn't want me.

THE DUKE — You shouldn't say that; he was doing a very fine thing. (*Idly slips an arm around her.*) You are a lovely thing!

CELLINI — My Lord, I cannot bear this. Take her, I implore you!

THE DUKE (*clearing his throat*) — You really think that you could do without her?

CELLINI — My Lord, I am sure of it.

THE DUKE — And — her absence would not have a permanent effect?

CELLINI — My Lord, it would sweeten my nature.

THE DUKE — Then, Benvenuto, I will not offend you; I will take her.

ANGELA — My Lord, I go with you willingly. But you must promise me one thing.

THE DUKE — You can have all of Florence.

ANGELA — I want my mother sent out of the country.

THE DUKE — Nothing could give me more pleasure. (*To Cellini.*) You shall see Angela as long as possible. I insist that you walk to the gate with us.

CELLINI — My Lord, you are as tactful as you are wise. (*They exit rear.*)

Cellini is back from the gate. He would reprimand Ascanio for the vile habit of listening to private conversations, and then return to his work. Beatrice appears at the door, still regretting her forty ducats.

BEATRICE (*jeeringly*) — Wouldn't give me my money, and now the Duke's got her! What's your forty ducats? I'll live in Florence like a Queen! (*Cellini throws the hammer at her; she ducks and disappears just as a Page enters.*)

THE PAGE (*inquisitively*) — I was told to ask for Cellini.

CELLINI — What have you?

THE PAGE (*producing the Duchess's key*) — My Lady wants you to make a duplicate of this.

CELLINI (*taking the key*) — Tell her she shall have it tonight. (*Once more, he gazes at the key.*)

THE END

DANCING MOTHERS

A Drama in Four Acts

By Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding

MUCH was expected of two plays produced in August. One, "The Best People," had enjoyed an extended run in Chicago. The other, "Dancing Mothers," plainly promised an open-handed criticism of the ways of the older generation in meeting the challenge of the younger.

As it turned out "The Best People" was no more than mildly successful, and was turned over to the road after a four-months' run. But "Dancing Mothers," though it failed to enthuse the experts, grew steadily in popularity and ran the season out.

"Dancing Mothers" presents the problem of the Hugh Westcourts and their daughter Catherine, called Kittens. The Westcourt estate is in the Westbury section of Long Island. Their wealth has been inherited and added to by the success of its present guardian, a man in his early fifties. Mrs. Ethel Westcourt, known as "Buddy" to her family, was a popular actress at the time of her marriage twenty years before the opening of the play, and her young daughter is a gay nineteen.

It is a late summer afternoon. Mrs. Zola Massarene, a somewhat flashy representative of the I-Refuse-to-Grow-Old club, is calling. An old friend of Ethel Westcourt, she comes to report the unhappy result of her own recent social activities. She has been dropped by a club of which they are both members, and for such trifling indiscretions as any one determined to live her own life and have a good time might commit. True, she had brought Sonny Patterson home from town in broad daylight the night he got a little too drunk to manage the trip him-

self, and she had permitted, or seemed to permit, a certain distinguished foreigner to kiss her a bit publicly at a recent hop. But what of that?

Mrs. Massarene is perfectly willing to abide the consequences, though she regrets Ethel's disapproval. For the matter of that she can't quite understand how it is that Ethel has settled so completely into the ways of a hopelessly good and hopelessly uninteresting wife and mother. In the old days of her stage success she was neither so prudish nor so proper. Why the change?

Ethel is content. She has her husband, for whom she willingly sacrificed her stage career, and her daughter, and though she plainly is not as sure as she would like to be of the loyalty of either, she would stoutly resent any suggestion that either has grown away from her.

But Mrs. Massarene knows a few things she does not tell. She intimates, for instance, that when Hugh Westcourt says he is spending the night at his club, after a business meeting, it does not follow that he is always there. Or that he makes all the trips to Philadelphia for which he has his bag packed at home. It also might be as well if Mrs. Westcourt would keep a closer eye upon the nocturnal habits of her trusted Kittens, and her whereabouts at the cocktail hour certain afternoons. In fact, it is Mrs. Massarene's advice to Ethel that the sooner she becomes acquainted with a few things that are happening around her the better chance will she have of not being left behind by her faster stepping husband and daughter. . . .

Kittens is back from town with Kenneth Cobb, a neighbor boy of approximately her own years. Kenneth is far too young and prudish to interest Kittens, though he frankly is in love with her. She has had a cocktail or two. Her tongue is waggish as she flippantly greets her mother, and she is quarrelsome a moment later when, with Mrs. Westcourt out of the room, Kenneth declares

his intention of telling all he knows about her to her mother. He assumes it to be his duty, if she is to be saved from the consequences of her rashness.

KENNETH — I'm going to tell her the truth.

KITTENS — Ah, but you don't know the half of it, dearie.

KENNETH — Don't I? I know a good deal more than you think I do.

KITTENS — If you know more than I think about *you*, you're going some.

KENNETH (*almost in tears*) — It's a crime to see a girl like you going to the dogs.

KITTENS — Bow-wow-wow! Some dogs are very nice.

KENNETH — I found out all about one particular dog.

KITTENS — Oh, have you? Well, whatever you found out, he's better than a squealing, yelping, very dirty little puppy like you.

KENNETH — Well, I'm going to put a stop to it.

KITTENS (*continuing*) — A squealing, measly little puppy.

KENNETH (*disgustedly*) — Oh — you're drunk, drunk!

KITTENS — Gee, the cocktails that baby shakes. Eggs in them too!

KENNETH — Who shakes?

KITTENS — The dirty dog.

KENNETH — You think I don't know who you mean. I do. I found out everything.

KITTENS — Damned clever, these Chinese.

KENNETH — You were with him yesterday and again this afternoon.

KITTENS (*changing her tone*) — What about last week, dearie? and the week before, and every singing lesson and every afternoon and some evenings when I was supposed to be staying at Birdie Courtney's place?

KENNETH — Why don't you live there? Why come home at all?

KITTENS (*suddenly straightening up and striding over to him*) — See here, don't you butt in where you're not wanted, and don't insinuate. You have gone just far enough. You try to be disgusting, Kenneth Cobb.

KENNETH — I tell you Gerald Naughton is a scoundrel. (*Very suddenly and deliberately Kittens smacks his face.*)

KITTENS — Quit that. I've heard enough.

KENNETH (*holding his hand to the wounded spot*) — Do you realize what you have done?

KITTENS — Yes, and I'll do it again if you're not careful.

KENNETH — You struck me ——

KITTENS — You've got a rotten mind, I take my fun where I find it, but it's fun and fun only.

KENNETH — It may be that now, but ——

KITTENS — I know what I'm doing. I'd rather be amused by a real man of the world who respects me than be bored by a pinhead college kid who knows nothing about anything.

KENNETH — I'm going to lay the facts before your mother and after that — I'm through.

KITTENS — You're just a chicken. You're not old enough to even lay facts.

KENNETH — I think you've gone quite mad.

KITTENS (*turning away wailingly*) — Oh, my God — these children!

Kenneth makes good his boast, but not before Kittens. As soon as her mother returns she flounces out of the room, rudely defiant, shouting back at them the advice that if they don't like her way of doing things they'd better see her lawyer.

Kenneth tells Ethel what he knows; that Kittens has gone many times to the rooms of Gerald Naughton, one of the town's most successful imitators of the Valentino type; that he (Kenneth) had followed her there and

waited outside until they brought her out and put her in a taxi to send her home, after she had drunk "ever so many cocktails," and that if she is not stopped in her mad career there is certain to be a scandal. Naughton, he declares, is a scoundrel. Ethel would reassure Kenneth, but she also is plainly anxious about Kittens. . . .

Hugh Westcourt is as amiable and debonair as ever when he arrives home. He has had a hard trip to Philadelphia, he says, but a successful business man must expect that. He is worried, however, to find his wife not looking as well as she should.

WESTCOURT — What's the matter, Buddy? You look — well, just a little tired.

ETHEL — Don't be absurd. I never felt better in my life. Tell me about Philadelphia.

WESTCOURT — Nothing to tell. Same old story. Just a lot of business conferences. (*Changing his tone and becoming breezy.*) What have you been doing? You look stunning in that gown. (*He puts his hands on her shoulders. There is not in his manner the tiniest element of sex. He treats her kindly, almost patronizingly. She goes into his arms suddenly and catches her breath. We get a sense of sudden warmth in her. She nestles close to him and sighs heavily. He pets her as he would a child.*) You're shaking, darling.

ETHEL — Yes, I *was* trembling, wasn't I?

WESTCOURT — It's not like you to have nerves.

ETHEL (*almost wistfully*) — Does it occur to you that I might have trembled because you've come home and I was in your arms for a moment?

WESTCOURT (*slightly incredulous*) — My dear — this is too much.

ETHEL (*drawing away*) — Yes, it does seem rather ridiculous, doesn't it, after twenty years? And yet I must confess that I was waiting, counting the hours until I would hear your voice again. And then — to feel your arms about me and your kiss on my — my cheek.

WESTCOURT (*perhaps a little embarrassed by her sincerity*) — Still as whimsical as ever, darling. (*With a sudden change of thought and speaking enthusiastically.*) Say — I must show this letter to Kittens. She vamped half Russia for her daddy on that trip.

ETHEL — That reminds me, Hugh. I want you to talk to her. It's really quite serious this time.

WESTCOURT — Serious? What's serious?

ETHEL — I think when you see her you will understand.

WESTCOURT — Drinking again?

ETHEL — Yes.

WESTCOURT — Much?

ETHEL — Enough to make her rude and almost disgusting.

WESTCOURT — Nonsense! I can't believe it. A cocktail too much, perhaps. That's natural at her age, but it won't last. The child is all right. You take her too seriously.

ETHEL (*quietly*) — It's more than just drinking, dear.

WESTCOURT — Some man?

ETHEL — I'm afraid so.

WESTCOURT — Who?

ETHEL — I would rather you asked *her* about him. She is just at the age now — well, she needs a little taking in hand.

WESTCOURT — There is nothing wrong?

ETHEL — No, but just the beginning of something that might be terribly wrong.

WESTCOURT (*with a sigh of relief*) — Good Heavens! For a moment I almost thought —— See here, why don't you give her a talking to?

ETHEL — It doesn't do any good. We've spoiled her, Hugh, and when I've tried to be strict and firm you haven't backed me up.

WESTCOURT — Hang it all. I simply can't be cross with her. It's impossible.

ETHEL — I know! And that's why it's so unfair. I've tried to advise her in the right way and she almost hates me for it. Whereas, with you, because you are so indulgent ——

WESTCOURT — Rot! She adores you just as much as I do, but you take these little things much, much too seriously. I don't know what she has done now, but it can't be so very terrible.

Kittens is playful with her father. There apparently is a much closer bond of sympathy between them than between the girl and her mother. She also talks quite freely with Hugh. True, she has been doing some of the things of which she is accused. She did have a "teeny weeny bit of a bun" when she arrived home, she admits, but she was "carrying it like an officer and a gentleman" until Kenneth spoiled everything.

Yes, she admits she had been going to Gerald Naughton's rooms occasionally. She had met him on board the *Aquitania* when they (her father and she) had crossed. She had become very well acquainted with Gerald while her father was flirting with his lady friend!

The elder Westcourt does not care for this part of the revelation. Furthermore he disapproves most heartily of his daughter's going to any man's rooms unchaperoned. She must not do it again, no matter how safe she may feel or how much respect for women Naughton may appear to have. But Kittens is not at all sure she can make such a promise. She is genuinely fond of "Jerry."

KITTENS — It wouldn't be quite fair to promise, Daddy, because he told me today that he had cut out the *other* lady entirely on my account.

WESTCOURT — Which other lady?

KITTENS — The subject which you dislike so much. He only did it because I asked him to. It must have been a terrible scene. He said she cried her eyes out.

WESTCOURT (*obviously worried*) — Catherine, I'm hurt and surprised. You had no right to ask such a thing of him.

KITTENS — I told you I was fond of him.

WESTCOURT — Not seriously — you can't be. It's just a girlish infatuation which wouldn't amount to anything if this man were not so dangerous.

KITTENS — I can take care of myself I guess ——

WESTCOURT — I know that you can, but you must remember who you are and what is expected of you.

KITTENS — Are you forbidding me to see him?

WESTCOURT — No, it isn't necessary because I know you won't after this talk. (*Becoming quite affectionate.*) Daddy loves you very much, Kittens, and I'm going to leave it with the very good sense that's buried under those dear little curls to do the right thing. (*He kisses her head.*) Remember, your mother must not be hurt again ——

Her father is barely out of the room, however, before Kittens is making a supper club engagement with the suspected Gerald over the phone for that evening, and arranging to have her girl friend in town call her up and invite her to a bazaar rehearsal to cover the meeting.

She is willing to talk with her mother, but she is still defiant. She has her own idea of how life should be lived and she means to follow it. Also she would warn her misguided mother that her ways are all wrong. "I've been watching you lately," she says to her, "and, darling Buddy, I hate to say it, but you're suddenly becoming sort of — well, I don't mean to be unkind, but *older,* staider, more old-fashioned. You play the bowed-down wife all the time as if something terrible were on your mind."

"You're on my mind," her mother answers. "You're the one who is changing."

"Bunk, darling, bunk . . . Great heavens, Buddy, you

talk as if I had been guilty of a terrible crime. I've done nothing wrong. Simply because I see a man occasionally and drink a cocktail with him, is that so terrible?"

As for Naughton, Kittens is free to admit that all the women are crazy about him, and she shares their excitement. "Yes, I am keen about him. I think he's rather wonderful and I shan't give him up for anybody. You may as well understand that."

There is a moment's pause, and then Ethel, obviously making an effort to control herself, takes Kittens' hand in hers and presses it tightly.

ETHEL — When you were a tiny little baby at my breast I used to hold you tight to me — tight — like this. (*She places Kittens' hand to her breast.*) And I used to dream such wonderful dreams for you and sometimes in the night I would awake suddenly and find you there so close to me, and I would ask God to protect you all through your life and to make you a real woman — a woman that men respect and look up to. (*There is a pause.*) And then, as the years went by, I thought my prayers had been answered. I still think they have. I still think you are all that I wanted you to be, because I believe in you. (*She pauses and makes an effort to control her tears.*) Baby girl, don't do what so many girls have done. Don't go down — don't become cheap — don't let people talk of you in whispers. There's such another wonderful side of life. You have everything to live for that's beautiful and clean.

KITTENS (*laughing tolerantly*) — Oh, Buddy — you're just a good old-fashioned mother. You would like me to sit at home all the time, I suppose, and talk to you. Or — (*Her voice suddenly becomes hard.*) Or play tennis with Kenneth, and go to bed after dinner. Well, I'm not going to do anything of the kind. I have my own life to live and I'm going to live it. And I'm going to do it in my own way.

ETHEL — You mustn't see this man again.

KITTENS — Who is going to prevent me? You?

ETHEL — No. I'm sorry to say I can't. If I were a poor woman, I could go to the courts and have you forcibly restrained. As it is, I am powerless.

KITTENS — *That's* a good idea. Go to the courts. Can't you see the headline? — "Mrs. Hugh Westcourt appeals to restrain vagrant daughter." Why don't you do it? It would be great copy for the papers since daddy's Russian deal.

ETHEL — Then you do realize that our name must be kept clean? That we mustn't court a scandal.

KITTENS — Buddy — you mean awfully well, but you belong to a different age. I keep telling you that I have done nothing wrong and that I know what I am doing.

ETHEL — You were intoxicated this afternoon in a strange man's apartment. Did you know then what you were doing?

KITTENS — Of course I did. And we won't refer to that again, if you don't mind. I've thrashed the whole matter out with my father and we're lunching tomorrow to take the matter up further. Seems to me since you referred that matter to him you might safely leave it in his hands. (*There is a note of mockery in Kittens' voice which shows that she knows how to hurt her mother.*)

ETHEL — Baby girl, try and understand Mummy. Do try, won't you? I'm not a prude. I — chose you instead of my own career and I can't have a failure. I'll do anything you care to do — only let me keep you on the right track. (*Suddenly.*) Let's go to Europe together — you and I.

KITTENS — And leave Daddy at home?

ETHEL — Can you suggest anything else that would take you away from ——

KITTENS — From what?

ETHEL — This life that you're now leading. Look at

your tired little eyes. I don't want you to get old and coarsened so soon. (*She suddenly breaks and holds Kittens in her arms.*) My baby — my baby . . . I don't want to lose you in that way.

KITTENS (*releasing herself and rising*) — I don't wonder you were successful on the stage, Mother. You should never have left it.

ETHEL (*almost sobbing*) — That's all it means to you?

KITTENS — Yes, that's all it means. Scene after scene. You always seem to be acting.

It is a blow to Ethel, but she controls herself and a moment later Kittens has left her with a smile that is curled a little at the edges like a sneer. She has gone to answer the phone and complete the arrangements for her evening in town.

Hugh, too, has an engagement, a business conference that probably will keep him so late he thinks he will take in a bag and stay at the club. Ethel rebels a little at this arrangement. She doubts them both now, and she and Hugh come nearer a quarrel than they ever have come before. She has become so different lately, he tells her, there is no understanding her. She never used to be so sort of narrow, suspicious — perhaps a tiny bit old-womanish! There is a sting in his words, but she takes it bravely, and a moment later is in his arms, sobbing convulsively.

ETHEL (*looking up*) — I'm not old, Hugh. Look at me! I'm not old but I *am* starved — you said there was hunger in my look. Well, there's hunger in my soul as well. Look at me now! All these years I've given you everything; wonderful years — loving you more and more every day, while you — tell me that I'm — (*She breaks down suddenly.*) Old-womanish — old-womanish . . .

WESTCOURT (*embarrassed*) — Ethel!

ETHEL (*through her tears*) — Our honeymoon —

things — colors — everything you loved — I have them here for you — but I can't go on longing, longing . . .

WESTCOURT — For what?

ETHEL — Oh, for you! All — all — all of you! Not a breath has passed my lips that hasn't been for you. Can't you understand?

WESTCOURT (*blankly*) — Understand?

ETHEL — I'm not jealous, but I'm human and I can't — I won't be pushed aside. What have I before me, but age, gray hairs and knitting? Home, alone, waiting — waiting — for some one — something that has gone forever . . . I'm not jealous, I'm not whining — but for God's sake, when you do come home — kiss me.

WESTCOURT — Kiss you? I always kiss you.

ETHEL — Yes — on my cheek. (*Looks up; there is a pause.*) Are my lips so dry and old? (*He is embarrassed for a moment and pats her shoulder. With a cry she tears free from him.*) Don't pat me. (*There has been in this patting an obvious attempt to quiet her. What he should have done was to kiss her on the lips, but he didn't. Ethel shudders from head to foot, controls herself; he watches her. She turns.*) I'm sorry. I'm a little overwrought — nervous — don't mind me.

Hugh's agreement that she is overwrought and needs a change does not serve to quiet Ethel. Nor his advice to her to let Kittens work out her own problems, which he is sure she will do creditably. She tried to tell him what Mrs. Massarene has told her of Gerald Naughton and again he opposes her. He does not like Mrs. Massarene and he does not think Ethel should have anything to do with her.

"You have nothing in common with this woman, my dear," he says. "She is grotesque; an empty, painted shell pitting herself against nature. Your true woman is a person of simple honesty, who loves her children and her home and is willing to pass on unresistingly."

ETHEL (*sarcastically*) — Yes — while her husband pursues his pleasurable way. Life isn't over for him just because he has reached forty. The woman sacrifices her youth to be a wife and mother and just when she has reached the age when her duties have ended and life lies before her, you say it is over — the Divine Will commands her to resign all thoughts of further living. That's fair — that's very just — isn't it?

WESTCOURT — My dear girl, I don't say it is either fair or just, but your quarrel is not with me — it is with Nature. The woman of forty becomes the High Priestess of her sex. (*Ethel laughs bitterly.*) Really, Ethel, I don't know what to make of you. You never acted like this before. It's this woman who has influenced you.

ETHEL — Oh, blame it on poor Massy if you like — it doesn't really matter. After all, one can't expect a man to sympathize with a woman's effort to throw off age and live.

WESTCOURT — Mrs. Massarene may not admit that she is old, but she is old just the same and some day she will burn up suddenly and tragically and when that happens I don't want you to be within scorching distance. (*Suddenly changing his tone.*) And now let's forget all about her and do try and stop worrying about Kittens.

ETHEL — I can't. She said she wouldn't give this man up for any one.

WESTCOURT — Leave her to me. I told you I am taking the matter up with her tomorrow at luncheon.

ETHEL — Do you think *you* can stop her? She will slip through your hands as she has slipped through mine. I can't grasp her. She has me beaten.

WESTCOURT — You exaggerate.

ETHEL — Wouldn't you fight to save her? Wouldn't you? Well, *I* will. That wretch shan't get *my* girl!

WESTCOURT —Come now, don't go up in the air. It will only make the child more nervous. Take things

calmly. I'm alive to the possible danger. Just leave it all to me.

ETHEL (*bitterly*) — To you!

WESTCOURT — Yes, to me. I'll attend to it. Take things easily. You have your home and we adore you.

ETHEL — You say I have my home . . . well, I haven't —— I have a daughter . . . well, I haven't. You would make me believe that I have you . . . but you *know* that I haven't.

WESTCOURT (*at a loss*) — What do you mean, Buddy?

ETHEL (*despairingly*) — Oh, what's the use?

KITTENS (*enters from the hall, humming*) — Ready, Daddy?

WESTCOURT (*still looking at Ethel with a puzzled expression*) — Yes.

KITTENS (*she crosses and kisses Ethel on the cheek*) — Good night, Buddy, dear, and don't worry. I'm really going to the rehearsal. (*She goes back to door as Westcourt comes forward and kisses Ethel tenderly.*)

WESTCOURT — Remember what I said and take things easily. All will come well.

KITTENS — Sure, it all comes out in the wash. Cheer up! (*She exits.*)

After they have left, Ethel watches them through the window until the car has driven away. Then, realizing that she has been left to have her dinner alone, she suddenly makes a decision.

She will not have dinner at home, she tells the maid. And she will want some evening things laid out. Then she goes to the phone and calls Mrs. Massarene.

ETHEL (*in phone*) — Hello, that you, Zola? . . . Yes, dear, can you come over right away? . . . No, Hughie is gone. They've both gone back to town. . . . No, I'm not going to be alone. I've decided to go out — with you, dear. . . . Oh, I haven't time to explain now.

Come over as soon as you can. Good-by. (*She hangs up the phone, picks up her cigarette again, and puffs away thoughtfully, then turns and glances up at the portrait of herself. She then goes toward the stair, looking at it; slowly sinks into a chair without removing her eyes from the picture and begins to sing in perfect rhythm, "Lady, lady of the Evening."*

Curtain.

ACT II

The scene is a roof club, "an exclusive cabaret atop one of the high buildings in the theatrical district of New York." Glass doors at the right let into the dancing room and at the left a view is seen of the white-light district viewed across other roof tops. The parapet of the hotel is surmounted by a privet hedge and there is a heavy tarpaulin over the roof, held up by iron rods. Colored ship lights hang from the uprights, and electric lights play upon the waters of a fountain at the left.

It is some time after midnight. The eight or ten tables scattered about are occupied by those guests who are not dancing. The crowd moves to and from the dancing floor and is made up of the usual sprinkling of the faster society crowd and out-of-town celebrants. Some are gay, others subdued to silence by the strangeness of their surroundings and the mounting curiosity that keeps them intensely interested in the actions of the habitués.

Hugh Westcourt, having spent the evening trying to locate Kittens, has come to the club looking for her. Kittens, he believes, is with Gerald Naughton, and this place is known as one of that young man's favorite stopping places. So far Westcourt has been unable to locate them, but he has found Irma Raymond, Naughton's friend and his (Westcourt's) favorite supper club partner since their meeting on the *Aquitania*. Irma can't

help him in his search. Nor is she greatly interested. She has her own reasons for resenting Naughton's interest in Kittens, and she is also inclined to be a little peevish at the sudden cooling of Westcourt's interest in her.

They have not long to wait for Naughton, but he comes alone. Also he is at first of a mind to deny that he has seen Kittens. Likewise he resents Westcourt's assumption that he is an unfortunate, if not an evil, influence in the girl's life.

WESTCOURT (*deliberately*) — See here, Naughton, I don't want you to see my girl again.

JERRY — Why not?

WESTCOURT — For obvious reasons.

JERRY — Surely, you don't think there's anything wrong.

WESTCOURT — I know there isn't. She's rather headstrong and wilful. Does a lot of things I don't entirely approve of, but she's all right.

JERRY — Then why ——?

WESTCOURT — It's giving her mother a great deal of anxiety and I want you to stop seeing her.

JERRY — I'm afraid you haven't a very high opinion of me.

WESTCOURT — No; I haven't.

JERRY — Well, if it comes to that, you didn't rate one hundred per cent with me. In fact — (*Glancing at Irma.*) I sometimes find it difficult to think of you as being Kittens' father.

WESTCOURT — Let me assure you that I am.

JERRY — I'll take your word for it. Let me also say that I have always treated your daughter with the greatest respect.

WESTCOURT — I don't doubt that. But I have already explained how her mother feels about it.

JERRY — I can understand that a mother *would*. That's why I'm not resenting your attitude towards me. I've

always found Kittens to be a very charming girl. She has a good mind and, outside of an occasional cocktail, I have never noticed her doing anything that either you or her mother could possibly take exception to.

WESTCOURT — Have I your word that you will not see her again?

JERRY — Certainly. She means nothing to me. Just a nice kid to spend a pleasant evening with, that's all.

WESTCOURT — Thank you.

JERRY — But, of course, I can't answer for the child.

WESTCOURT — I'll answer for *her*.

IRMA — Good! Now that *that* is settled, we'll all have a drink.

WESTCOURT — Thank you, no. I'll take Catherine home. Did you say she was ——

JERRY — Powdering her nose — yes. (*At this moment Kittens appears at the door escorted by Charley.*) Here she is now.

Kittens is surprised, though not displeased at finding her father. But she is not pleased that he has come to take her home. She has no intention of going. Not, at least, until she has had a dance with Jerry. Why should her father take such an attitude with her? She has done nothing wrong, according to her standards. Why shouldn't a young girl dine with a man if she likes him and he is a gentleman. And Naughton is always that. Besides, they would not be at the supper club at this hour if they had not come in search of her father. She wanted to tell him about Buddy.

Buddy has left home and is somewhere in town with Mrs. Massarene. Westcourt is startled by the news. He cannot believe that Mrs. Westcourt would so far ignore his expressed wish that she have nothing more to do with Mrs. Massarene, or that she would leave home without leaving some word of explanation with the servants. But Kittens is not surprised. "Between you and me,

Daddy, I believe our precious Buddy is stepping out!" she confides.

There is every reason now why they should go in search of Buddy, Westcourt insists, but Kittens is still keen for her dance with Jerry, and they are out on the floor before Westcourt can stop them. He takes advantage of their absence to have an intimate talk with Irma.

WESTCOURT (*seriously*) — I may as well take advantage of this opportunity to have a final understanding with you.

IRMA — About what, angel face?

WESTCOURT — Ourselves. After tonight — I'm through.

IRMA — With me?

WESTCOURT — Yes.

IRMA — What have I done?

WESTCOURT — Nothing unusual. But it had to end sometime, and —— (*With an explanatory wave of his hand.*)

IRMA — Go on, darling — your story interests me.

WESTCOURT — That's all — we're through.

IRMA — How dramatic. The setting is perfect — music, gaiety and a lovely moon. (*Suddenly changing her tone.*) You're just sore about the kid being out with Jerry and you're taking it out on me.

WESTCOURT — No; that has nothing to do with it. I had made up my mind to have an understanding with you tonight because it just had to be. I'll admit I might have been more tactful about it.

IRMA — *I'll* say so.

WESTCOURT (*continuing*) — But you're a sensible, broad-minded girl. If I hadn't known *that* — we never would have been such good friends. You really have been very sweet and I'm prepared to be generous.

IRMA — Oh, come down to earth and be natural.

WESTCOURT — I mean what I've said, Irma. After tonight it's over.

IRMA — Think so, eh?

WESTCOURT — Absolutely. After you've given it a little thought you'll realize, as I do, that it's best for both of us. (*Calls to passing waiter.*) Waiter, check please.

IRMA — Don't bother — it's my party.

WESTCOURT (*throwing a hundred-dollar bill on the table*) — Pay it out of that.

IRMA —You go to hell.

WESTCOURT — Sorry. I'm going to take my daughter home. And if you care anything about this man Naughton, you'll tell him not to let himself be seen with her again.

IRMA — Tell him yourself.

WESTCOURT — I shall. (*He turns quickly and goes into the dance room.*)

Through the glass doors Westcourt is seen to stop Jerry and Kittens and, despite the girl's protests, to take her away. Jerry is somewhat irritated by the occurrence when he returns to Irma's table, but entirely philosophical about it. He has no real interest in Kittens, he assures her. "She's rather nice and easy on the eyes, but you heard me promise the old man I wouldn't see her again."

"Yes," Irma admits, doubtfully, "but that isn't going to keep the kid at home. She's fallen for you too hard. . . . Bet you anything you like she'll be hanging to the telephone by the time you get home and she won't let go until you make a date to see her tomorrow."

A moment later the waiter has handed Naughton a note. He reads it and hands it to Irma. "You win," he says. "Meet me for dinner at the usual place," reads Irma from Kittens' note.

Mrs. Massarene, her friend Clarence, and Ethel Westcourt have entered the room and found a table. Ethel is beautifully gowned, her hair is marcelled and she looks years younger than she did in the preceding act.

Jerry's attention is immediately attracted to them. He

knows Mrs. Massarene, the widow with millions, but the other lady is new to him, and he finds her unusually attractive, much to Irma's disgust.

Ethel is thrilled with the experience. But she can't dance unless they should happen to play an old-fashioned waltz or a lancers. She just wants to enjoy the excitement of looking on. And she would like awfully to meet Gerald Naughton, who has been pointed out to her. That is moving a little too fast, even for Mrs. Massarene. "I'm pretty broad-minded, but that is impossible," she warns Ethel. "The moment your name was mentioned he would run for his life."

"Oh, but my name wouldn't be mentioned. You've just said that I look continental, and I could easily assume my old dialect."

But Mrs. Massarene refuses to be a party to any such wild deception. A moment later, with her friends dancing, Ethel's meeting Naughton is made easy. She is sitting alone when an oil man from the West notices her and seeks an acquaintance.

Lurching a bit unsteadily toward her table he greets Ethel with a familiar "Hello, sweetie!" She tries to avoid him, but he is intent on dancing with her. Naughton, returning alone from the dancing floor, notices Ethel's predicament and gently but forcibly leads the young man away. The rest is easy.

ETHEL (*glancing roguishly at Jerry and with just a trace of a French accent*) — Thank you, M'sieu.

JERRY (*holding the chair at table for her to be seated*) Not at all. He won't bother you again.

ETHEL — It was so unexpected — he startled me.

JERRY — He is really quite harmless. Too much hooch, I guess.

ETHEL (*with seeming innocence*) — Hooch?

JERRY (*smiling*) — Home-made liquor.

ETHEL — Oh, yes, I understand. (*Suddenly.*) Are you the manager?

JERRY (*laughing*) — Rather not. Do I look like one?

ETHEL — No; but you have such a way of doing things — with that man, for instance.

JERRY — You *knew* I wasn't the manager. You saw me when I was sitting over there because you smiled.

ETHEL — So did you.

JERRY — I thought I knew you.

ETHEL — And I thought Americans were so modern.

JERRY — Really, I mean it. I had a very definite feeling that we had met. I still have it. May I sit down for a moment?

ETHEL — You will be less conspicuous if you do.

JERRY (*sitting*) — Haven't you ever seen people and thought suddenly to yourself, "I must know them?" Well, that's how I felt when you came in a little while ago. You don't think me cheeky for saying that, do you?

ETHEL — I do not know what to think.

JERRY — I'm not really so terrible. After all, I know the people you're with. Mrs. Massarene is an old friend of mine. She comes here quite often, but I don't remember ever having seen you here before.

ETHEL — No, this is my first visit.

JERRY — You're not an American, are you?

ETHEL — What makes you think I'm not?

JERRY — The way you look and act. And the delightful intonation in your speech.

ETHEL — If I am not American, what am I?

JERRY — French — decidedly French.

ETHEL (*laughingly*) — You're clever, M'sieu ——

JERRY — My name is Naughton — Gerald Naughton.

ETHEL — Really?

JERRY — Yes. (*Obviously waiting for her to speak her name, but as she does not he continues.*) It doesn't mean anything to you I suppose?

ETHEL — No; I don't think that I have ever heard of you.

JERRY — I had an idea we had met in Paris last summer. How long have you been over?

ETHEL — Quite a long time. But we did not meet in Paris — it's useless to pretend that we did.

JERRY — Well, when Mrs. Massarene comes back, let's say we've met somewhere. Come on, be a sport. It will be a good joke.

ETHEL — But Mrs. Massarene knows we haven't met.

JERRY — How could she?

ETHEL — She spoke of you a moment ago.

JERRY — Oh, then you *did* know who I was?

ETHEL — Not your name.

JERRY — How did she happen to speak of me?

ETHEL — I think it was in connection with an affair of the heart. You are famous for that, it seems.

JERRY — Oh, come, you mustn't believe all you hear.

ETHEL — Are you at this moment breaking some one's heart?

JERRY — *You* don't feel uncomfortable, do you?

Before Mrs. Massarene and her partner have returned Ethel has agreed to pretend that she and Naughton have met before, in Paris. Her name, she also confides to him, is de Bresac — Mme. Yvonne de Bresac (a character she had once played on the stage). Mrs. Massarene's amazement is calmly smiled away by Ethel, and a moment later the two new-old friends are dancing.

"Well, thank goodness I'm not responsible," Mrs. Massarene sighs. "I didn't introduce him and she's old enough to take care of herself."

Now the others are dancing and Ethel and Naughton have returned from the floor. He begs her to sit at his table and, though hesitantly, she agrees.

ETHEL — You have such a compelling way — I cannot resist you — (*Going to table.*) But you must compensate me.

JERRY — How?

Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"DANCING MOTHERS"

Jerry: You knew I wasn't the manager. You saw me when I was sitting over there, because you smiled.

(Mary Young and John Halliday)

ETHEL (*sitting*) — By telling me more about this young girl who is breaking her heart for you.

JERRY — Stuff and nonsense. Her heart is too young and sound to even crack.

ETHEL — You know — you remind me of some one who — (*She makes a quaint but expressive French gesture.*)

JERRY — Who?

ETHEL — I find myself about to confide in you already.

JERRY — Go on — every one does. I suppose it's because I am subconsciously sympathetic.

ETHEL — Oh, yes, you're sympathetic — I can see that. You have a good deal of the woman in you.

JERRY — In me?

ETHEL — Yes; every real man has.

JERRY — I'm not sure that I like that.

ETHEL — Why not? You are strong, yet weak. You have both charm and courage. You catch the feminine imagination. (*Changing suddenly.*) But I think we had better return to my table or I will be in disgrace with my friends.

JERRY — Don't worry about them. With all due respect to Mrs. Massarene and that fellow with her, they belong to a class of Americans who are always looking for excitement which they never find, because they haven't the courage to follow their emotions. They come and sit in a place like this and try to imagine they are having a good time, whereas these places only contrive to start things. It is their point of departure, if you understand what I mean.

ETHEL — I think I do. I like the place — I love the color of it all ——

JERRY — So do I. I simply crave color. That's why I like you. You're just one gob of it.

. . . . .

ETHEL—You don't take women very seriously, do you?

JERRY — I've met so few women *worth* taking seriously.

ETHEL — What kind have you known?

JERRY — All kinds and shapes and sizes, and I find them all the same, with slight variations. They all react to the same flatteries — they are all offended by the same slights. It's either "Kiss me" or "Never speak to me again."

ETHEL — And yet you say you are not cruel.

JERRY — I'm not. My life is dedicated to good. Think of the thousands paid yearly to beauty specialists for a lot of useless creams and junk that is supposed to give them sparkle and warmth and attraction, while I give them all that, and more, for nothing.

ETHEL — How do you do that?

JERRY — A stolen kiss; a few tender words; a surreptitious note; an hour or so in the afternoon.

ETHEL — Or evening.

JERRY — Exactly. My treatment gives them a permanent beauty flush. Why, I've known husbands who react to the change in their wives so quickly that after one treatment I'd never see the woman again. (*They both laugh.*)

ETHEL — I'm afraid you're very conceited.

JERRY — Not at all — I'm merely frank. Your modern woman adores respect and when she gets it from a fellow like me from whom she expects the worst — it knocks her off her feet.

ETHEL — In other words, you supply all that the other man fails to provide.

JERRY — Most men treat women as just women. I try to make them feel superior to myself. I talk to them and build for them a mental temple where I place them securely on a throne and then just keep on bowing.

ETHEL — You certainly are frank, M'sieu. I like that in you.

Naughton is emboldened by Ethel's seeming interest. He cannot bear the thought of permitting their acquaintance to end there. They must meet again, where they can talk quietly. She must have dinner with him soon.

Ethel is inclined to discourage the suggestion — until, accidentally, she picks up the note from Kittens Irma has left on the table. Reading it she is suddenly resolved to accept the dinner invitation — if Naughton will make it for the next night. When he tries to worm out of that particular date she accuses him of having an engagement with his younger charmer, and finally he agrees to put the other off. He will phone Ethel at Mrs. Massarene's and they will go to some quiet place.

"But it's a secret," she warns him.

"A wonderful secret," he sighs. A moment later Mrs. Massarene is back and Naughton has gallantly bid them good-night.

Ethel is radiant. Mrs. Massarene is seriously anxious. "But, my dear," she protests, "you can't dine with a man like that! What would people think? What would they say?"

ETHEL (*enthusiastically*) — Nobody will know. We'll go to some quiet place.

MRS. MASSARENE — I absolutely forbid it.

ETHEL — Don't you see, dear? It's just what I have been hoping for — praying for. He was to have dined with Kittens and I won him over. Fate has thrown him into my hands.

MRS. MASSARENE — Surely you're not going to pursue it any further?

ETHEL — Why not?—If I attract him? And it will cure my girl.

MRS. MASSARENE — And what about Hugh? You don't suppose he'll permit you ——

ETHEL (*interrupting*) — He can't stop me now that I know the way.

MRS. MASSARENE — My dear, I think you're quite mad. The whole thing is impossible. Some one is sure to see you and Naughton is no fool. And when he learns who you are ——

ETHEL (*interrupting again and speaking her dialect*) — To him I am Mme. de Bresac and Mme. de Bresac I shall remain until it is accomplished.

MRS. MASSARENE — Don't be a little fool. It will not be as easy as you think. Mrs. Barnes saw you a moment ago dancing with him and you know what a gossip she is.

ETHEL — What do I care?

MRS. MASSARENE — Only a moment ago she told me about having seen Hugh here with that girl.

ETHEL — Hugh?

MRS. MASSARENE — Yes; it was before we came.

ETHEL — Miss Philadelphia.

MRS. MASSARENE — That's not her name.

ETHEL — So he was here with her in public.

MRS. MASSARENE — Then Kittens came with Naughton and Hughie took your daughter home.

ETHEL — Thank you for telling me, Massy. You've given me the encouragement I needed. You'll let me stay in town with you for awhile, won't you?

MRS. MASSARENE — What about the family?

ETHEL — I don't think a week without me would make *much* difference to them.

Hugh Westcourt is back. He has been to Mrs. Massarene's apartment and learned from her maid where his wife may be found. He is plainly angry, but holding his temper as best he can.

Ethel is in no way disturbed. She has made up her mind to *live*, she informs him, and "Massy" is going to show her how. She has often wondered what it was that kept Hugh and Kittens away from home so much, and now that she knows she rather likes it. Furthermore, she has no intention of going home. She and Mrs. Massarene

have planned to go on to another, and later, club. Neither will she be home the next day. She has a very important dinner engagement with a charming man.

She thanks him for the suggestion that what she needs — and is going to take — is a trip to White Sulphur Springs, but she cannot accept. He and Kittens had better go without her.

WESTCOURT (*angrily*) — Are you coming with me or not?

ETHEL — I'm sorry if it offends you, but I'm not. You see, I have never interfered with your life or your pleasure and it isn't fair of you to interfere with mine.

WESTCOURT (*indicating Mrs. Massarene*) — Is it this woman who has influenced you?

ETHEL — No, my dear, it is yourself.

WESTCOURT — Well, I think it is.

MRS. MASSARENE — You're a silly man, Hughie. Can't you really see or are you utterly blind?

WESTCOURT — I see that the very thing I warned her against has happened. You've poisoned her mind, and if you continue to have your way she will become as bad as you.

ETHEL (*sharply*) — I won't have you speak to her like that. Massy is my friend — the only one I've got.

WESTCOURT — Your friend! A woman who encourages you to make dinner engagements with men you meet for the first time! You call that friendship?

ETHEL — What do you know about it? What do you know about me or anything else, if it comes to that?

WESTCOURT — I know there is something in you now that I never suspected before, and it's broken out.

ETHEL — Yes, it has. And it intends to stay out until it pleases me to return.

WESTCOURT — Has it occurred to you that I may have something to say about your return?

ETHEL — Whatever you say will make very little dif-

ference in my plans. What I do hasn't concerned you for ten years — why should it concern you now?

WESTCOURT (*after an effort at self-control*) — Very well, but understand this, unless you return home with me now — immediately — you need not return at all.

ETHEL — Really? (*Smiles at him, then rises and begins to put her wrap about her shoulders.*) Are we ready, Massy?

MRS. MASSARENE — Yes dear, I'm ready. (*To Clarence.*) Clarence! (*Clarence, who has been staring transfixed at Westcourt, jumps to his feet.*)

CLARENCE — Yes — I'm ready. (*He assists Mrs. Massarene with her wrap.*)

ETHEL — Come along, then.

WESTCOURT — Where are you going?

ETHEL — I told you, Hughie, we're going to the Four Hundred Club.

WESTCOURT (*incredulously*) — Ethel!

ETHEL (*sweetly*) — And you can go to — Philadelphia.

She laughs and sweeps out into the dance room followed by Mrs. Massarene and Clarence, who murmur good night to Westcourt as they disappear. Westcourt stands looking after them for a moment, then mechanically sinks into a chair as the orchestra swells into "You've Gotta See Mama Every Night or You Can't See Mama at All."

Curtain.

ACT III

Two weeks later Kittens and her father are back from a trip to White Sulphur Springs, and the first visit Kittens has made is to Naughton's rooms. She is there now in his sitting room drinking cocktails she has made for herself. Davis, Naughton's man, is terribly upset but

Kittens refuses to take his objections seriously. True, he may lose his place, having admitted her against Mr. Naughton's orders, but if he does she will give him another, so why should he worry. She is there to wait for Mr. Naughton and she intends to wait.

Davis has some difficulty getting her to hide in the bedroom when the doorbell rings, but she is out of the way when Irma calls. Irma also is intent on seeing Mr. Naughton. He is, she assumes from the closed bedroom door, at home and occupied. She would not think of disturbing him — but she *will* wait.

A moment later Kittens has burst defiantly into the room. She doesn't care much what Irma thinks about her being there, or about her slightly excited condition. She feels that, in a way, she and Irma should stand by each other since Jerry has taken up with this French person he seems crazy about.

"I really think, if it comes right down to it," Kittens confesses, "if I had to lose him, which, of course, is too absurd, I think I had rather lose him to some one I know, like you, for instance, than to a stranger. And this woman who called up *was* a foreigner."

Kittens is back in the bedroom making herself presentable, and Irma has quietly telephoned Hugh Westcourt and made an appointment with him, when Naughton returns. He is plainly displeased at finding her there. But she refuses to be seriously disturbed by his displeasure. She knows he is expecting the "French dame" and she is frankly jealous. She feels, considering their long and intimate friendship, that she should come first in any serious affair he may consider and when he frankly tells her that Mme. de Bresac means more to him than any other woman ever has or ever can, she becomes a little threatening.

"I've got all the patience and all the understanding and all the license in the world," she tells him, "but I won't lose *you!* I won't! So get that clearly in your mind."

JERRY (*speaking quietly*) — You're not in love with me, Irma, you just think you are because you've told yourself so many times that you ought to be. We're only good pals. That's all we've ever been to each other, and that's all we ever will be. I'm your friend and I think you're mine. That's why I don't mind telling you that this woman you are talking about is the only one I've ever been on the level with in all my life.

IRMA (*tensely*) — You're in love with her then!

JERRY — I'm afraid so.

IRMA (*incredulously*) — No —— You're just kidding me.

JERRY — I'm serious. It's really got me this time.

IRMA — But she's forty if she's a day.

JERRY — I don't know how old she is and I don't care. There's something about her — perhaps her soul — that will be eternally young.

IRMA (*scornfully*) — Soul!—that dame?

JERRY — I don't expect you to understand, but there is a spiritual quality about her, I tell you ——

IRMA (*interrupting*) — Spirits of Ammonia! Don't fall for that French bunk, Jerry. It was invented by Eve in the garden of Eden. (*Then, suddenly changing her tone.*) I'd walk the streets for you, Jerry Naughton, and you know it.

JERRY (*accepting her hand and patting it fondly*) — I'd do anything in the world for you, old girl.

IRMA — Then be a good boy. Fill up this French dame with ozone and let her float away. Give her up and make little Irma happy.

JERRY — Now, listen, Irma, I've said I'm your friend — probably the best friend you'll ever have; but you mustn't try and tell me what to do. You've gotten lonesome because Westcourt has been away and you worked it out in your own mind that I belong to you — but I don't. I belong to no one but myself. I've played around with a lot of women, as you know, but I never

deliberately deceived any of them and that goes for you, too. So just forget everything you've said and I will, too.

IRMA — You won't cut her out?

JERRY — I can't. It's gone too far.

IRMA — All right — but don't blame me for what happens.

JERRY — You're not threatening me, are you?

IRMA — I'll queer you with her if it's the last thing I ever do.

Irma has gone to keep her appointment with Westcourt, when the second surprise of Naughton's homecoming appears in the person of Kittens. If he was displeased at finding Irma, he is plainly distressed at the discovery of Kittens, particularly when he notices the effect the cocktails have had. He has given his word that he will not see her again, and she has no business to be there. She must, he insists, go at once. At least as soon as she straightens herself up. She is a good deal of a sight.

But Kittens is not at all inclined to hurry. She knows he would be rid of her because he has another engagement — with the French person — and she would delay that meeting even if she cannot prevent it. He has succeeded in getting her only so far as the bedroom when Davis announces the arrival of Mme. de Bresac. A moment later Kittens has been started on her way out through the bedroom and Ethel Westcourt has arrived.

Ethel is there for two reasons. First she has heard indirectly that Kittens and Hugh are back and that Kittens has said she was going to Naughton's rooms, and, second, she has come to tell him that their own flirtation must end.

Naughton freely confesses that "the Westcourt girl" has been there. She came without his knowledge and he has sent her home. But he refuses to accept Ethel's decision that they must not see each other again.

ETHEL — It would make you very angry to know that

I have deceived you and that this is the last time we meet.

JERRY — Nothing could make me angry with you; but you just try and shake little Jerry now. You don't seem to realize that I am in love with you. You laughed at me the other day when I told you so — it was the truth!

ETHEL — I don't want you to love me.

JERRY — Why not?

ETHEL — I have deceived you.

JERRY — How?

ETHEL — I am not French — I am American.

JERRY — That doesn't surprise me ——

ETHEL — You have known it?

JERRY — Yes, and it amused me very much, but after all, that's not a very grave deception — you are still you.

ETHEL — There is also something else.

JERRY — What?

ETHEL (*slowly*) — I have decided never to see you again.

JERRY — Good Lord! Why?

ETHEL — I'm a married woman, Jerry.

JERRY — Married to whom?

ETHEL — I can't tell you that, but I've been married a great many years and I have a child.

JERRY — A child?

ETHEL — A grown-up child — almost a woman.

JERRY — Why are you telling me this now?

ETHEL — Because I'm tired of play-acting. I want you to know the truth.

JERRY — Do you love your husband?

ETHEL — What has that to do with it?

JERRY (*persistently*) — Do you love him?

ETHEL — I thought I did.

JERRY — Exactly! You thought you did, but you don't! That's why you've told me all this. Your con-

science wouldn't let you go on deceiving me because you realized that you were beginning to care.

ETHEL — Not quite. I won't deny I feel rather silly — rather foolish about the whole thing. But somehow — I felt you would take it like this — only *you* could.

JERRY — How do you know how I have taken it? You don't suppose for one moment that your sudden change of nationality and the appearance of an unseen husband and child make the slightest difference in my feelings toward you, do you? You can't ever really have been in love not to have found out that nothing makes any difference when you really care. And you do care, don't you? (*Ethel is silent.*) Don't you?

ETHEL — No!

JERRY — You do! Why don't you acknowledge it? That's why you're here now. That's why you've told me all this. Oh, my dear, do you suppose that anything you could say would make any difference in the way I feel towards you? I am glad you told me because it proves that you feel as I do.

ETHEL — No, no.

JERRY — It's no use your denying it. I know! You're the most adorable creature in the world and I am simply mad about you. (*He tries to embrace her, but Ethel rises.*)

ETHEL — I told you that I am not going to see you again, Jerry.

JERRY — You're afraid of me.

ETHEL — That may be. But I am not going to see you again. (*Jerry rises and smiles.*) I mean it.

JERRY — Well, sit down and see if I can't reason you out of that.

ETHEL — No; I have said what I came to say and I am going. Will you let me have my wrap, please?

JERRY (*looks at her intently for a moment, then turns with a shrug of his shoulders*) Just as you like. (*He gets her wrap, places it about her shoulders, then, as she*

turns, he holds her hands. Then suddenly he draws her to him and implants a long, lingering kiss upon her lips. At first the suddenness of the attack surprises her and she attempts to draw away, but after a moment her resistance ceases and she becomes almost limp. As he releases her she steps back and covers her face with her hands — very penitently.) I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. Please forgive me.

ETHEL (*with her face still hidden*) — It wasn't your fault.

JERRY — It was, and now you hate me, don't you? You think I am like all other men — that all I want is to possess you. (*She shakes her head negatively, but he continues as though angry with himself.*) Well, it's true. I *do* want you. I want you as I've never wanted a woman in all my life. I'm just a beast. (*Then, after a pause.*) Go on — tell me what you think of me. I deserve it!

ETHEL (*slowly*) — I'm not angry, Jerry — not with you. I'm only angry at myself. I thought I was immune to this sort of thing. I never thought I could feel this way again. No woman should at my age. (*Suddenly sinking on the sofa.*) Oh, I'm so ashamed.

JERRY (*seating himself quickly beside her*) — Listen, dear, there's nothing to be ashamed of. If I have made you feel as *I* feel you should rejoice, because it is what God intended. I don't know who your husband is and I don't care. You're mine — you belong to me and I'm going to hold you in spite of him or anything else in the world — Let's go away — Europe — anywhere——"

The bedroom door is suddenly opened and Kittens bursts into the room. Her excitement verges upon hysteria as she confronts Naughton. Ethel has turned away and for the moment Kittens does not recognize her mother. She continues to upbraid Jerry for his attitude toward her and refuses to pay any attention to his angry demand that she leave the room.

KITTENS — No I won't. I'm going to let this woman know what kind of a liar and cheat you are. This woman and all the others — the dozens of others.

JERRY — Be quiet! (*Turning apologetically to Ethel whose back is turned toward him.*) I'm dreadfully sorry this has happened. It wasn't my fault, I assure you.

KITTENS — Oh, no — nothing is your fault. It's not your fault that I'm in love with you. It's not your fault that I'm making a fool of myself now. (*Becoming hysterical.*) Who is this woman, anyhow? That's what I want to know. Who is she? Why don't you introduce us?

JERRY — You have nothing in common with this lady.

KITTENS — Common? (*Laughing hysterically.*) That's good, that is. I guess we're both common enough. She let you make love to her just as you've made love to me. She has let you hold her in your arms and kiss her, just as I did. That makes us equal, doesn't it?

JERRY — You're intoxicated.

KITTENS — Don't you hurt me, you brute. (*Suddenly turning toward Ethel in a rage.*) What's the matter? Are you afraid to let me see your face?

ETHEL (*turning*) — Afraid? (*As the two women confront each other there is a pause. Kittens stops in bewilderment as she recognizes Ethel.*)

KITTENS (*incredulously*) — Buddy!

JERRY — You know each other?

KITTENS — Know each other? (*With a hysterical laugh.*) Oh, my God!

ETHEL (*quite calmly*) — This happens to be my child, Jerry.

JERRY — Good Lord!

ETHEL — I was just explaining that I had one — remember? Slightly ironical that she should have been here all the time — isn't it?

KITTENS — Our Buddy — the respectable member of the family — so prim and proper. Couldn't even un-

derstand her daughter wanting a cocktail. *You* lectured *me* for knowing Jerry Naughton. (*Suddenly becoming harsh.*) This is funny — this is. (*She laughs hysterically.*)

JERRY — You'll pardon me if I find this a bit confusing, won't you?

KITTENS — Just a good, sweet, old-fashioned mother. (*Suddenly becoming harsh.*) And all the time you wanted him for yourself.

ETHEL — Catherine!

KITTENS — You were acting all the time — with Daddy and me and everybody. It's born in you to pretend you're something you are not. You were even acting with him. (*Turning away.*) Oh, my God! What a joke it all is!

A moment later Westcourt and Irma arrive. Westcourt sees Kittens first and angrily demands an explanation from Naughton, which the latter freely gives. He has done his best to keep Kittens away and he would be very grateful if her father will use his parental authority to control her.

Kittens is still rebellious and dramatically calls her father's attention to her mother. Westcourt is relieved rather than shocked by the sight of Ethel, believing that she is there for the purpose of saving her daughter. But he is soon undeceived as to that. Kittens tells him of what she has overheard and what she has seen; of Jerry's confession of love for Buddy and of his kissing her. And Ethel has quite calmly confirmed her daughter's statement.

ETHEL — What I want you to think doesn't matter, because you'll think as you like anyway. But the facts are very simple. I came here today because I knew that you and Kittens had returned from White Sulphur Springs; and I also heard, indirectly, that she was here in Mr. Naughton's house. I came over to see if it was

true. I foolishly thought that she might need me. It seems that she didn't. That's all there is to it.

JERRY — No, not all. I have something to add to that.

WESTCOURT — You — You're a dirty blackguard.

JERRY — That's merely your point of view, but it doesn't prevent my being entitled to my say since I am the most involved party in these proceedings.

WESTCOURT — I suppose you're going to deny everything that has been said.

JERRY — On the contrary, I want to confirm it. All that Mrs. Westcourt has told you is true. This is the first time that she has ever been in my apartment and her visit here today was quite unexpected. As for Kittens here — she's a nice enough kid, but I'm not in love with her and never have been. And I meant my promise never to see her again. As a matter of fact, I didn't know that either of you had returned from White Sulphur until I got home this evening and found her here. She had been drinking cocktails and making a damned nuisance of herself. (*As Kittens makes a movement.*) I'm sorry, my dear, but you may as well have the truth. (*Continuing to Westcourt.*) And you will oblige me very much hereafter by using your authority or whatever it is that a parent uses to keep a wilful child where she belongs — at home.

KITTENS — Jerry Naughton, that's the most contemptible thing I ever heard a man say.

WESTCOURT — I agree with you.

JERRY — Why not face facts? You know — all this talk of unprotected bachelors like myself pursuing women and trying to get them into their clutches is a lot of damned nonsense. Nine times out of ten it's the women who pursue us. They have neither ethics nor morals — and damned little sportsmanship. Once they get their eyes on an attractive man they take every advantage of their sex to round him up, and — (*with a*

glance at Kittens) — the younger they are the less compunction they have about doing it. Oh, I admit that doesn't apply to all men but I assure you that has been my own experience.

IRMA (*sarcastically*) — You just hate yourself, don't you?

JERRY — No. Why should I? (*Indicating Westcourt.*) He knows that what I say is true — you all know it, but it isn't good form to admit it. We have such a chivalrous idea of our women. Now take our present situation — Kittens here has contrived to place me in a most unpleasant position through no fault of my own.

KITTENS — Deny that you ever made love to me.

JERRY — You dreamed it.

KITTENS — You cad!

JERRY — There you are — that's what I mean. If she can't do it in one way, she'll do it in another. This town is infested with a bunch of very dangerous kids — just out of the cradle — whose parents seem to be too busy to warn them against playing with fire and something ought to be done about it.

Westcourt has some difficulty restraining his anger. Of one thing he is convinced: Whatever settlement they may agree upon as to their future relations, Naughton's room is no place for further discussion. He demands that Ethel come with him at once, and if she does not she must take the consequences.

ETHEL — Don't threaten me, Hughie.

WESTCOURT — You'll only have yourself to blame.

ETHEL — Oh, stop talking about it. There was a time when I feared as well as respected you — when your slightest desire was a command — when my one thought was to please you — to make you happy. But all that has passed. "Times have changed," as you so aptly phrased it when I called your attention to Kittens' conduct. I have become a woman of today. I have be-

come a dancing mother. I have begun to step out with my foot on the gas and I like it, Hughie. So take this precious daughter of ours and yourself — home. I'm going to stay here and see what life is all about.

WESTCOURT (*incredulously*) — I wouldn't have believed it. After all these years — to think that you would have deceived me like this.

ETHEL — Deceived you? You've deceived me every day, every month. You've been dishonest with me for years. You never gave me a thought. What did it matter what I was doing, or how I was spending my time, so long as you pursued your pleasurable way. It never occurred to you that I needed care and love — the kind of love that every woman craves.

WESTCOURT — I've explained all that to you.

ETHEL — But you lied about it, Hughie. "The woman of forty becomes the High-Priestess of her sex." A beautiful line, Hughie, but it isn't true. I've found out that life isn't over at forty; that it has only just begun; that a woman can still feel and thrill to the same desires that she had at twenty.

WESTCOURT (*looking at Jerry*) — You mean that this man ——

ETHEL — Yes. He has proved it to me — he has held me in his arms — he has kissed me — he loves me.

WESTCOURT (*enraged*) — You wanton!

KITTENS — Daddy!

WESTCOURT — Be quiet. (*To Ethel.*) That's all I need to hear. It confirms everything that I have suspected. If that is what you want, go to him — gratify your desires — your love of thrills, because I don't want you. After what you've just said there can never be anything between us again — ever.

ETHEL — A-ha! It's all in the point of view, isn't it, Hughie?

WESTCOURT — So far as I am concerned you may consider yourself free from this moment. I will put nothing

in the way of your separation or (*with a scathing glance at Jerry*) your thrills.

KITTENS (*protesting*) — But, Daddy ——

WESTCOURT — Come, Kittens. (*He goes out.*)

KITTENS — I'm awfully sorry, Buddy. (*She comes down to her mother.*) I don't know why I was so stupid. Please forgive me — won't you?

"Ethel glances at her with contempt and then turns away. Kittens hesitates a moment and turns with a look of bewilderment. As she sees Jerry she draws back slightly; then, with a sob, she turns quickly and goes out."

Curtain.

ACT IV

A week later, in the Westcourt home, Kittens and her boy friend, Kenneth, surprise the servants preparing lunch for Hugh Westcourt and a stranger. Kittens had not expected her father home and she thinks she had better stay and see who is coming. She doesn't propose to have him getting into any more trouble.

She is still bitter against her mother. "There's some excuse for me," she explains. "I'm young and inexperienced, but Mother is old enough to know better. I don't want to seem hard on her, Kenneth, but she's hurt Daddy cruelly. He's suffering. He doesn't sleep. I can hear him pacing up and down the room half the night. He loved her, Kenneth — he thinks he still loves her. (*With a deep sigh.*) It's a terrible thing to love and be betrayed . . . I know it's awful to speak of my mother in this way, but there's no use blinding ourselves to facts."

When Westcourt comes he admits the luncheon and the stranger and he doesn't want Kittens to stay. His guest is to be Gerald Naughton. Kittens is doubly surprised

at this, but it is her father's idea that what he wishes to say to Naughton can much better be said there than any other place.

When Naughton comes Kittens greets him coldly and flares out of the room. Westcourt is plainly upset but courteous. He has asked Naughton to come that they may talk the situation over, particularly in reference to the report that Ethel is sailing for Europe the end of the week. He doesn't want her to go. He wants her to come back to her home and her daughter. And if Naughton will meet him half way he believes that it can be so arranged. Ethel has refused to see him.

But Naughton can see no hope of such a plan, and he certainly is in no mood to be bribed. He truly and sincerely loves Ethel and he believes she loves him.

WESTCOURT — My dear man, what my wife is suffering from is resentment against me and that feeling always begets a desire for revenge. You are merely the instrument chosen to gratify it. She couldn't care for a man like you.

JERRY — In what way are you better than I am?

WESTCOURT — Be serious — please.

JERRY — I may be all that you think me, but everything is comparative in this world, and judged by that standard, I am no worse than you.

WESTCOURT — What?

JERRY — I had nothing to begin with — just a good appearance and my wits — which I have used to the best advantage. But you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth — family — breeding — all the money you could use. You won the love of the finest woman in the world and married her. She gave you a child — a wonderful home. You had everything a man could ask for — and yet — you fell for Irma.

WESTCOURT — That's all over and done with.

JERRY — You not only cheated your wife, Westcourt,

you cheated yourself. And I never did that. I was always on the level with myself — that is why I think I'm better than you are.

WESTCOURT — What has all this to do with my wife?

JERRY — Just this. I think it is about time you thought about her and her happiness.

WESTCOURT — Are you thinking of it?

JERRY — I am. If she tells me that she doesn't love me and that her happiness is here with you, I'll take myself out of her life. Will you do as much?

WESTCOURT — No, damn it, I won't.

JERRY (*triumphantly*) — Ah, there you are!

WESTCOURT — Because I don't believe it would mean her happiness. In her present condition she doesn't know what she wants and I'm not going to let her make a damn fool of herself.

Mrs. Massarene is calling. She has come to ask if Westcourt has any objection to Ethel taking a few of her personal things from her rooms. Ethel is outside in the car and Westcourt would like to talk with her, but Mrs. Massarene is afraid that if she sees him she will bolt.

It is finally agreed, largely at Naughton's suggestion, that the Westcourts be left alone to have the talk Hugh desires. "We are both agreed that it is her happiness we want, and that being so, Mr. Westcourt should be given an opportunity to speak to her — providing he will abide by her decision in the matter." To which Westcourt agrees.

Ethel does not try to avoid the interview. She is quite clear in her own mind as to what she will do, and why. She will carry through her plan to sail for Europe Saturday, because she is convinced it is the best thing to do.

WESTCOURT — The best thing for whom?

ETHEL — For myself of course.

WESTCOURT — What about me? What about your daughter?

ETHEL — I should think you would both be glad to have me out of the way.

WESTCOURT — Don't be idiotic! You're still my wife.

ETHEL — A mere technicality.

WESTCOURT — Well, you're still Catherine's mother, or do you consider that a mere technicality as well?

ETHEL — Where is all this leading us to, Hugh? What do you want of me?

WESTCOURT — I want you to come back home where you belong. You've no right to go trapesing about in this irresponsible manner.

ETHEL — Surely you wouldn't have me come back after all that has happened. What would your friends say? Where is your pride? Your self-respect?

WESTCOURT — Gone — gone with everything else. I haven't an ounce of pride left. I realize now that you've become a habit and that I can't do without you. Oh, don't look so startled. One can't go on loving the same woman for twenty years and not miss her when she leaves. Come back, Ethel. I shan't reproach you for what you've done. Come back and both forget it and start all over.

ETHEL — That's very generous of you, Hughie, but I'm afraid I can't change my plans now.

WESTCOURT — You mean on account of this fellow Naughton?

ETHEL — That sounds suspiciously like jealousy.

WESTCOURT — Why deny it? I *am* jealous. But even if I were not, I would still feel it my duty to prevent you making a damn fool of yourself.

ETHEL — So it's only a matter of duty, eh?

WESTCOURT — Duty and loyalty to one's own. I must protect you from yourself. (*Starting for door.*) Let me tell Mrs. Massarene to go back alone.

ETHEL (*restraining him quickly*) — Please don't do that. She would only have to send the car back for me and that would be such a waste of time.

WESTCOURT — You persist in carrying out your mad intentions?

ETHEL — I have no alternative. I can't come back here.

WESTCOURT — Why not? I've asked you to. I've humbled myself, and will continue to do so. Don't you see how awful it is going to be without you, Ethel? Just Kittens and myself here — alone.

ETHEL (*after a moment's pause*) — It was only a few short weeks ago that you and your daughter left me here to dine alone after you and I had tried to discuss my problems. You weren't very helpful, Hughie, nor did you consider then that I might have found my home empty without you. You were very anxious to return to town despite the fact that you had only been here a very few minutes.

WESTCOURT — It was business.

ETHEL — It was Philadelphia. (*As Westcourt moves startled.*) Yes, Hughie, I knew where you were going. I had always known and it seemed to me then that I had been thinking of your comfort — your happiness — long enough. It was time to think of my own. Like most men, you forget that women react to the same impulses — the same emotions as you do, but we usually have an incentive that restrains us. In my case, it was loyalty to you and duty to my daughter. That incentive has been taken from me, therefore I feel as free now to follow my own desires as you did that night.

WESTCOURT — You mean that you no longer care?

ETHEL — I mean exactly what I say, Hughie. I am free and my only duty now is to myself. That's why I am going.

WESTCOURT — I don't believe it, and even if it's true, I shan't let you — do you hear? (*He seizes her by the*

wrists and draws her to him.) You belong here and here you are going to stay.

ETHEL — Hughie!

WESTCOURT — Even if I have to use force. I shan't let you go. Not to that man, or to any other. You belong to me and I'm going to hold you in spite of everything. (*She looks up at him eagerly, with lips parted, for a moment she has the wild longing that he will clasp her to his breast and cover her face with kisses, but Westcourt is not conscious of this, and sees only in her expression defiance. Suddenly he allows his hold to relax and draws away as if ashamed of his conduct.*) I'm sorry I lost control of myself. (*He tears away and then, after a pause.*) I've behaved very badly. I have no right to ask you to make any sacrifices for me. You are quite right about everything you have said. Make any plans you please — I'll do nothing to stop you, even to helping you gain your freedom.

Kittens is back while Ethel is gathering her clothes together in her room. She finds her father sitting sadly with his face in his hands, and hears his report of his failure to change Ethel's mind. She thinks perhaps if she talks with her mother her arguments will have more weight.

But she, too, finds Ethel unmovable. Even though Kittens confesses that she feels herself to blame for everything.

KITTENS — I'm not ashamed to admit that everything was my own fault. You were right and I was wrong. I suppose it's something that every young girl has to go through, but I've had my lesson. I've been punished. Don't you think we can call it quits?

ETHEL — By all means. I have no wish to punish you.

KITTENS — But you are punishing me.

ETHEL — How?

KITTENS — By going away and leaving me like this. What will the other girls think? What will everybody say? Don't you see the position in which you are placing me?

ETHEL — Isn't that rather a selfish thought?

KITTENS — Yes; but then I am selfish — so are you — so is everybody, when it comes to that. But I'll try not to be as selfish as I have been if you will stay. I promise I shan't hurt you again. Won't you please stay, Mumsey? (*At the mention of the word "Mumsey" Ethel instinctively closes her eyes for a second, and then reaches out to take Kittens' hand.*)

ETHEL — That's the first time you've called me Mumsey in ever so long. You don't know how happy it made me to hear you say it again. (*She pauses.*) I don't want you to feel that you are in any way to blame for what has happened. It wasn't you — it wasn't your father. It was just the fault of a condition that has been allowed to come about of itself. And now it has to be allowed to cure itself in the same way. You see, I've been unhappy so long that now that I have the chance for some happiness — I don't want to risk losing it. For a moment you almost tempted me, but I mustn't give in. If I did everything would soon be the same again, so don't think badly of your mumsey if she sails away. It's best for all of us.

KITTENS — It's not, Mumsey, it's not. (*Feeling that she has the advantage, she holds her mother's hand securely.*) We can all be happy again — much happier than we've ever been — I know it. All the things that I've so foolishly forgotten will come back and make us so.

ETHEL — What things?

KITTENS — Oh, dreams — memories.

ETHEL — You're too young to have memories, dear.

KITTENS — Every girl must have memories of her mother. Why I can remember how I felt when you first

led me to school and how the other girls envied me because my mother was so beautiful. And later — I used to dream of the future and tell myself how much I wanted to be like her — to be just as kind and gracious — and sweet and wholesome — and to be always a lady. Don't you remember, dear? Just a short time ago you told me that we had a certain position to uphold — that we must set an example to others. (*Almost tearfully.*) Darling, don't disappoint me now. Don't disappoint my beautiful dream of you — don't make me ashamed of my mother — don't, Mumsey — don't, please don't! (*She bends over her mother's hands almost sobbing.*)

ETHEL (*has an inclination to take Kittens in her arms but restrains herself. After a moment's pause, she withdraws her hands, rises, and says almost coldly.*) For a moment you almost tempted me, but I mustn't give in. If I did, everything would soon be the same again. Besides the hurt is too deep and it will take time to forget. (*As Kittens makes an appealing movement.*) I know I'm right, dear. (*Then, turning to Andrew, who enters down L.*) Did you find the box, Andrew?

ANDREW — Yes, ma'am. It was in the storeroom.

ETHEL — Good. (*She gathers up some lingerie and crosses to Andrew.*) Then throw these things in it and have it put in the car. (*Andrew exits.*) (*Ethel picks up her gloves, throws her wrap over her arm, as Hugh enters through window.*)

ETHEL (*to Kittens*) — Well, good-by, dear. (*Kittens rises, making a forward movement, then, restraining herself, turns abruptly up-stage. Ethel shakes her head sadly and then looks at Hugh.*) Good-by, Hughie.

WESTCOURT (*crosses to her slowly*) — You won't change your mind?

ETHEL — I'm sure that what I am doing is best. (*She offers him her hand, which he takes. Then, withdrawing it quickly, she says huskily.*) Good-by. (*Turns*

quickly and exits down L. Westcourt advances slowly to chair to L. of table.)

KITTENS (*turning emotionally*) — I thought it was because of what I had done and said to her that night; but now I see that she's just selfish — it's her own pleasure — her own happiness — that's all that counts with her.

WESTCOURT — I wish you wouldn't say any more, Kittens.

KITTENS — We may as well face the truth, Daddy. Our Buddy has gone. She has taken herself out of our lives, and now we only have each other. (*She goes to her father and kneels at his side.*) I know you feel badly, Daddy, but don't you mind — I'll never leave you. (*Suddenly.*) Perhaps we could go somewhere ourselves and you'll forget all about her. (*Westcourt shakes his head.*) You don't know how much I love you, Daddy dear. Nobody will ever take your place with me.

They turn and face toward the window as they hear the sound of the automobile leaving. As it dies away they look at each other and suddenly Kittens lets her head fall in her father's lap and sobs convulsively.

Curtain.

THE END

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne

AMONG the minor dramatic successes of the year was that of "Mrs. Partridge Presents," a comedy echoing vaguely those plays of the previous season concerned with the problems and protests of the younger generation.

"Mrs. Partridge," produced by Guthrie McClintic at the Belmont Theatre January 5, is the first work of two young authoresses, Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne, both of whom have had stage experience. Its story is drawn obviously from their most recent observations and convictions and the result is a sane and humorous preachment on the determination of parents to rule and the rebellion of their enlightened offspring against the attempted and often unreasoning domination of its immediate forbears.

The Partridges — Maisie, the mother, and Philip and Delight, her two children, eighteen and twenty — live in a New York apartment near Washington Square. Here, in their comfortable living room, we meet them one morning early in October.

Philip, dutiful son, is working at his drawing with charcoal on large sheets of white paper. From time to time he uses Ellen, the forty-year-old housekeeper, as a model. This added duty interferes somewhat with Ellen's straightening up the room, but she is used to that.

Delight, who expects to be an actress, is still in bed. It is near eleven o'clock, but Delight rehearsed until all hours the night before and is entitled to her rest.

Still it is Ellen's opinion that she should be called. She had left word that she had plans for the day. "She

didn't rightly tell me what her plans were," Ellen admits to Philip, "she is growing away from me. She don't confide in me like she used to. But that's neither here nor there. I'll go fix her tray. And Mr. Philip, couldn't you play a little tune on the piano — so she could wake up natural?"

Philip does better than that. He shouts lustily, and Delight, still rubbing her sleepy eyes, but prettily clad in a lovely kimono, dashes in to answer the phone. So peremptory a summons could not have been inspired by anything less important than a phone call. She is irritated and disappointed when she finds no one on the line.

DELIGHT — Well, what did you call me for?

PHILIP — I? I didn't call you.

DELIGHT — You did, too! I was sound asleep and you said, "Delight! the telephone!" I heard you distinctly.

PHILIP — You must have been dreaming.

DELIGHT — I'm hungry. Ellen, bring me some coffee. (*She settles herself on the couch.*) Philip, hand me that cushion.

PHILIP — Where do you think you are? In the movies? (*He stuffs the cushion behind her head. Ellen enters with a cup of coffee.*)

ELLEN — Will you have your breakfast in bed, Miss Delight?

DELIGHT — No, I'll wait for lunch.

ELLEN — That's a good idea. I'll start it now. (*She exits.*)

DELIGHT — Why didn't you go to school today?

PHILIP — I'm so far ahead I thought I'd give the rest a chance to catch up.

DELIGHT — Goodness, you're lazy! How do you ever expect to be a portrait painter if you don't work at it? Look at the years I worked to become an actress. I never missed a day of dramatic school.

PHILIP — Oh, you have had a hard life, you have. The whole family puts its shoulder to your wheel. You don't call acting work, do you?

DELIGHT — It's a life work. I know I've still got a lot to learn, but so have you. Not that you seem to care.

PHILIP — What's the rush?

DELIGHT — Take this cup out to the kitchen, will you, Philip?

PHILIP — Take it out yourself. Put it on the table.

DELIGHT — I have some one coming in. I would like to have the house look well.

PHILIP — Who is coming?

DELIGHT — No one you know. Sydney Armstead.

PHILIP — Does Maisie know him?

DELIGHT — No, he isn't anybody important.

PHILIP — I thought Maisie asked you not to go out with people she doesn't know.

DELIGHT — I am not going out. Sydney's coming in. Maisie has no objection to my having a young man in for a moment.

PHILIP — Not if she picks him.

DELIGHT — Maisie is always saying that I must have some recreation.

PHILIP — What is he? An acrobat?

DELIGHT — My mother understands me. That is more than you do. Life is never easy for an artist, even at home.

With this statement Philip is in complete agreement. And he knows.

Stephen Applegate, who is Maisie's lawyer, has called for what, to Stephen, is an important conference. "He is a tall, middle-aged man, with a kind, shy manner. He has a mop of hair and a shaggy mustache streaked with gray. He isn't a romantic figure, perhaps, but he has his dreams and somehow one senses this and respects him for it."

The children regard Stephen as a loyal friend whose interest in their mother's business may be and probably is, slightly stimulated by his greater interest in Maisie herself. The suggestion amuses Philip, and he would not be surprised if something came of so obvious a friendship. But Delight resents the suggestion.

"No decent woman falls in love after she is thirty-seven," she insists. "It isn't done."

"If it isn't done, Maisie'll do it," Philip counters. "Anyway, you are dead wrong, Delight. This young stuff is all imitation. It is forty years and over that appreciates the subtleties of emotional excitement."

"How disgusting. You talk like a suppressed book."

But Philip is not convinced. Maisie, married at seventeen herself, may consider marriage childish, but she will get over that.

When, a moment later, Maisie dashes in she finds her young son utilizing her attorney as a model, and she assumes from the pose that Stephen is representing a subway straphanger. Which is wrong. This happens to be the day that Philip is "doing arms."

And doing them quite well, considering, Maisie thinks, as she goes over the drawings critically. She is fearfully anxious that Philip should get along with his art work. And much more interested in his sketches now than she can possibly be in any business proposition such as Stephen is eager to discuss with her. What are leases and extensions and such things to a mother with an embryo Whistler in the house?

In fact Maisie is much more interested in her son's career than he appears to be himself. At the moment, for example, he is determined to cut his afternoon classes and spend the time at the shipyards with a man he met in the subway who works in the Navy Yard. Which his mother cannot understand at all. Just why Philip should always be "wanting to hang around somewhere waiting for something to fall on him" is beyond her.

Besides she does not approve of his picking up acquaintances like that. And when he reminds her that it is a family trait, seeing that she talks to everybody, she replies that with her it is different. "I'm a woman," she explains, quite simply. "Besides I don't make dates with them."

Maisie finally agrees that Philip may go to the shipyards if she goes with him, and she will be ready to take him directly after lunch. Being put back in the child class does not exactly thrill Philip, but he sulkily agrees. And then Maisie is ready for the business matter which is worrying her attorney. At least she is nearly ready. She must talk a bit about her children first.

MAISIE — . . . Oh, Stephen, doesn't it seem too good to be true?

STEPHEN — Why, what?

MAISIE — Everything. My children, I suppose I meant. They let me live my life over again, only now I can do all the things I ever wanted to do. They are correcting all my mistakes. Do you suppose all children turn out so perfectly?

STEPHEN — No, I should think not. Please look at that article. (*Now Maisie knows perfectly well what is in the article. She has been wondering for days how to tell Stephen, and she is still wondering.*)

MAISIE — Give me a minute to draw breath. Business is always there. I come home to remember that my life is really well-ordered and calm and lovely. Although for a person who should have been an actress, or an artist of some sort, my business turned out very well, don't you think?

STEPHEN — I did think so until I read that paper.

MAISIE — Now, don't keep trying to upset me. You know I am not complacent often. You ought to be glad.

STEPHEN — I think you are the most incorrigibly romantic person I ever saw.

MAISIE — In what way?

STEPHEN — About everything. About your children.

MAISIE (*coldly*) — My children? Explain.

STEPHEN — I'm not criticizing you, I think it is charming.

MAISIE — What's charming?

STEPHEN — I only wondered — you sacrifice so much for them, how can you be so sure that they really want to be these things? As much as you did, when you were younger.

MAISIE — What do you mean? Of course they do.

STEPHEN — I have often wondered if Delight really wanted to be an actress as much as you think she does.

MAISIE — Why, of course she does.

STEPHEN — How do you know?

MAISIE — I know because I wanted to be one myself. Don't be tiresome. Hasn't the child worked all her life for it? I never saw such courage and determination. And as for Philip — when Philip was a little boy of three he colored every picture he could lay his hands on, with a box of cheap crayons.

STEPHEN — So did I. I don't want to argue with you, but Philip has never seemed to me quite the type for an artist.

MAISIE — Good Lord! Is Art something you wear in the tie, Stephen? Do you know that when Philip was six years old he drew a picture of some fish and he went to every store in the neighborhood trying to sell it? I didn't know anything about it until long afterwards. Doesn't that prove anything?

STEPHEN — It does, if he sold it.

Maisie admits that that may be funny, but she can't see it. And now, at last, she is ready to talk business. What's all the trouble?

The trouble, it appears, is a report from Paris, printed in *Women's Wear*, that La Montaigne, a famous French

milliner, is to open a shop in the same building with Maisie in the spring. And Maisie confirms the rumor.

"Stephen, if there is one thing New York needs it is hats. Stephen, I wish you had seen the terrible hats I saw on Fifth Avenue coming down. They actually made me sick. There should be a law about it. A good hat is just as important to the morals of the country as a clean book."

The mere fact that she had not taken her associates into her confidence concerning this proposed importation does not impress Maisie as being at all important. And though, in her excitement, she has some little trouble making Stephen understand just what she has done, she finally gets it over.

MAISIE — It is very simple. I am explaining it to you. When I leased that new building next door to keep out competition, we didn't expect it to remain idle for six months. When I wanted to use it for workrooms you said, you remember, Stephen, that the business didn't warrant additional workrooms. You reminded me that I am a conservative dressmaking firm that doesn't go in for splurging. I agreed with you. You remember, Stephen?

STEPHEN — I remember — but what ——

MAISIE — Let me finish. Of course, I always take your advice, and if you thought the business did not warrant extra workrooms, you must be right. So all I could see to do was to put in hats and increase the business.

STEPHEN — And the expenses.

MAISIE — For a little while, perhaps. That's why I didn't talk it over with you at the beginning. You see, I always planned that when I put in hats it would be an event — one grand overture.

STEPHEN — But you didn't have to import a whole establishment.

MAISIE — Stupid! That is just the charm of the whole

idea. Paris! Stephen, on Fifty-fifth Street! After all, every dressmaker in New York has a few stray French hats standing about waiting to be reduced, but nobody has a real, live French milliner running her own little shop here and in Paris at the same time. Arriving every fall and spring — bringing her own girls — making her own hats right here in New York on the customers' heads; with appointments and fittings and French conversation, just the way they do it in Paris — and twice as expensive!

STEPHEN — But costing you five times as much.

MAISIE — Stephen, you old bat, don't you see she will be a sensation? And every single customer that wants a La Montaigne hat will have to pass through Maisie Partridge's showroom to get it.

STEPHEN — Well, I hope you get away with it.

MAISIE — Why, Stephen, if that doesn't keep our workrooms going for the next ten years why — I'm wrong, Stephen. You don't suppose I can be wrong? I am never wrong, am I? Well, hardly ever.

STEPHEN — Almost never. (*He smiles a little.*)

MAISIE — And aren't you a little proud of me for working it all out by myself?

STEPHEN — Well, Maisie, I'd be a little prouder if you had told me yesterday. You have made an awful fool out of me.

Stephen, it appears, pursuant to a previous understanding with Maisie, had drawn up leases to another firm and they have signed them. Now he is obliged to go back to them and tell them the arrangement is cancelled. And his only excuse that Mrs. Partridge has changed her mind. It isn't business — but ——

The conference is broken by the arrival of Katherine Everett, a friend of Delight's and the despair of her mother. Katherine is the type frequently classified by the keener flappers of her age, and more particularly by their brothers, as a Dumb Dora. She is not all of that, but appearances are frequently against her.

At the moment she admits being "full of rude health," and her immediate friendliness for Stephen Applegate is evidence that she is not at all man shy. She is also perfectly thrilled a moment later when she and Delight are alone and the fact that Sydney Armstead is expected has been revealed to her. She can hardly believe her ears.

KATY — Not really! Is *he* your new flirt? I must know all.

DELIGHT — There isn't anything to tell. This will be the first time he has even come to see me.

KATY — Oh, dear, and I have to go. You know how Mother is. Is he very attractive?

DELIGHT — Yes, he is, as a matter of fact. He has a sort of scientific farm in Westchester.

KATY — How fascinating! Where did you meet him?

DELIGHT — On Long Island. At the Tracy's dance, week before last. He's a cousin of theirs.

KATY — I know he is. I knew I should have gone to that dance, but a distant aunt of Mother's died and left me five hundred dollars, and Mother didn't think I ought to go.

DELIGHT — You told me. He brought me home. He has a marvelous car. An enormous one, my dear.

KATY — How fascinating! How many times have you seen him since?

DELIGHT — Once from the top of the bus. He saw me, too. We just stared at each other until we got near enough to wave. I didn't see him again until yesterday. I was passing the Plaza on my way from rehearsal, and whom should I see going in the door ——! So — I went in to buy a magazine.

KATY — Did you run into him?

DELIGHT — Well, wait a minute. I walked down to the grill and there he was sitting in the corner with that awful red-haired girl who is visiting Eloise.

KATY — Oh, I think she's attractive. (*Delight silences her with a look and continues.*)

DELIGHT — I pretended to be looking for somebody. He saw me finally and came right over to speak to me. I said I'd promised to meet you — I hope you don't mind? He said he was going to be passing today and could he come in for a minute.

KATY — It sounds serious to me. What about your career? You've always said you'd never marry.

DELIGHT — Of course, I can never be *too* serious. My work will always be the first thing in my life. Besides, I couldn't disappoint Maisie. But, Katy — he is so sweet!

KATY — Do you think he'll ask you to marry him?

DELIGHT — Well, I don't know. He kissed me.

KATY — Delight!

DELIGHT — His eyes are blue.

KATY — They always are.

DELIGHT — It was at the dance. We sat on those steps near the water — and there was a moon. We neither of us could think of anything to say, but finally he asked me if I knew anything about farming.

KATY — Really?

DELIGHT — He is awfully intelligent.

KATY — Oh, it's the most romantic thing I ever heard.

DELIGHT — Well, he has a farm. I told you, of course. Well, we were looking at each other and suddenly he kissed me.

KATY — Oh, how beautiful!

DELIGHT — He just sort of grabbed me and said, "Darling!" and kissed me.

KATY — Delight, I am so thrilled. Did you mind?

DELIGHT — I adored it.

KATY — Well, I am dying to meet him.

DELIGHT — Wouldn't you think he'd call me up the next day? Katy, it haunts me day and night for fear he has forgotten it.

KATY — Oh, don't be silly, Delight. You are not the kind of girl that men take lightly. Imagine you in love!

As to being in love, Delight is not absolutely certain. Anyway, if she were she realizes that Maisie would object to her marrying. Or to anything that would interfere with her career.

Maisie does not know about Sydney's coming, but she soon learns. Katy and Phil see to that when Maisie notices Delight's apparent restlessness. The news is not particularly pleasing to Maisie, but being a philosophical mother, and reasonably experienced in such matters, she feels quite able to cope with the new interest. Particularly after she learns that young Mr. Armstead is by way of being a sort of scientific farmer up Westchester way.

Sydney's arrival, though delayed, is eventually announced. He is a good-looking, conventional young man, and as he makes his entrance into the room he is plainly flustered at finding the family too solidly banked around it. Nor does the fact that Maisie insists upon calling him "Mr. Armitage," or "Mr. Armstrong" when she forgets the "Armitage," serve to add to his composure.

His late arrival is easily explained. He had engine trouble and a broken fan belt — and ——

But he finds it a bit difficult to go into details with Katy frequently interrupting him in her desire to find a friend in whom they may be mutually interested, and Maisie's evident determination to maneuver the conversation into channels of her own selection. He is considerably relieved when Philip goes to call a taxi for Katy, called home by her mother, who is "simply breathing flames" over the phone, and when Maisie finds it necessary to speak to Ellen in the kitchen.

DELIGHT — Don't you think my mother is wonderful?

SYDNEY — Yes, but do you know, I was awfully surprised.

DELIGHT — Surprised? Why, what do you mean?

SYDNEY — She is not at all like your mother.

DELIGHT — I don't think mothers are much like their daughters nowadays.

SYDNEY — She seems awfully young. I don't think she likes me.

DELIGHT (*alarmed*) — What makes you think so?

SYDNEY — She made me feel kind of flat — about bringing you home from that dance.

DELIGHT — Don't worry about it. She was only surprised. You see, I forgot to mention it.

SYDNEY — You didn't forget you had gone, did you?

DELIGHT — Oh, Sydney, no! (*Maisie enters.*)

MAISIE — Heavens knows when lunch will be ready. I left Ellen muttering under the stove. It seems the gas isn't all that it should be. (*Sinks comfortably into her chair.*) Tell me, Mr. Armstead, do you like farming, or did you inherit it?

SYDNEY — Well, yes and no.

MAISIE — Indeed?

SYDNEY — You see, I bought the farm from my uncle, but he died before I paid for it.

DELIGHT — Sydney, didn't you pay his heirs?

SYDNEY — I was his heirs.

DELIGHT — I intended to tell you. I ran across a book on scientific heating in the Public Library ——

MAISIE — What on earth were you doing there?

DELIGHT — Why — why — I — often go in for an hour.

MAISIE — I never know what Delight will do next. Such a carefree, irresponsible child. I confess I envy her when I see her in her little red suit dancing along the Avenue.

DELIGHT — Maisie! You'd think I was a monkey.

MAISIE — You are like an autumn leaf, my dear —

blown by the wind — perhaps at last to come to rest beside some great boulder — though I hope not.

SYDNEY — Still, the love of a good man ——

MAISIE —Why can't we think of something amusing until lunch is ready. (*She becomes delicately insulting.*) Delight, I'm sure he plays parchesi.

As a matter of fact Sydney does play parchesi, and accepts the invitation with enthusiasm, even in the face of Delight's poorly disguised disgust.

It is during the parchesi match, which is for a dollar a side, the one farthest ahead at the luncheon call to take all, that Sydney learns that Delight intends to become an actress. Not a social success actress for the Junior League, but a regular actress in a regular play and a more or less regular theatre — in Brooklyn.

He can hardly believe it. It seems so strange that Maisie should want her daughter to go on the stage. It fusses him so he does a lot of his score-counting backwards. But he is reasonably reconciled to the idea by the time Ellen announces lunch.

And then at lunch word comes over the phone from Delight's booking agent that the sketch in which she is to appear is to open in the Brooklyn Theatre that afternoon and the excitement spreads.

Maisie is, if anything, more excited than her daughter. First she has to have the directions as to which ferries, subways, and surface cars to take to get to the theatre. Then she must see that Delight has her lunch and gives her brain a rest. Finally there is the packing of Delight's costumes and make-up to be attended to. Altogether Maisie is not herself.

Sydney, drawn into the confusion, manages to keep his wits enough to assure Delight that he really doesn't care so much. He is a little hurt that she did not tell him before, but he will forget that if she will promise not to do it again. And he will go to see her act. Better

than that, he will take her to the theatre in his car. And be back for her almost immediately. He has an errand to do first.

When Philip returns he finds the house still in something of an uproar. In fact, he rushes in much as though he suspected a murder. Ellen has been hearing Delight run over her part, and the young actress's vocalization has been perfect.

PHILIP — What's up? What's the matter?

DELIGHT — The matter? Why nothing.

PHILIP — Didn't you hear that screaming? I heard it at the corner.

ELLEN — Oh, that. That was only Miss Delight acting out her part. (*She exits.*)

PHILIP — Is that what you are going to do? No wonder they are putting movies in all the vaudeville houses.

DELIGHT — You don't know anything about it. The man who wrote the sketch said that judging from rehearsals my conception of the part would be a revelation.

PHILIP — I believe you — but is all the world your stage?

DELIGHT — Philip, we've got to open this afternoon.

PHILIP — Cheer up. They'll phone you that it's off at the last minute. They always do.

DELIGHT — No such luck. We open the bill.

PHILIP — What's happened to the trained dogs?

DELIGHT — I've got enough to worry about. (*Door bell rings.*) I'll answer. I — er — know who it is. It's — er — it's — er ——

PHILIP (*as he goes out*) — Well, whatever comes, I'm with you. (*Delight admits Sydney, who carries a florist's box in one hand.*)

SYDNEY — Here, good luck. Sort of tacky, bringing them myself, but I just thought of it.

DELIGHT — Oh, Sydney, is that where you went? How sweet of you. Sunset roses. How beautiful!

SYDNEY — Oh, that's all right. Say, Delight — We're pretty good friends, aren't we?

DELIGHT — Of course.

SYDNEY — Are you very keen about this stage business?

DELIGHT — Oh, yes, it's my life.

SYDNEY — Well, what I meant was, do you really intend to go on with it? Wait a minute! Would you consider ever giving it up? Wait a second! I mean — do you imagine — you might get married?

DELIGHT — Eventually, perhaps. How can I say? Actresses vary. I shall probably never marry.

SYDNEY —Do you like me?

DELIGHT — Of course I do, Sydney — and the roses are lovely.

SYDNEY — 'S all right, Delight. I hate to see you throw yourself away on the stage — I mean you are much too nice a girl. I wish I could tell you. I sound such an ass — why don't you marry me?

DELIGHT — Oh, I wish you had asked me yesterday.

SYDNEY —I didn't think of it yesterday.

DELIGHT — Well, I can't. Oh, Sydney, I don't want to wreck your life, but I am committed. I have got to go on now. You don't know what my work means — I hardly know myself. I don't believe I could give it up for any man. (*Her arms are full of flowers, her cheeks sparkling with joy and flushed with an anticipated triumph.*)

SYDNEY — Delight, I'm — I love you — do you? — don't you?

DELIGHT — I — yes, I do — kind of —— Oh, Sydney! (*He kisses her youthfully.*)

SYDNEY — Darling! (*Tries to think of something to say, fails, and repeats.*) Darling! (*There is a little pause.*) Will you, Delight, give it up?

DELIGHT — Are you sure you love me, Sydney? When did you know?

SYDNEY — When I kissed you that night at the party,

I knew then. But I didn't realize it until I saw you yesterday — until after you'd gone, in fact. You looked so — so — scared, somehow.

DELIGHT — Scared?

SYDNEY — Oh, you know — sort of young and pitiful. Oh, Delight, I could take care of you — I think I can make you happy.

DELIGHT (*in a low voice*) — I am now, if you — if you really —— (*Maisie enters. They draw apart and Delight hides her face in her flowers. Maisie is dressed for the street and carries Delight's bag in one hand.*)

MAISIE — Delight, darling, we must hurry. I have your bag. Here's your hat. We must rush for the nearest taxi. I couldn't find the extra collar, but you won't need it. We can't waste any more time. Kiss me. (*Delight kisses her obediently.*) All your life I've waited for this day. (*She sweeps Delight before her into the hall. Sydney follows them.*)

The curtain falls.

ACT II

A few months later, still in the same room, Delight is searching the family library for a suitable quotation to write in a copy of "Farm Problems of the Hour," which she has picked up at an old bookstore for Sydney.

Katherine Everett is with her and trying to help. But Katherine is not of great assistance. She thinks something manly, something virile should be written in that book. Something from Kipling, for instance.

"You know the one about 'If you can — something or other — and something — you'll be a man, my son,' " she thinks would be ideal. Or something from Service. 'I hailed me a woman from the streets, shameless, but, oh, so fair.' " But Delight balks at that.

Finally Delight decides on a plain "From Delight," and Katy is satisfied. "I think Sydney will like some-

thing of your own much better than a piece of poetry," she decides.

Delight's career on the stage, it transpires, has been a bit rudely interrupted. She was fired from the sketch in which she appeared in Brooklyn and she has been terribly depressed. But she is greatly encouraged now by a new job. She has joined a Repertory theatre, and, anyway, when Bernhardt first came to America some one threw an egg at her. The life of an artist is full of disillusion.

Delight is terribly in love with Sydney. "When I am with him I don't care about my career or anything," she confesses. Her mother has forbidden her seeing Sydney, but Katy has been sweetly sympathetic and understanding and has made it possible for them to continue their friendship by carrying notes between them and letting him call at her home to make engagements.

Sydney is still strongly opposed to a stage career for Delight, but that will be worked out in time. "Men expect you to be a star right away," Delight explains. "It wasn't my fault the play was a hit and they had to give up the repertory idea."

And now Delight has a great secret to impart — but Philip comes in and interrupts before she can confide it to Katy.

Delight tries to transfer her confidence to her brother. She would like to have Phil's endorsement of whatever it is she has in mind. But, like most brothers, he is not particularly interested. She would like to know, first, if Philip would approve if she were to give up her work — for a principle. But he doesn't understand.

DELIGHT — Well, do you think I'll ever make a success of acting? I mean a big success like Jane Cowl?

PHILIP — Who can tell? If you work hard and keep your mind on it — miracles can happen. Meanwhile, be sure you're right, then go ahead.

DELIGHT — Yes, I think that's true. Don't you believe in taking life as it hits you?

PHILIP — I don't even wait for it to hit me; I'm willing to go half way to meet it.

DELIGHT — Then you really think the thing for me to do is to get married and leave the stage?

PHILIP — Now, where did you get that?

DELIGHT — Phil — while we are talking I want to ask you something.

PHILIP — Well, ask me something easy this time.

DELIGHT — If I weren't your sister, would you be interested in me?

PHILIP — I'm not very interested in you as it is.

DELIGHT — What I mean is, if I should marry, do you think it will last?

PHILIP — What do you think I am, a fortune teller?

DELIGHT — He's so attractive. All the girls run after him.

PHILIP — Who, the principle?

DELIGHT — Don't try to be funny. What if he should find some one he liked better?

PHILIP — What if who should?

DELIGHT — Well, it's some one you know.

PHILIP — Steve Applegate?

DELIGHT — Certainly not. It's — it's Sydney.

PHILIP — That sap!

DELIGHT — He is not!

PHILIP — You mean to say that you are actually stuck on that synthetic farmer and his flivver.

DELIGHT — It's not a flivver, it's a Mercer. Anyway, it isn't exactly him — he — but he's mixed up in it.

PHILIP — I know you've been seeing a lot of him.

DELIGHT — How did you know?

PHILIP — Charlie Ludlow let it slip. He didn't mean to. It's none of my business. I like Sydney all right — but I don't want to see you make a fool of yourself.

DELIGHT — How dare you say that I am making a fool

of myself! I won't say another word. I won't tell you *anything*, you're so unsympathetic. You WORM my secrets out of me and then make fun of me.

PHILIP — Why, Delight, don't be silly. Go on and tell me.

DELIGHT — No, never mind, I'll make my own decisions. I've made them anyway, days ago.

Maisie is home and wildly excited. Something has happened to Maisie. First she must wire Todhunter and tell him she has changed her mind again about the lease. She will let him have the part of her building he wanted to rent. Then she must phone Stephen Applegate and acquaint him with her new plans. From Maisie's end of the conversation over the phone we gather that Stephen is not altogether pleased.

Whatever it is Maisie has in mind it is certain, she says, to make Delight gloriously happy. It is the one thing she (Delight) wants to do most. Then, says Delight, it must be that Maisie has lifted the ban against Sydney and she will be permitted to see him again. But that is not it at all. Maisie is through with Sydney, and she can't see why Delight should even want to have anything more to do with him after the way he acted the night the sketch was produced. Sydney, it appears, had gone out and drunk himself into a state bordering on helplessness. But that had not disgusted Delight at all.

"You know perfectly well he only got drunk because he saw me act," she declares.

The fact remains that he is no better than a drunkard, Maisie insists. And she does not intend her daughter shall continue her intimacy with such a man.

MAISIE — Delight, I will not talk about it. And you must put the whole unpleasant affair right out of your mind.

DELIGHT — If you would listen to me for three minutes ——

MAISIE — It is no use. I do not like that Armitage boy. I don't trust him. I — I don't want to hear his name mentioned again.

DELIGHT — That's not his name, anyway. It's ——

MAISIE — I don't care what it is, I don't want to hear it. It is not fair of you to upset me like this. You never behaved so about a boy before. I don't understand it.

DELIGHT — Didn't you ever expect me to grow up?

MAISIE — I wish you would. Instead, you behave like a child of six. (*She relents.*) Ah, darling, come here. I don't want to be hard on you. (*Delight comes unwillingly.*) Now, I have truly got a marvelous surprise for you.

DELIGHT (*sulky*) — What?

MAISIE — Guess.

DELIGHT — I can't.

MAISIE — Oh, Delight, you are so exasperating! Another part, of course.

DELIGHT — Oh — oh, what kind of a part?

MAISIE — A real part. A charming ingenue in an adorable comedy.

DELIGHT — Who is it with?

MAISIE — Cary Adams.

DELIGHT — But, Maisie, I went in to see him last week, you remember, and he said if he had anything at any time he thought I could do he would be glad to give me a chance at it, but as for the things he was doing this season — I wasn't the type.

MAISIE — Nevertheless, he has a part for you and you open in about a week — on Broadway. (*She beams upon Delight's horror-stricken face.*)

DELIGHT — Oh, Maisie, I couldn't do it! I haven't had enough experience.

MAISIE — Don't be silly. It's the principal ingenue. All you have to do is to be yourself and not try to put any expression in the lines.

DELIGHT — When would I have to begin?

MAISIE — Right away. Today.

DELIGHT (*in a panic*) — Oh, I can't, Maisie. Really, I couldn't.

MAISIE — Nonsense, Baby, you must.

DELIGHT — But you don't understand. I can't really.

MAISIE — Now let's not waste any more time. You'll have to hurry. They are going to rehearse the play at four o'clock just for you.

DELIGHT — I'll go in tomorrow morning.

MAISIE — Don't you understand? It opens in a week. It has got to be settled at once. You'll have to rehearse night and day, as it is. You'd never have had this chance, but, fortunately, the girl who was playing the part broke her leg yesterday and it was in the morning papers. It was fate that I saw it. I let everything go and arranged for you to have the part. You just have to go down, sign a contract, and begin to rehearse.

DELIGHT — Suppose he doesn't like me?

MAISIE — I have arranged all that. There is no question about it. Don't stand there like that. Hurry! Get your coat and hat and fly!

DELIGHT (*in an agony of indecision, tries to put Maisie off, but can find no words*) — If — if — you just let me ——

MAISIE (*firmly*) — Whatever you have to say can wait until you get back.

Maisie has gone to change her gown, with Ellen to help her, when suddenly Sydney Armstead calls. He is all dressed up, and he has come, accompanied by his friend, Charlie Ludlow, apparently to carry out a prearranged plan, and he is all excitement. Delight, however, with her mother still within earshot, is worried. She is frightened of the consequences if Maisie and Sydney should meet. But Sydney is not afraid. He feels brave today, and, anyway, it is too late to change their plans now.

Charlie Ludlow has also a second mission. He is a young bridge builder, and he has a chance on some construction work in Spain. He can get Philip a job as timekeeper or something, if Phil is game to go. Phil, called in by Delight, agrees that it is a great opportunity, but he is a little afraid Maisie will not approve — and he really would not like to do anything that might hurt Maisie.

"You can tell her that you are going to sketch," suggests Charlie. "Tell her that you feel you will never be an artist unless you go to Spain this year and draw toreadors."

"I didn't know you had this bug, too," interposes Sydney. "Delight behaves like that, but then she's a girl. No offense, old man, but you ought to get out and decide for yourself. You don't owe anything to a parent and don't let them kid you that you do."

This decides Philip, and he takes Ludlow with him to Applegate's office to enlist the co-operation of his mother's attorney in putting the plan over. They are to meet Sydney and Delight later.

But Delight, alone with Sydney, is again consumed with doubts. After all she does owe something to Maisie — and now that she has this new part for her with Cary Adams, and a chance on Broadway and everything —— But Sydney is peevish.

SYDNEY — You don't love me? It was all a mistake?

DELIGHT — Oh, I do love you. That's the worst of it all. Now don't say anything until I have finished. Please, Sydney. When you came in —— Sydney, Maisie has got me a job on the stage and I have got to go down this minute and see about it. (*Silence.*)

SYDNEY — Can I speak? (*Delight nods.*) Do you mean that you intend to go on? (*She nods.*) Well, you won't go! You'll come with me as you promised. Let me talk to your mother. Why didn't you tell her? What kind of a girl are you, anyway?

DELIGHT — All right, blame me. You can't understand that I have no control over this. Maisie has worked every minute of her life to get me this opportunity and I am not going to throw her down.

SYDNEY — You are going to throw me down instead?

DELIGHT — Wait a week or two — that isn't much to ask.

SYDNEY — And then in a week you'll put me off again. I am not going to spend the rest of my life hanging around for you to make up your mind. You gave me a promise — that you were through with the stage.

DELIGHT — I cannot disappoint Maisie.

SYDNEY — Why not be happy, Delight? Give up this agonizing for something you may not ever be. The women are happiest who lead normal protected lives.

DELIGHT — It isn't myself I have to consider. Maisie has worked all her life for me.

SYDNEY — Delight, listen to me. Your mother is a forceful, charming woman, but she will ruin your life if you let her. You can't even stand on your own feet because she has always made you lean on her. Your mind can't do without a prop. And she does it deliberately because it keeps her young.

DELIGHT — How dare you say such things to me about my mother.

SYDNEY — Let me say them to her — I'm dying for a chance.

DELIGHT — It wouldn't do any good. I have known her practically all my life and I guess I know her better than you do. Besides, you don't understand. It's a wonderful part and I only have to rehearse a week. Think of it! In a week I'll be on Broadway!

SYDNEY — Yeh. FOR a week.

DELIGHT — Well, anyway, Maisie will be satisfied then. Besides, I want to do it — to see if I can. Can't you understand that I WANT to do it a little?

SYDNEY — If you have made your choice what have I to say?

DELIGHT — Oh, Sydney, you make me feel just terrible!

SYDNEY — How do you think I feel? Walking around New York all day, all dressed up like Mrs. Astor's pony. (*Pause.*) Here, maybe you'd like your marriage license for a souvenir. (*He holds it out with a magnificent gesture which concludes lamely.*) I wish you'd take it. I don't like to just throw it away.

DELIGHT — Oh, Sydney, aren't we ever going to use it?

SYDNEY — Not unless we use it today. You said you would. You are just a fourflusher.

DELIGHT — You think I am? You don't love me?

SYDNEY — My God! Would I put up with all this if I didn't love you!

DELIGHT — Oh, Sydney! (*She is close to him now. He takes her in his arms.*) I don't know what to do.

SYDNEY — Let's have a little more courage, dear. Don't you see that unless we matter to each other more than anything else in the world, we don't matter at all? I'd give up anything for you, Delight, honest I would.

DELIGHT — Yes, I know, but I don't want you to.

SYDNEY — Sweet thing! Don't you think you care enough to give up this job?

DELIGHT — Yes.

SYDNEY — Then which of us will talk to Maisie?

DELIGHT — I will. Only you must leave me alone with her.

SYDNEY — I'll wait in my car at the corner, and if it is all right you wave from the window. I'll be watching. Buck up.

Delight continues to protest, but Sydney will not listen. He is going back to the car and he will wait there ten minutes for her signal from the window. He is gone before she can protest further.

In her extremity Delight takes Ellen into her confidence, and soon she is weeping on the sympathetic shoulder of the housekeeper. Ellen is all for folks being human, and doing the thing that nature and their hearts prompt them to do. "As if raising a family wasn't all a woman was put on earth for," comforts Ellen. "I don't want to butt in, child, but you just foller your own heart and you can't go far wrong."

With this endorsement Delight dries her eyes and decides to have it out with Maisie. She tells her mother that she finally has decided not to take the part Cary Adams has offered; that she has another engagement for that afternoon and intends keeping it.

Maisie refuses to listen to any such foolishness. There cannot be any engagement more important than the one she has arranged for Delight and she insists upon its being kept. She goes to the telephone and calls a taxi even while Delight continues to protest.

DELIGHT — You needn't order a taxi for me, I am not going.

MAISIE — . . . . I have been trying to give you something I never had and always wanted. I tried to make a background for you.

DELIGHT — You gave me a background and then made me conspicuous. You dressed me up from the time I started to school like a little French child, in dresses a foot and a half too short, and I was ashamed of my long, bare legs. With every other girl in the class in blue serge Peter Thompsons!

MAISIE — I sat up all night, often, to make those dresses, Delight.

DELIGHT — But they made me conspicuous! When I was fourteen and you had enough money to send me to Miss Bennett's dancing school I went in a Lanvin frock to my ankles! Do you know what the girls used to say about me? That my mother was a dressmaker and used me for a sample. I sat in a corner and hated you.

MAISIE — How can you be so cruel? Do you mean to say that all you remember of all those years is a rose-colored dancing frock, and that you didn't have a Peter Thompson?

DELIGHT — Of course not, Maisie. That is not what I mean at all. Those things are just — just symbolic.

MAISIE — Oh, Delight!

DELIGHT — And my name. Whatever possessed you to give me a name like that. It sounds like some kind of candy.

MAISIE — I did it to prevent jealousy in the family and — but you wouldn't understand.

DELIGHT — No, we don't understand each other. I am not like you, Maisie, that's all. You are an individual and are full of ideas and equal rights and ambitions —— I think you are wonderful, and I know how hard you have worked to give Philip and me all the things — all the things you have given us — but I want a chance at life and love.

MAISIE — Delight, I want to make you see, if I can. I was your age once. I haven't forgotten. I married your father because I loved him — because his hair curled off his forehead. I married him and I went to live in a great dark house full of great dark furniture and all his relations. (*Bitterly.*) He loved me so much that he had chosen me out of all the world to bear his illustrious name; to be the mother of his children, but he didn't love me enough to kick his relations out. That had never been done in his family. When I had been married a few months I took a dull old walnut chair that had been in the family for countless generations and I painted it a bright red. They were all so angry that I was afraid. I was afraid for the six years that I lived in that house. And when your father died I crept up to the attic to get away from them for a minute. And there was that gay red lacquer chair. And I sat on the floor beside it all night, just holding on to it and trying to remember what I

was like when I had first come to live there — and to recall if I could, enough of that bravery to get myself and you children away from that gloomy respectability. And when it was dawn I got you both and we came away. I swore then that I would keep us all free so long as the world should last and that I would give you each a weapon to defend that freedom, so help me God! (*There is a pause.*)

DELIGHT — Is that why you won't let me marry ——?

MAISIE — Don't you understand? Doesn't what I've told you mean anything?

DELIGHT — I'm sorry, of course, but I don't see what it has to do with me.

MAISIE — You are only a child with a broken doll.

DELIGHT — Well, perhaps you never had a doll that was broken.

MAISIE — The floor is covered with sawdust.

DELIGHT — Maisie, you keep talking about freedom. Why should I have to take this job — if I am free?

MAISIE — Oh, because I say so! Don't you see how you limit yourself? — the minute your success in life depends upon pleasing one person instead of ten thousand!

DELIGHT — No, I ——

MAISIE — This one thing, this job, may prove that. It is the last thing I will ever offer you. After that you may choose for yourself.

Delight continues to protest, but to little avail. Maisie, excited because the taxi doesn't come, decides to hail the first limousine that passes the house and send Delight to the rehearsal in that. She goes to the window to look for one and sees Sydney Armstead across the street with his car. Even that combination will do in an emergency, and before Delight can stop her Maisie has signalled to young Armstead to come up. Sydney is bounding up the stairs almost before she has started to wave to him.

In the house Sydney listens to Maisie's proposal and tries his best to explain to her that while he is perfectly willing to be of service he will *not* take Delight to Cary Adams' office. He has other plans. ". . . I want to explain everything, Mrs. Partridge, to give you a chance to make your own decision."

But before he can continue Delight has rushed to him, stopped him and dragged him from the room. "You can talk to Maisie after I have talked to you," she promises as they rush out, colliding violently with the incoming Stephen Applegate and Philip as they go.

Stephen has come to see Maisie, and, incidentally, to plead Philip's case in relation to the bridge job in Spain. But Maisie has fled the scene. When Philip goes to call her he comes back to report that she is wrought up about something. He is not inclined to let the moment pass without a decision, however, and he begs Stephen to explain the Spain venture in its best light and make Maisie see what it would mean to him to travel, to see the world, and to have a hand in the settling of his own destiny.

PHILIP — Steve, I don't want to decide. I don't dislike painting, but I hate Art Schools. I hate artists, for that matter. I want to see the world. I wouldn't be bored in the Holy Land.

STEPHEN — You and Delight have been all over Europe.

PHILIP — With Maisie! Between the Spring and Summer openings. Do you honestly think that is what I want? I don't want to be rushed like that. Maisie hurries me so. It's the same thing about my life. All I ask is to be left alone. Look at me, Steve. I may turn out to be anything. I may build bridges or I may turn out to be a great Socialist, if I can find out what I believe. But I don't know what it is to be hungry or shabby. But Maisie has — Maisie knows. She had our thrills for us.

Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS"

Delight: You can talk to Maizie after I have talked to you.
(Blanche Bates, Sylvia Field, Eliot Cabot, Haviland Chappell and Charles Waldron)

(*He sees that Steve has not heard him.*) You haven't paid a minute's attention to me. If you'll listen a second I'll tell you something I have had on my mind for a long time.

STEPHEN (*turning*) — Well?

PHILIP — It would make everything a lot simpler for me if you and Maisie would get married.

STEPHEN — What are you talking about? Where did you get that idea?

PHILIP — I may be mistaken. I don't want to seem sentimental, but I'm old enough to see how you feel about Maisie and how she feels about you.

STEPHEN — Phil, I'll tell you something. I've been trying to get Maisie to marry me for ten years. She won't. She never will; that settles that. Let's stick to your troubles from now on.

PHILIP — Don't ask her. Tell her. Just arrange everything and fix it so she thinks it's her idea. It would certainly be a great help to me.

STEPHEN — Sorry. I'd like to help you out, but that's all settled long ago.

Maisie has recovered her composure when she comes to greet Stephen, and a cigarette helps her further to settle her nerves. It has been quite a day for Maisie, taking one thing with another. And she is not through. She still has to tell Stephen what she has done about the lease and the plan to bring La Montaigne over to open a hat shop.

But she must talk a little about her children first, and try to justify herself to herself, rather than to him, for the determined stand she has taken with them. She knows what is best for them, though she never really has interfered with their lives.

Stephen tries to be comforting. He doesn't think she need worry much about Sydney and Delight. He has seen them together a lot lately, and they are usually

quarrelling. That news is far from quieting. Maisie had no idea Delight was seeing anything of Sydney — and here she has sent them off together! Well, there isn't anything to do now but wait and see what happens. And there is still the matter of Todhunter and the lease and the approaching La Montaigne to be settled.

MAISIE — I've sent for Todhunter. I wired him to save conversation. Told him we'd draw up a lease for the building. At least that will pay the rent for it. When he comes be diplomatic.

STEPHEN — Maisie, I don't see how you can do this. You have the decorators in there, the woman on her way here, the invitations issued. You can't throw over the whole thing, it isn't possible.

MAISIE — I can throw myself into the river if I have to. The thing is done and you just have to think of some way out.

STEPHEN — Suppose La Montaigne takes it into her head to sue you for breach of contract?

MAISIE — But she won't. She can't. What would I do? I could go into bankruptcy.

STEPHEN — My God, Maisie, you ——!

MAISIE — Well, don't fuss at me. Think of a legal cablegram to send that woman. (*Telephone rings.*) Don't let's answer it. I can't bear anything more. (*It rings again.*)

STEPHEN — Maisie, I love you! I love you!

MAISIE (*almost bursting into tears*) — Well, what good do you think that will do me? Oh, I'm sorry, but it's a funny time to tell me, Stephen. It's too late now. (*Telephone rings again; Maisie answers it.*) Hello! Yes. Yes, Mr. Adams. Oh, you heard the first scene? I told you she would be charming. I am so glad. Then everything is settled. Thanks for calling. Good-by. (*She turns to Stephen.*) She got there. She is going to do the part! Oh, Stephen, thank God I have saved her!

STEPHEN — Well, I am glad if you think it is worth it. Let me see now how we can save ourselves. (*He scribbles something.*) I think we'd better say first and foremost — (*Phone rings. Maisie looks inquiringly at Stephen.*) Shall I answer it?

MAISIE — I don't know, what do you think? Oh, I'll go. (*In telephone.*) Hello! Oh, Mr. Todhunter. Oh, I hoped you could get down here. What? Simply that I have decided after all to let you have that building. My lawyer is here to draw up the papers. Oh, you don't? (*She puts her hand over the mouthpiece and makes a face at Stephen as she says:*) He doesn't want it! (*In telephone.*) What? Well, I *had* thought of it. I said, I had thought of using it myself, but — er — decided it wouldn't be feasible. Hats? What did you say about hats? Oh — you mean as my partner? Oh, come on, lease the building —— (*Pause.*) I don't want to go into partnership with you — I don't want to go into partnership with anybody. I told you so before. (*Pause.*) Well, it is an idea. Wait a minute. I said, excuse me a second, will you, I want to give a letter to the postman. (*She runs to Stephen and whispers.*) My God! he wants to go into partnership with me and put hats in that building! What do you suppose he's up to? His wife must have an announcement from Paris by now.

STEPHEN — He probably thinks it is a good idea, suspects that you are up against it and wants to get in on the profits. I'll find out. (*Starts for the phone. Maisie stops him.*)

MAISIE — No, let me do it. You'll scare him off. (*Returns to the telephone.*) Hello, Mr. Todhunter. I don't see why we couldn't do it. It would be rather expensive though. We could start with thirty thousand dollars I should say. That sounds good. Well, frankly, I had some such scheme and decided to let it go, but if a man of your business ability thinks there is money in it I'll see it through. On your word alone. I had thought of

opening next Tuesday. Suit you? We'll just go ahead with it then. We will open as announced ——

While she is talking the curtain slowly falls.

ACT III

The time is a week later, the scene the remodelled floor of the new building in which Maisie is to introduce La Montaigne of Paris and her hats. The room is still in confusion awaiting the last touches. "The glass curtains are up but the over curtains are obviously missing. There is a silvered valance board already in place. . . . A box of excelsior is still by the door, and on a near-by commode are numerous pieces of porcelain figurines. Some hat stands are grouped together in another corner."

A man is hammering the last strip of carpet in place. Maisie is bustling about directing the work, closely followed by Agnes, one of her helpers, carrying a glass of buttermilk and trying to get Maisie to stop long enough to drink it. It is, Agnes explains, Mr. Applegate's request that she take some nourishment. But Maisie is too busy to be bothered with food.

There are other things on Maisie's mind beside the scheduled opening. This is also the day of the final dress rehearsal of the play in which Delight is to appear. Her dresses have to be finally fitted, finished and approved. There is also an unexpected complication in which Mr. Todhunter is concerned. He suddenly has developed a deep and somewhat embarrassing fondness for Maisie. She is afraid he wants to marry her. And she doesn't know just how to retain his interest as a partner in hats without accepting him also as a partner for life.

She tells Stephen as much when the attorney puts in a belated appearance after having been among the missing for days. He has been in court, but that is no convincing alibi to the excited Maisie. He should have known that

she would need him, and he has not been near her. Now she will have to get another lawyer to help her get rid of Todhunter.

MAISIE — Stephen, you don't begin to comprehend what my life has been for a week. Todhunter is the kind of person that when you ask him how he is — he tells you.

STEPHEN — Well, Maisie, you will be too nice to people! What can I do?

MAISIE — Well, isn't there any way I can get him out — and keep his money?

STEPHEN — Why, Maisie!

MAISIE — Oh, I mean to let him keep a money interest in the business. It's his active interest I would like to get rid of — his active interest in me, I mean.

STEPHEN — Oh-ho! You'd better tell me everything, my dear.

MAISIE — Well, I am afraid that he expects to — er — marry me. Now, Stephen, there ARE men who get those ideas without the least encouragement. After all, his wife is an old rug and he must have been looking around for years.

STEPHEN — But what have you said to him, dear?

MAISIE — Not one word. I've just listened. Can you be sued for listening, Stephen?

STEPHEN — You ought to be. Aren't you ashamed to let the poor man build his hopes on you? It isn't like you, either. However did you get in such a mess?

MAISIE — Well, I felt sorry for him. Besides, I've been too busy to argue. I've had to help Delight learn the part and get her off to rehearsals. I haven't even had a minute to discover why Philip is moping about the house. I just haven't had my mind on my business. You see, at first I didn't want to scare him off. I was desperate and he was a straw.

STEPHEN — I'll never forgive myself. I shouldn't have let you handle the whole deal alone.

MAISIE — You know I wouldn't let you do anything. I didn't believe business methods would get him in. I think — I knew he liked me. You see, I was afraid I'd lose him — and now I can't.

STEPHEN — Well, leave it to me — I've got an idea I think will work.

MAISIE — Gently, Stephen?

STEPHEN — Sure, leave us all friends.

MAISIE — Meanwhile, I think I know a way. Perhaps I'd better hear yours first. (*Delight enters. She looks charming.*)

DELIGHT — Maisie!

MAISIE — Delight! Bless your heart.

DELIGHT — Hello, Stephen. I came down early so you could cheer me up. I'm terrified.

STEPHEN — What are you afraid of, chicken.

MAISIE — I told you. She has a dress rehearsal today. Delight, you know I'd be with you if I could. I simply cannot get away. I didn't tell you this morning because you were sleeping so sweetly I hadn't the heart to wake you. She hasn't slept since she started to rehearse.

DELIGHT — I never went through such agony. Stephen, don't ever go on the stage.

STEPHEN — Never fear. I hope you are going to be good. Listen to me, young lady, you'd better be good. More depends on you than you'll ever know.

DELIGHT — What does he mean?

MAISIE — We want you to succeed, darling. Come here, let Stephen see you. Doesn't she look lovely? I had her eyelashes dyed. I wanted to have mine done, but I didn't have the time, so I had hers done instead.

DELIGHT — With all I had on my mind, Stephen, I had to fit a dress and have my eyes done at the same time.

MAISIE — Oh, your dresses are adorable! I sent Clementine over to the theatre with them. You can keep her to button you. They are the loveliest dresses I have ever designed in my life.

Delight is off to the rehearsal and Maisie is ready to return to the work of getting the hat shop in order for the opening. Everything is beginning to work out as she would have it. For one thing, Delight has evidently forgotten all about "that Armitage boy."

But the "Armitage boy" has not forgotten all about Delight. He is in the office now, Agnes reports, waiting to see Maisie. And there is a strange woman there, also — a Frenchwoman evidently looking for a job. They are both insistent.

Maisie, after some thought, decides to see Sydney alone and have that over with. But she finds Sydney determined. He has come for an explanation. Why is she opposed to his marrying Delight? He has a good name, he may not be brilliant but he is honest, his people were in the Revolution, and he has "enough money for Delight to stop this stage foolishness and be the mother of my children."

Maisie (*angry now*) — The mother of your children! That *is* something to look forward to! Delight is a free spirit, a gypsy, and you come complacently offering to bury her under this mass of ridiculous nonsense about wealth and family; to take away her right to work and life and adventure in exchange for the hum-drum respectability that you represent. Delight despises money. If you came to my door with a knapsack on your back and a dream in your eyes and asked for Delight to go roaming over the world with you, to share your dream, I would say yes, gladly. I would ask no more than that. But there are dozens, thousands of nice young men, all like you, that Delight could meet and think she loved. Put you all in a dark room and she couldn't tell you apart. All her life with any one of them would be just the same as life with you. I mean by that, no life at all, but a well-fed evasion of it.

Sydney — I think you are a dangerous woman, Mrs.

Partridge. It is women like you who are undermining society; who have swept aside in a single generation all that it has taken men centuries to build. A woman like you would leave home, her husband, her children, without so much as a backward glance for what she calls her freedom! Excuse my saying so, but it's downright Bolshevism.

MAISIE — Excuse my saying so, but I am very busy.

SYDNEY (*rising*) — All right, I'm going. But I give you fair warning, Mrs. Partridge, *where* I am going is to marry your daughter.

MAISIE — Thanks so much for the warning, Mr. Armstead.

SYDNEY (*tries to speak, blurts out only*) — You're welcome, I'm sure.

Sydney flounces out and Maisie again takes up the work of finishing the shop. But there are many interruptions. Stephen is back to tell her that he has straightened matters out satisfactorily with Todhunter, though before he can explain just how the "miracle" was accomplished Philip has bounded in to announce his plans for the trip to Spain. He is a little flustered to learn that Maisie as yet knows nothing about that. Stephen has not had a chance to tell her. But she accepts the news gracefully when she realizes that it has all been settled without her.

PHILIP — I've got my ticket and everything. Say the word and I'll chuck it, of course, but it seems a shame to miss it, Maisie. You don't know what it will mean to me.

MAISIE — Oh, but I do! It's all right, dear. I want you to — I want you always to do what is best for you.

PHILIP — And you don't mind?

MAISIE — Mind? I'll miss you, of course, but I won't *mind*. And you won't be gone long, anyway.

PHILIP — No, about six months.

MAISIE — Six months. Oh ——!

PHILIP — Maybe less. Whenever the bridge is finished.

MAISIE — The bridge?

STEPHEN — You see, Ludlow's an engineer.

MAISIE — An engineer?

PHILIP — Gee, didn't I tell you? I'm going to help him build it — the bridge. You ought to like that, Maisie. Construction — that seems important to me. Don't you think it is? I've come to the conclusion that a man should work out of doors. That's the way to live, and to work in steel and strength — it's beautiful somehow.

MAISIE — Philip, you don't mean you'd like to be an — engineer? Oh, Philip, what about your art?

PHILIP — Don't you worry, darling. I'm taking along the old sketch-book. (*He struggles with one in his pocket; produces it.*) See, right beside my ticket. But I can do that on the side, anyway.

MAISIE — Oh, perhaps you can. I had a notion that one should give one's whole life to it.

PHILIP — Well, the way I look at it, Maisie, Art is just a comment. I don't see what it has to do with living. I want to work, to build up something, not just sit on the side and daub paint on a blank canvas.

MAISIE — I see. It seems like that to you. Why daub on a canvas at all?

PHILIP — I don't know. I guess because I have always been to Art Schools and it was expected of me. We always do what's expected of us, don't we?

MAISIE — Only until something wakes us up. Philip, wake up! And tell your mother the truth. Do you want to be an artist? If you could do only one thing in the world, only one thing, as long as you lived — would it be painting?

PHILIP (*considers*) — No, I think — no.

MAISIE — Then only do one thing for me. Don't be an artist on the side. Philip, I couldn't bear a child

of mine to be an artist on the side. Give me that sketch-book. (*He obeys. She tears it across.*) Now, my son, go and be a good engineer.

PHILIP (*in a low voice*) — Maisie, I'll try and be something you can be proud of.

Philip has gone to complete his plans, and the work of decorating the shop goes on. Now there is trouble about the over curtains. Maisie had ordered blue lavender and they have sent her red lavender, which is horrible! They will never do. The color positively hurts Maisie. The very sight of them reduces her to tears. In their place she will use the bolt of yellow taffeta that was to have covered the Holden bridesmaids. They shall have the red lavender instead.

But trouble treads on trouble's heels for Maisie. She has no sooner settled the matter of the curtains and ordered the new ones made, and listened to Katherine Everett's chatter about how wonderful she is (Katherine having just dropped in to look over the new hats and find Delight) than word comes from the theatre that Delight has disappeared. Disappeared, too, right at the beginning of the rehearsal wearing her new first-act costume.

Maisie, with a sinking heart, has a feeling that she knows what that means, and she sends Philip and Katy and Stephen all to look for her daughter. And that Armitage person! Stephen, she thinks, had better go direct to the City Hall and look over the marriage records. And stop them if he can.

"She has run away with that Sydney Armitage," Maisie insists, hysterically. "Stephen, what must I do? I'll have it annulled! I'll make her divorce him? I'll cook up such a scandal as will wreck his respectable life forever!"

"Now, Maisie," Stephen answers her, "you need all your strength and courage. Don't let go, my dear."

"There's nothing left for me. Delight has gone away. Philip has grown up and left me. I've failed ——"

"You have your own life to lead, my dear."

"I have no life to lead outside my children."

Maisie's fears concerning Delight are soon confirmed. That young woman comes bounding in to announce her marriage. She is happy and excited and still defiant. But Maisie is still far from accepting the situation and she will have nothing to say to Sydney.

"You had better hurry, Delight," she calmly advises her daughter. "They are waiting for you at the dress rehearsal."

MAISIE — You marry a boy you've known six months and the nineteen years we have dreamed and worked together are as nothing? Delight, you have no right to do this thing to me.

DELIGHT — I have a right to give up my ambition for the man I love.

MAISIE — It wasn't merely your ambition — it was mine. I have sacrificed everything for it.

DELIGHT — I didn't ask you to.

MAISIE — Then you should have made that clear sooner. At least admit I tried to give you everything I thought you wanted.

DELIGHT — You didn't want me to have Sydney.

MAISIE — I didn't want you to rush into marriage with a young boy who has nothing to give you.

DELIGHT — Why, already he has given me these buildings that you rent. These are my wedding presents — and I have only known him six months. With all your talk of what you've given me in nineteen years.

MAISIE — I am not talking of money-possessions — things to tie you and hide you. I dreamed of you with the world at your feet.

DELIGHT — I have Sydney and he can give me the life I have always dreamed of.

MAISIE — Delight, I see that we have nothing to say to each other that either of us can understand. Then let us be merciful and say nothing of what we think. Only one fact remains. You are under contract to appear tomorrow in a play and I shall see that you are there.

SYDNEY — I shall see that she is not!

MAISIE — Delight, get into a taxi this minute and beg Mr. Adams to take you back. After that opening tomorrow night every understudy in New York can play it. But this one thing you are going to do. I will not be cheated out of something I have given my life for.

Stephen tells them then what Delight's appearance on the stage has meant to Maisie; of the sacrifices she has made; of the fact that she has put every cent she has in the world into Cary Adams' show that Delight might have her chance.

The news staggers Delight a little and she is inclined to give way. She could, she suggests, play the part for a night, anyway. But Sydney will not listen even to this compromise.

"Maisie faced bankruptcy for you," Stephen continues. "This isn't the only time. She has ever since I've known her. She has spoiled her own life for you and spoiled mine, too — almost."

It is that "almost" that explodes the final situation. Delight catches at the word excitedly. "Almost," she repeats. "Then it's true!" Her eyes flash angrily as she faces Stephen.

"What do you mean?" demands Maisie.

"Only that we met your partner, Mr. Todhunter, on the street and he said you were to be married on Friday. That's a great way of practicing what you preach, I must say."

So that is how Stephen got rid of Mr. Todhunter so effectually! Maisie is furious. But her anger does not impress Delight. It is too much like acting.

"You should have been an actress," she tells her mother, and her tone is withering. "Why, Philip warned me long ago that this would happen — when you got tired playing with us. I'm such a fool that I have believed in you until today. I didn't know that you had any idea of marrying this man — this man that I have always despised. (*Maisie stands quite still.*) Oh, Sydney, take me home, take me home!"

They are at the door when Katy bursts in. "We're married!" Delight shouts at her.

KATY — Oh, you darling things! Isn't it wonderful! And we have all been worried to death about you. (*To Sydney.*) Oh, I congratulate you, Sydney. You certainly married a lovely girl. Delight is one of my dearest friends. Oh, Delight, you're Clare Cummer's cousin yourself now. Oh, you're going, aren't you? Drop me at Sherry's. Louise will be so thrilled. To think that after all it was Delight who married the Armstead millions!

DELIGHT — I know. Isn't it wonderful!

MAISIE (*to Sydney.*) — Are you that Armstead? Did you know this, Delight?

DELIGHT — Why, of course — not that it would have made any difference.

KATY — Your mother didn't know it? Isn't that romantic? I'm so glad it all came out right for your sake, Mrs. Partridge. (*They go out together, Katy still talking. Her voice floats back.*) You must let me know the minute I can come to see you —— (*Stephen and Maisie are left alone. It is very quiet for a minute.*)

STEPHEN — Maisie, forgive me.

MAISIE — I don't know whether I can. It was a terrible thing to do to me, Stephen.

STEPHEN — It never occurred to me that he'd tell — and I figured that it was the nearest I'd ever get to marrying you — and I couldn't lose the chance. (*Pause.*)

I suppose it WAS the nearest I'll ever get, Maisie, wasn't it?

MAISIE — I can't talk about it now — but I forgive you. It doesn't matter. She doesn't believe any of those things anyway. She was looking for a way to get out of going back. Well, I've lost them. I've lost them both. Nothing left to live for.

STEPHEN — Ah, Maisie — my dearest.

MAISIE — Don't — ah, don't, Stephen. In a way I've lost you, too, today, Stephen — because today I find that you don't know anything about me at all.

STEPHEN — Don't be silly. You can't lose me.

MAISIE — I tried to be a good mother — to do the right things. I guess I shouldn't have lived my life so completely in theirs. You see, I never had any life outside of my children's lives ——

STEPHEN — Maisie, do you want the truth? The whole trouble was that they had no lives outside of yours. They were being made to live your life. I've seen it for a long time.

MAISIE (*thinks about this*) — I guess you are right. But that doesn't make me any happier. I think this will kill me, Stephen. It has killed me. I believe. (*There is a scurry in the main salon. Agnes dashes in very excited.*)

AGNES — Madame, she is coming down here. We couldn't keep her any longer.

MAISIE — What — what ——?

STEPHEN — Oh, my God, I forgot to tell you! There was a mistake in the cable. She arrived too soon. It's La Montaigne, you know.

MAISIE (*blankly*) — Who?

STEPHEN — Let me see her, I'll tell her you are ill. I ——

MAISIE — You'll do nothing of the sort. (*She rises. Clementine precipitates herself into the room. She gasps out.*)

CLEMENTINE — Here she is! (*Maisie sees La Mon-*

taigne almost in the doorway, but the audience does not see her. Perhaps they hear a burst of French. Maisie, completely recovered, all her poise, and charm and manner coming to her aid, moves forward with outstretched hands.)

MAISIE — Ah, Madame! This is the happiest day of my life! (*She moves through the doorway to meet the Frenchwoman.*)

The curtain falls.

THE END

THE FALL GUY

A Comedy in Three Acts

By George Abbott and James Gleason

BY one of those curious twists of fate with which theatre history is so generously punctuated two leading light comedy successes of the year were scored by the same writer. And he without previous success as a playwright.

The plays were "Is Zat So?" a racy comedy farce encircling the adventure of a prize fighter and his manager in Fifth Avenue society, and "The Fall Guy," an amusing bit of theatre fiction relating a gullible little New Yorker's fight to conquer the temptations and foil the tempters of his neighborhood.

James Gleason is the author, though he shared honors in both instances with collaborators. In "Is Zat So?", which he wrote with Richard Taber, a fellow actor, Gleason also played a principal part and is credited with helping the play to its success. He and George Abbott, also an actor, wrote "The Fall Guy."

Either of these plays I feel would be a creditable and representative choice for inclusion in a year book of American drama. I have taken "The Fall Guy" because, to me, it reveals a better quality of workmanship in its building and is fashioned of more enduring material. Also it is less dependent upon the personalities of its actors than the other.

The scene is the combination living room, dining room and kitchen of Johnnie Quinlan's flat in Columbus Avenue, which in New York bears the same relation to the resident section fringing the west side of Central

Park that Third Avenue bears to Fifth Avenue over the way.

"The room is drab, but neat," and embraces all those aids to light housekeeping that help to increase the rent — including a laundry tub, a gas stove, a sink and the accompanying drains.

The Quinlans are Johnnie, about twenty-five, and Bertha, his wife, probably two years his junior. Living with them are Dannie Walsh, Bertha's brother, and Lottie Quinlan, Johnnie's sister. When they are working and in funds Dan and Lottie contribute to the expenses of the household. When they are not, Johnnie bears the load alone. Lottie is the more dependable of the two. Dan, a truck driver by occupation, finds it hard to keep working, although he swears he puts himself directly in the way of every job he hears about.

Just now Dan is devoting a protracted spell of leisure to an intensive study of the saxophone. As soon as he masters that instrument, he says, he expects to join a jazz band and pull down a good fat salary. Meantime he is somewhat embarrassed by the frequent visits of a collector who is intent upon seeing that Dannie either keeps his installments paid up or surrenders the saxophone. Being broke Dan usually puts the collector off until he can see Johnnie and borrow the three dollars necessary.

Lottie is in to dress and out again to dinner with her boss, Charles Newton, a likely looking young man of thirty or thereabouts, and a government employee of some sort. Newton is popular with the Quinlans. Their own father had been a policeman and they lean instinctively toward official jobs. But Dannie is not so keen for him.

Dan, it appears, has been hearing a lot about some guy seen taking Lottie to several of the bum joints of the neighborhood, and that guy may be Newton. If it is — well, Dannie isn't going to stand for it.

Now Johnnie is home and hungry as a wolf. He is a cheery little fellow, ready to kid Dannie or irritate Bertha. His gaiety tonight seems a little forced, and it is not easy for him to explain to his watchful wife why he happens to be wearing his best suit. There is no sense, says she, in his messing around in a drug store with his good clothes on and he ought to know it. "Tomorrow," she warns, "you wear your workin' clothes, you understand."

JOHN — Aw, quit your crabbin', will you? (*Takes off coat and hangs on back of chair. Crosses over to Dan.*) Hello, Ted Lewis. How's the Jazz King?

DAN — Well, I can play a couple of pieces good now. I played one selection pretty near through just by ear.

JOHN — Who stopped you, the neighbors?

BERTHA — Now, you let Dannie alone. He's gettin' along fine. In a week or two he'll be able to play most anything.

JOHN — In a week or two we'll be put out of here for disturbin' the peace.

BERTHA — You never got a laugh with that one yet. Nothin' like tryin', though.

JOHN — Go to it. I always like to see a guy try to improve himself. Now maybe when you get goin' good I can help you land a orchestra job. There's Nifty Herman. He knows a lot of those cabaret birds and . . .

BERTHA — Yeah? Well, we'll take nothing from him.

JOHN — What's the matter with Nifty?

BERTHA — Enough. If I had my way, he'd never step foot in this house — nor anybody in it would speak to him.

JOHN — Well, what have you got against him.

BERTHA — Now, listen, John, that big gorilla is always tryin' to take Lot out and that's all he's hanging around you for.

JOHN — What of it? Don't you suppose if I thought he was wrong I'd stop it in a minute?

BERTHA — I tell you, Johnnie, that guy's no good.

JOHN — Well, for the love of . . . say, did I ever have a friend that you *did* like? Did I? Look at — er — look at Kennedy. As nice a fellow as ever lived. And you and Lot almost threw him out of the house.

DAN — Where is he now?

JOHN — He was one of ——

BERTHA — Yeah, he's doin' time in the pen.

JOHN (*realizing what has been said — with a look at Dan*) — You would think of that, wouldn't you?

BERTHA — Sure, that's where your swell friend is — up in Sing Sing.

JOHN — He is not. He's in Atlanta.

BERTHA — Johnnie, it ain't because they're your friends, but you're so easy that you fall for a lot of wise birds that think they can use you . . .

JOHN — What? Me fall for a lot of wise birds? Well, that certainly is a hot one. Say, do you think these wise-crackers put anything over me? If you do, get it out of your nut right away. I wasn't born and brung up in this town for nothing.

BERTHA — I'm tellin' you Frank Herman *is* a bad egg.

JOHN — Aw!

DAN — Just the same I seen Nifty with some pretty bad lookin' goofers, Johnnie.

JOHN — Well, he's a pretty good friend to me and he's done me some pretty good favors, if you want to know. And right now —— (*Stops suddenly.*)

BERTHA — Well, what?

JOHN — Aw, nothin'.

With Bertha gone to get the cleaner to take a spot out of Johnnie's pants the mystery of the best suit is revealed. Johnnie wore it because he has been looking for a job. But he doesn't want Bertha to know. And he promises Dan a good smack if he lets it out.

With Bertha back, Johnnie is full of plans for the future. For one, he knows a guy who has a cousin on a ship who can get good Scotch at thirty dollars the case. And they're sellin' it up town for sixty and sixty-eight dollars. There's a chance!

"My Gawd — now you want to be a bootlegger," explodes Bertha. "And you know where that'll land you. Right in with your friend Kennedy."

"Who said anything about being a bootlegger but you? Where am I goin' to get thirty bucks for even one case, huh?"

But bootlegging has its possibilities. Even Dan admits that. He could get thirty dollars a trip trucking hooch in Jersey, if Bertha would let him do it. She wouldn't even let him go back and tell the guy "No."

"Well, the kid was right," agrees Johnnie.

BERTHA — Answer me. What's the difference in what Dannie was goin' to do and what you was talkin' about doin' if you "had the thirty bucks." (*Imitating him.*)

JOHN — A lot of difference. In the first place, how can you be sure about this here now Eighteenth Amendment, huh? Some guy says there must be something wrong with a law that so many people want to break. Therefore if they all want to break it, why it ain't no law, is it? Well, then, if it ain't no law, then how are you breakin' it? Laugh that one off.

BERTHA (*getting up*) — Listen — Johnnie, yours and Lottie's father was a cop, and a grand one, too. If it hadn't been for them dirty hop-heads of loft robbers, that killed him, he'd maybe a gone way up.

JOHN — I didn't say nothin' about no hop-heads. You know what I think of them.

BERTHA — Your father stood for law and order ——

JOHN — Well, that was his business — but believe me there's a lot of cops facing two ways and what they won't do for money — oh . . .

Peace is briefly restored until the question of the last three dollars Johnnie gave Dannie for his saxophone installment and then mysteriously took back again comes up. Why did Johnnie want that three dollars — and where is it now?

Johnnie admits the charge and clears up the mystery. He had spent the three dollars for two pair of long gloves which he was saving to give to Bertha for her anniversary present the next week.

This bit of sentiment has the customary effect. Of course they did need the three dollars, Bertha admits. There are lots of ways it could be used. But it was sweet of Johnnie to remember the anniversary. And she gives him a kiss as a reward. A kiss and a hug. And sits in his lap.

DAN — Why don't you wait till you're alone?

BERTHA — That's what we're waiting for. Beat it.

DAN — My God, I'm glad I ain't married. (*Exits R.*)

BERTHA (*regarding him fondly*) — Sometimes I bet you wish you wasn't married, don't you, Johnnie?

JOHN — Go on, where do you get that stuff?

BERTHA — Don't you never wish you was free and could go running around like you used to — and not having a wife to bother you?

JOHN — Naw.

BERTHA — Do you still love me, Johnnie?

JOHN — What do *you* think?

BERTHA — I'm afraid I razz you too much.

JOHN — Oh, that's all right. If it wasn't for scrapping once in a while, we wouldn't have nuttin' to talk about.

BERTHA — Five years we been married. What fools we was about each other when we first met, wasn't we, Johnnie?

JOHN — We had it bad all right.

BERTHA — You was nutty about me then, all right, wasn't you, Johnnie?

JOHN — Sure — ain't supper ready yet? (*She gets up, hurt.*) Hey, now wait a minute. I'm nutty about you still. I was just thinking about something else, that's all.

BERTHA — Yeh. I seen you was. Le' go.

JOHN — I got to get out early on account of the bowling tourney. What's the matter with you? You don't think I'm chasing around with any other dames or anything like that, do you?

BERTHA — Not on your wages.

JOHN — Sure, there you go. Sittin' in me lap for a close-up one minute and then next laying me out with a nasty crack.

BERTHA — You didn't use to worry about the bowling tourney if I was sittin' in your lap.

JOHN — Hey, have a heart, Bert. Geez, didn't I bring yous two pairs of gloves?

BERTHA — All right, Johnnie — supper's goin' to be late — but I'll hurry it as fast as I can.

JOHN — Aw, I didn't mean nuttin'. There's a lot worse husbands than I am.

BERTHA — A lot better, too.

She forgives him the next minute and is just getting the supper on when Frank Herman calls. "He is a plump, shifty-eyed East-sider, about thirty. Dressed in black, but in extreme style and flashy," and he has come particularly to see Lottie. He wants to take her to a "swell crawl" the Take-Your-Time Athletic Club is giving Saturday night. "Very extra special. No rough stuff. And you can go in costume or evening clothes," he promises.

But Bertha is sure Lottie will not be able to go. Also she would thank Mr. Herman if he would lay off trying to make her husband a bootlegger. Furthermore, he can talk business all he wants to with Johnnie, but if they ever try anything like bootleggin' she'll set the cops on 'em as quick as she would look at 'em.

And as for Dannie! Dan pauses long enough, on his way out with the saxophone, to remark that Lottie will not go to any dance with Mr. Herman and that so far as he (Dannie) is concerned he had just as soon take a crack at Mr. Herman as not. Johnnie is anxious his friend shall not be offended by this apparent attitude of hostility on the part of the folks.

JOHN — Dannie don't mean nuttin'.

NIFTY — He better not — treat me right and I'm glad to do a pal a good turn — my political influence is always at the command of my friends — but any time a guy does me dirt —— Say! I got a mob of gorillas that would just as soon croak a fella as look at him.

JOHN — Well, believe me, Nifty, as the French say — you're talkin' to a baby that stands a A-one chance of needin' a few good turns before long.

NIFTY — You didn't land yourself any good job yet, eh?

JOHN — Naw. But I only been out of work three days — that ain't nuttin'. What's worryin' me is what's the bride goin' to say when she finds out — I'll have to break it to her pretty soon I suppose.

NIFTY — Why don't you come in with me on this proposition — Johnnie?

JOHN — Well geez, Nifty, you didn't tell me what it was.

NIFTY — You should worry — what it is, as long's there is real jack in it. I was talkin' to Kill-papa about you this mornin'.

JOHN — Who?

NIFTY — Kill-papa, you know, the Greek I was tellin' you about — you know, the one that owns them drug stores. His regular monicker is Achille Popudopulos — but we call him Kill-papa for short.

JOHN — Sounds like a regular guy all right.

NIFTY — I'm tellin' you. High society stuff, too —

knows all the police captains, aldermen, everybody . . .

JOHN — But listen now, Nifty. These here now, stores he runs — what are they? Some kind of joints or something?

NIFTY — What do you mean, joints?

JOHN — Well, this here, now, job that . . .

NIFTY — I didn't offer you no job, I says if you don't get nothin' better I could maybe give you a knock-down to Kill-papa and try to fix it up for you.

JOHN — Well, I mean, now, don't he sell hooch?

NIFTY — Say, crack wise, willya? That ain't no crime. What if he does? Ain't he got all the best people for his customers?

JOHN — They been pullin' some pretty big raids lately.

NIFTY — That's all bluff, Johnnie. That don't affect Kill-papa, none. Just a little camouflage to make the public think the enforcement officers is on the job. Naw, don't you worry, kid, it's all fixed.

JOHN — Fixed?

NIFTY — Sure. With the precinct.

JOHN — Oh —— With the precinct!

NIFTY — If you're on the inside, you stand for a shakedown of a couple of grand and they leave you alone. I wouldn't tell you this except you was a special friend of mine. Listen, I'll tell you a secret. You know Governor Smit'?

JOHN — Sure, I know him — well, not personally, you understand — but — well — didn't I vote for him?

NIFTY — Well, I ain't sayin' nuttin'. Listen — you know Secretary Mellon?

JOHN — Sure. In the Senate.

NIFTY — Well, I ain't sayin' nuttin' about him neither. But them is the kind of fish you'd like to travel with, ain't it?

JOHN — Well, geewhiz, they ain't workin' in no bootleg joints.

NIFTY — Who said anything about workin'? Here,

I've went considerable out of my way to come up here and see if there was anything I could do for you and you act like it was an extra-ordinary favor for you to consider the proposition.

JOHN — No, that ain't the idea. . . . I was just thinkin' if I should land the job and Bert found out I was peddlin' hooch.

NIFTY — Who's goin' to tell her outside of you? And that goes for everyone, see? Not a whisper of what I told you . . .

JOHN — Sure, I'm next.

NIFTY — Of course this guy Popudopulos is a great feller, but if anything was spilled that spoiled his game, well — are you wise?

JOHN — Aw, I'm wise enough to keep my trap shut.

There is a knock at the door that frightens Nifty. He thinks it might be the bulls — not that they have any reason to be looking for him. But just because ——

It is only the saxophone collector come for his three dollars, and Johnnie is embarrassed at not having the money. But Nifty has it, and with a flourish he cancels the installment. He's glad to do it, too. That's nothing to what Nifty would do for a friend. Especially Johnnie. And as for the job —— Well, let him go on looking for the "kind of a job that suits the ball and chain" and if he doesn't find it maybe Nifty can show him how to get into something.

"You're a real pal all right, Nifty," sighs Johnnie.

"That ain't nuttin'," answers the philanthropist. "You know what I'm plannin' for you, John. I'm goin' to fix it with Kill-papa so that you can start in and work with the idea of gettin' to be the manager of one of his stores. Well, I'm keepin' a very important guy waitin' for me, so I better step on it. Be good, Johnnie. See you in the bread line."

Manager! That's the kind of a job Johnnie wants.

Already he can picture himself issuing orders and straightening up the window displays — when Bertha interrupts him. He is not to be denied his dream, however.

"That's the kind of a job I should get," he ruminates for her benefit. "Real money there, believe me. The managers — that's what I call a good job."

And another good job, suggests Bertha, is being president of the Standard Oil Company.

A minute later she has made the dreaded discovery. Sticking out of Johnnie's coat pocket is a copy of the *Evening Telegram*. And he usually buys the *Journal*. Also the *Telegram* is open at the small ad page, and there are a lot of jobs marked. What does that mean?

Johnnie has to confess. It means that he has lost his job; that he was fired, in fact, just because he happened to be late a couple of mornings.

Bertha is in tears and hopeless over the outlook. "I don't know where you'll get another job. I don't believe you ever will get one . . ."

JOHN — Why'nt you wait and find out. Leave me alone and see what I can do, will you? You got some money saved up, ain't you? We ain't starvin' next week, anyhow. We ain't in the poorhouse yet, are we?

BERTHA — Oh, ain't we? What I can't get over is losin' a job through carelessness. There's enough people poor and out of work through hard luck — but just carelessness —— Oh, Gawd — I didn't think I'd ever have to go through this again — wakin' up every mornin' wonderin' what's goin' to happen to you — hatin' to eat a mouthful of food for fear you can't afford it — goin' around in old clothes and run-over shoes and patches. Oh, I just hate it.

JOHN — Well, it ain't no picnic for me, is it?

BERTHA — Then why could you be so dumb?

JOHN — Everything will come out pretty good if you

just lay off me for awhile. I got a few things up my sleeve. I got friends workin' for me.

BERTHA — If instead of workin' your friends, you did some workin' yourself ——

JOHN — Shut up, willya? Now, shut up. (*They glare.*) I'll give you a slap in another minute.

BERTHA — You try it.

JOHN (*weakening*) — Well, I ain't going to be lackin' for somethin' to do if it comes down to that. I guess Nifty is lookin' out for me.

BERTHA — Nifty? (*John walks to window.*) Nifty? Nifty?

JOHN — Yea — you want me to spell it for you?

BERTHA — Johnnie, we don't want no job that comes from Nifty Herman.

JOHN — *We!* How do you know what *we* want? Are you the only one in this family that casts a vote?

BERTHA — You'll only get in trouble if you deal with him. He couldn't possibly give you nothin' that was on the level.

JOHN — Well, don't be so mouthy. All he's goin' to give me is a knock-down to a Greek guy called Papa — Poopa —— I can't pronounce him — he owns a couple of drug stores . . .

BERTHA — If he's a friend of Nifty Herman, then there's somethin' wrong with him. Most likely they're bootleg joints, maybe they sell dope.

JOHN — Sure. Maybe they murder guys. Well, that's a good line of work, too. Maybe I could make enough money at that to keep my ball and chain from givin' me hell every time I step inside the door. (*Puts on his coat.*)

BERTHA — Where you goin'?

JOHN — I'm goin' out. I got some business matters to attend to.

BERTHA — You ain't had your supper.

JOHN — I don't want none. Guys that's out of work ain't got no right to eat, anyhow.

BERTHA (*softer*) — Now, Johnnie, I didn't say that. You sit down and have your supper.

JOHN — I don't want nothin'.

BERTHA — Now, take your coat off, dear, like I tell you.

JOHN — *No.* The trouble with me is I been takin' too much orders off other people. If I'd used my own judgment, maybe I'd be better off. (*She watches him as he starts for door. He feels in pocket, looks around, sees money on shelf and takes it.*)

BERTHA — Johnnie, don't take that, it's my milk money.

JOHN — I'll pay you back tomorrow.

BERTHA — Johnnie, don't go like this . . . (*Exit Johnnie.*) Johnnie come back here. (*She stands defeated.*) (*Enter Dan R.*)

DAN — Where's his nobs?

BERTHA — Huh?

DAN — Where's John?

BERTHA — He's gone to the bowlin' tourney.

DAN (*Grabbing hat and rushing for door*) — Holy Gee, why'nt he wait for me?

BERTHA — Your supper, Dannie. (*Dan exits C.*) (*She wilts again. Goes to stove, turns off gas.*) Hell! (*Sinks to chair centre of table.*)

Curtain.

ACT II

Two weeks later the Quinlan family situation is not greatly changed. Dannie is still devoting himself to the saxophone. Bertha is doing her best to stretch the little savings they have in the bank over the costs of housekeeping. And Johnnie is still looking for a job.

Today he has walked the streets of the town for miles unnumbered. He has followed up want ads from all

sections and met all kinds of employers. But the best he has been able to get is a promise that if he will hang around for six months, until holiday time, there may be something for him. A lot of stores increase their forces at that time.

A job, they are all agreed, will have to be found soon. Bertha favors asking the Bercovichs, who live in the apartment above, if there isn't a place for Johnnie in their business. But Johnnie balks at that. He is discouraged, but not to the point of being willing to take a job in the Bercovichs' sweatshop. Just the same Bertha is going to ask them — and if they have anything he will simply have to take it.

Bertha has gone to interview the Bercovichs when Nifty Herman drops in. Nifty is optimistic. As a matter of fact, he comes with a job in his hand for Johnnie if Johnnie will take it. Furthermore he is prepared to hand him half a week's salary to start with — fifteen dollars. Or, to be exact, fifteen dollars minus the three dollars loaned on the saxophone. And if Johnnie is a wise little fellow, and lets Mr. Popudopulos see he is to be relied upon, he will be manager in no time at all.

Johnnie is not only ready for the job, but keen to get started. And he'll make good, too, he promises Nifty. What will he have to do?

NIFTY — Well, the first job you gotta do is lookin' after a suitcase that's got somethin' kind of valuable in it. Just takin' care of it for awhile.

JOHN — Well, I never was so strong for this here Eighteenth Amendment, anyhow.

NIFTY — Then when I give you the word, deliver it to a certain address that I'll slip you.

JOHN — Gee, if Bert should find out that ——

NIFTY (*holding out his hand to take money back*) — Well, make up your mind — cause if you don't want to close the deal ——

JOHN — Naw, naw, I ain't going to back out ——

NIFTY — I might as well be perfectly frank with you, Johnnie — that grip is loaded with high class, pre-war Scotch ——

JOHN — Aw, it's all right with me, Nifty. I ain't in no position to be pickin' and choosin'. I prefer the window-dressin' end of the game — but I guess I gotta work up, don't I?

NIFTY — Do a nice reliable job lookin' after the suitcase, Johnnie, and you'll be manager in no time — sure — wid me pullin' for you — what to hell——

JOHN — Where do I get this here suitcase?

NIFTY — Listen. You go down the alley to Fineberg's Cigar Store at five o'clock sharp, see? Goofie Malone will come through the front way and hand you the suitcase — take it and say nothin' and keep it up here till I give you the further instructions ——

JOHN — Well ——

NIFTY — Well, what?

JOHN —Nuttin'. (*Puts money in pocket.*) Gee whiz, suppose some bull asks me ——

NIFTY — No bull ain't goin' to ask you. They don't suspicion you for nothin'. It's a cinch as far as you're concerned. You got a right to carry a suitcase up to your own flat, ain't you?

JOHN — I'd like to see somebody stop me, huh!

NIFTY — Now, I'm gonna tell Kill-papa he can absolutely count on you ——

JOHN — Absolutely. Hey, listen, Nifty, this here Kill-papa — is he the big smoke of the whole job?

NIFTY — Just for your own information, Johnnie, Kill-papa is number two. There's another fellow that's number one. We got a name for him but we don't none of us know him to meet, see? In case you should hear any of the other fellers gabbin', I better slip you the monicker we give him —— (*Whispers into Johnnie's ear.*)

JOHN — The Works?

NIFTY — Eh — quiet — keep that under your hat. (*Voices down hall.*) Who's that?

JOHN — Lot.

NIFTY (*whispers quickly*) — Now, mind you, Johnnie, mum's the word on this. No gabbin' — if you do . . .

JOHN — I get you. I got you.

Lottie and Mr. Newton break up the conference and Nifty somewhat embarrassedly goes out. Lottie has brought Mr. Newton home for dinner, and Johnnie adds his word of welcome. True, Bertha doesn't know about it, and there may not be much to eat, but it will probably be all right. At the moment Johnnie, with a new job and twelve dollars in his pocket, is quite expansive, and proud of Bertha's competence.

"Listen," he advises Mr. Newton, "when I went overseas, she goes down to the Five and Ten and rings the time clock every mornin' — and as soon as I come back she laid down the pick and shovel and took up the frying pan. And believe me, she's a cooking fool. Just seems to come natural to her. Now, on the other hand, take Lot — she can make the finest glass of ice water you ever tasted and that's her limit."

"Maybe she needs practice," suggests Mr. Newton.

Lottie is back to help with getting the dinner, and, incidentally, not so very well pleased with Johnnie's job. She fears Herman may have something to do with his getting it, and she is suspicious of Herman. Several of his gang, she knows, have been picked up by the police recently for one thing and another. Just before she and Mr. Newton came in they had seen one of Herman's pals grabbed over by the park because he was carrying a lot of stuff in a flivver.

"Well, what kind of stuff?" nervously demands Johnnie, trying to defend his friend.

LOT — I don't know. What would you think it was Mr. Newton?

NEWTON — Might have been whiskey.

JOHN — Well, ju — ju ——

LOT — You heard about those two young fellows that went up to Port Jervis? Didn't you, Johnnie?

JOHN — What about 'em?

LOT — They thought they'd make a little easy money selling hooch and they were arrested before they got rid of it — and although they came from nice people and their families spent a lot of money for lawyers, they got sent up for — how many years was it, Mr. Newton?

NEWTON — Three, I think.

(*John grows visibly nervous.*)

JOHN — That ain't right! There ain't no justice in that. They ought not to do a thing like that. Anyhow, what's that got to do with Nifty?

LOT — That's just what all his gang are doing. And worse ——

JOHN — Oh, I don't believe it.

LOT — It's not worth arguing about. Only I'm just saying I wouldn't have too much to do with Nifty ——

JOHN — I wouldn't. I wouldn't. Aw, what to — Well, it's nothin' to — Aw gee, where's the Disney? I got a get out of here. I got some things to think about. All you do is argue. Gee, that's the way with women, Mr. Newton, all they do is argue and when they get all through, it don't mean a thing. A fellow starts out to s-ay a simple thing and by the time they get through asking a couple of questions it would take seventeen Philadelphia lawyers to make any sense out of it. I'll be back. I got a date. Tell Bert I'll be back. (*Exit down hall.*)

LOT — Johnnie is the darndest person sometimes, he —

NEWTON — You don't think there's any —— He's not mixed up with that Herman bunch?

LOT — Oh, he wouldn't really do anything.

NEWTON — I hope he hasn't got himself implicated in any way — it would put me in a terrible position. Here I am on a personal basis in your home so to speak and at the same time investigating that bunch. But of course ——

LOT — Johnnie's all right. He just talks too much.

NEWTON — Yes, of course.

LOT — Gee, I'd hate to have a conscience like yours. Did you hear what that fellow from Washington said about you — you know — when he found you turned down that big bribe in the Calloway case? He said, "That bird Newton is too honest to work for the government."

NEWTON — I'll never get rich, that's sure.

LOT — My mother was just like you that way — she was so honest it was like a disease. A man gave her six cents too much change one time and she walked a mile to return it.

NEWTON — I think maybe you take after your mother ——

LOT — All our family's more like father — I wish I was more like her — I guess I have too much of the old cop in me.

NEWTON — I think you are about right the way you are.

Dannie is back and all excitement. He has been down to the corner watching the ticker to see how the ponies have been running at "Harvey de Grace" and he has, for the first time in his life, picked a five-horse parlee. "A FIVE-HORSE PARLEE! Can you imagine that?"

They can't. Lottie doesn't even know what a "parlee" is. Newton is moderately interested. "How much did you have up?" he inquires.

"Oh," admits Dannie, "I never had nothing on it. I just doped it out and they all breezed in. But you can imagine what I'd 'a' had."

He would have had about five thousand dollars, Dannie figures, if he had bet on his parlee and they all come in as he doped them. But he can't work up much excitement about it.

Newton and Lottie have gone into the front room and Bertha is getting the dinner when Dannie starts a new line of trouble by looking out the window and seeing Johnnie jumping the back fence with a suitcase.

Why is he doing that? And coming in through the basement entrance? Bertha has her suspicions. Johnnie has fallen for the smooth talk of the Herman person and become a bootlegger! That's what's happened!

A moment later the little fellow opens the door and stands a bit sheepishly in the doorway, wiping his feet.

BERTHA — What're you doin'?

JOHN — Wipin' my feet. What do you think I'm doin'? Me daily dozens? (*Starts R. with suitcase, very dignified.*)

BERTHA — What's that?

JOHN — That's a suitcase.

BERTHA — What's in it?

JOHN — Well, in the first place, I don't know what's in it, and in the second place ——

BERTHA — Where did you get it?

JOHN — It's just a private suitcase that belongs to a friend of mine that asks would I look after it for him for a few minutes, if you ain't got no particular objections.

BERTHA — Where did you get it and what's in it?

JOHN — Say, for the love of Pete, what are you, the draft board or the income tax guy or something? (*To Dan.*) She fires a lot of questions at you and then expects ——

BERTHA — You got that from Frank Herman — didn't you?

JOHN — Can't a guy bring a suitcase to his own flat without being put through a third degree over it?

BERTHA — Can you look me in the eye and tell me there's nothing wrong with what's in that suitcase?

JOHN — Yes, Mrs. District Attorney ——

BERTHA — Well, if it's all right, why did you come over the back fence with it instead of coming in the front door like you should? Answer me that. Johnnie Quinlan, don't you lie to me. You can't get away with it at all. Well ——

JOHN — Well, what?

BERTHA — Take it out of here. Take it right back where you got it. You know I'm not going to have that thing around my house.

DAN — Ha-ha-ha ——

JOHN (*sees Dan grinning*) — What are you laughing at, you big gorilla? I guess you never been in a hole.

DAN — I never fell for no grifter like Nifty Herman, you bet.

JOHN — No, if you ever did, you'd never get up till they called you for a meal.

DAN — Aw, blow out with the breeze.

JOHN — Aw, blow your saxophone, you ——

DAN — Never mind about the saxophone, I can take care of that ——

JOHN — That's more than you can for yourself ——

DAN — Well, I can take care of you all right.

JOHN — Yeah? Well, see if you can, you big stiff. I can smack you the best day you ever lived.

DAN — You think you can? Come on and try it. I'll ——

BERTHA — My God, take your corners! Don't you know we got company in the next room.

. . . . . .

BERTHA—Have you got bootleg booze in that suitcase?

JOHN (*shows roll of bills*) — I'm workin', see! My employer tells me to do something, I do it, don't I?

BERTHA — Johnnie, I don't care how much they give

you. You don't want to do anything that ain't honest, do you?

JOHN (*to Dan*) — Well, can you tie that one? There's a gal that comes home and just about has a fit when she's able to gyp the street car company out of a jitney for a ride, and then she squawks and says that this here now — when she don't even know ——

BERTHA (*with quiet decision*) — Dan, go in your room now, I want to talk to Johnnie.

DAN — And give up a good ring-side seat like this?

BERTHA — Dan! (*Dan crosses R., stumbles over John's foot, exits down hall.*)

DAN — Get your dogs out of the way!

JOHN — Lift your big feet — you. Now, listen, Bert ——

BERTHA — No, you listen to me, I ain't always had such a very wonderful life, John. I been poor and God knows I am ignorant. I ain't never had the pretty dresses I'd like to wore. I ain't never been to swell theaytres or places I'd have liked to gone to. I had to work hard and sometimes I never had enough to eat and you know that, John, but they's one thing I have always been — honest.

JOHN — Now listen, Bert, I ain't doin' nothin' that ain't done by the very best of people and I can prove it to you ——

BERTHA — I know what's in that suitcase, John — bootleg booze, that's what.

JOHN — Well, gee whiz, maybe it is but ——

BERTHA — Well, John, I won't have it.

JOHN — If this is a business with big jack in it why should a lot of Kill-pap somethings make it off us Americans? Heh?

BERTHA — I don't see how you can act so, Johnnie. It doesn't seem like you at all.

JOHN — If youse only leave me explain ——

BERTHA — No, Johnnie, I won't. I know that wrong is

wrong, and no amount of talkin' can make me see it otherwise. Can't you see where you are startin' goin' around with crooks, and the first thing you know you will be with them right down in the gutter. But if that's where you are goin' I ain't goin' with you. I been thinkin' it over, John, and I made up my mind it just come to this, you can take your choice, if that thing stays here, then I'm goin' to leave.

JOHN (*picking up suitcase and starting for door*) — Pick up the dice, you win. I don't know where it's goin' but it's on its way. . . .

The preparations for dinner are more or less confusing. To induce Dannie to wash his face and change his shirt is not the least of Bertha's problems. But she is happy enough over Johnnie's willingness to give up being a bootlegger for her to overlook a lot of minor worries. Johnnie is back now, and without the suitcase. He got rid of it, he says, though he avoids going into details. The next minute Lottie, gone to get the best tablecloth, stumbles over something.

"Well, of all the crazy things! Who left that great clumsy suitcase in the hall closet?" she demands. And Johnnie knows that he is sunk.

"I certainly want to congratulate you," he says to Dannie. "And I want you to do the same by me. We certainly picked ourselves the dandiest pair of sisters that I ever seen *yet, any place.* And as for you," he continues to Lottie, "that last wham of yours just cleared the bases. I got to hand it to you. You get in a class all by yourself."

Bertha stands staring at him, both hurt and angry. "All right," John calls, picking up the suitcase, "don't say it! I'm going!"

But where he is going, or what he is going to do with the suitcase is still a little more than he can decide. He can't take it back to the man who owns it, as Bertha

suggests, because he doesn't know where he is. And he certainly doesn't want to be picked up walking around the streets with it.

Considerably to his surprise he finds a friend in Lottie. Bertha has gone to change her dress. Lottie is sorry he ever got into the mess, but she is convinced that he had better be careful about the man he meets next. She knows a certain party that's in the Federal Service, Lottie admits, and he told her there was likely to be a cleaning up of that district any day now. So it isn't any time to take chances.

A knock on the door startles them and Johnnie quickly shoves the suitcase under a big arm chair and sits in the chair.

The caller is a Mr. Keefe, "a big, heavy-set plain-clothes man of fifty." He is looking for Mr. Newton, and Lottie sends him into the other room. He is one of the men who works in the office, she explains to Johnnie.

The suitcase is still under the chair when Bertha comes back, but Johnnie lets her think he put it on the dumb-waiter. She looks for it. It evidently has disappeared. Her milk does sometimes.

Another knock at the door and Johnnie is back, sitting protectingly over the suitcase. This caller is Schultz, another large, nosey individual. And he, too, wants to see Mr. Newton. That makes two business men who have come to see Mr. Newton, Bertha explains to the surprised Dannie, who passes them in the hall. But Dannie has his own ideas.

"If them tough-looking eggs is business men, I'm Paul Whiteman," says he. And a minute later he has ferreted out the mystery.

"They are bulls, all of them!" says he. "And Newton is the head bull! And they're having a meeting or something!"

"Maybe they're closing in on somebody," suggests Dannie, much to Johnnie's discomfiture. "Holy gee, when

I come in there was a couple of suspicious lookin' birds hangin' around down at the entrance. Maybe they're plannin' to nab some crook —— And Lot — I'll bet she's a woman dick, too ——"

Johnnie trembles at the thought. It ain't right to have a gang like that around, he wails to Bertha. She oughta make Lot tell 'em to get out. "What's she doin', makin' a station house or a courtroom outa our flat?"

Before anything can be done about it the front room meeting is over. Lottie and Mr. Newton are ready for dinner and Schultz and Keefe have gone on about their business.

Now Johnnie is hard put to it to get the big chair and the suitcase both up to the table without the company noticing anything. He is quite determined to sit in that particular chair, even though Dannie claims it first, and equally determined to draw it up himself. He manages it finally and holds it between his knees as he eats his dinner.

Everything is going nicely, even though Dannie, kicking the suitcase two or three times, has demanded that Johnnie get his oversized feet out of the way. There is another knock at the door and Bertha insists Johnnie shall answer it.

Johnnie refuses to leave the table. "Come in!" he shouts, and in walks the collector for the saxophone, back for another three dollars.

This is no time, explodes Johnnie, for business of that kind. But Bertha insists the man shall be paid and that Johnnie shall pay him.

Reluctantly and protestingly the guardian of the fateful suitcase goes to the door. And he is no more than a step away from the table before the clumsy Dan, giving the suitcase another kick, sends it out into the middle of the floor.

General consternation follows. "Every eye is on the suitcase. John expects the worst. He looks at Bertha.

She looks at the suitcase, then at Newton and then speaks very calmly":

BERTHA — Oh, did I leave that old thing under there? (*Smiles at Newton.*) I like to have something to rest my feet on sometimes. Sit down, Johnnie.

DAN — That's the one that —— (*To John.*) What you lookin' at me for? I know enough to keep me trap closed.

BERTHA — You might put the old thing out of the way somewhere. Johnnie, I ——

JOHN (*picking it up*) — All right. Oh, it's empty, ain't it? (*Knock.*)

BERTHA — Yeah. (*John pauses.*) See who that is. (*John admits Keefe.*)

KEEFE — Can I speak to you for a second, Mr. Newton?

NEWTON — Go ahead. What is it?

KEEFE — Burke just came back. His man got rid of the stuff — must have passed it to a pal in Fineberg's Cigar Store but —— (*He stands open-mouthed, gazing at suitcase.*) Say . . . That's it, ain't it? I got to hand it to you, Chief.

NEWTON — What?

KEEFE — I don't know how you did it, but unless my eyes are going back on me that's the suitcase that Herman's lobbygow had when he was lost.

JOHN — Huh?

KEEFE — Who got it?

JOHN — That might not be the same one — you couldn't tell a suitcase ——

KEEFE — I noticed how she was patched on the corner here.

JOHN — Well, he — he only lent it to me — he only ——

KEEFE — To you?

NEWTON — That's the suitcase that Frank Herman —

Photo by De Mirjian Studios

"THE FALL GUY"

Johnnie: This is no time for business of this kind.

(Ernest Truex as Johnnie Quinlan)

JOHN — Well, I admit it. I ——

BERTHA — JOHNNIE!

JOHN — Go ahead! Pinch me! Gee, after what I been through, it'll be a relief to go to jail.

LOT — John, don't talk so much.

JOHN — Keep out of it, will ya?

BERTHA — Oh, John ——

JOHN — What can you expect for a guy whose sister makes his flat into a meeting place for a lot of bulls.

NEWTON — Folks, I'm your guest here, yet I can't possibly avoid investigating this.

BERTHA — You're not going to arrest Johnnie?

NEWTON — What's in that suitcase?

JOHN — Hooch.

NEWTON — What else?

JOHN — Nuttin'.

NEWTON — You better tell me the truth, John.

JOHN — I told you, didn't I?

NEWTON — How do you open this false bottom?

JOHN — How do you what — what — what?

NEWTON — Never mind. (*Opens it.*) There!

JOHN — What's that? Dope?

NEWTON — Yes, hop, snow — dope — about five thousand dollars' worth. I'm sorry you didn't tell me the truth in the first place.

JOHN — I didn't know it was there. I swear on a Bible I didn't know it was there. (*Newton regards him coldly.*) I wouldn't peddle no dope. It was hop-heads that shot my old man — I hate the dirty stuff — Nifty knows that too — I'm a fall guy all right. I wouldn't peddle no dope. Aw, what's the use . . . Well, I guess you was right, Bert, I ought to have taken that job from the Bercovichs ——

Curtain.

ACT III

A half hour later Newton and Keefe are completing the examination of Johnnie. Their search of his pockets has revealed nothing more incriminating than nine dollars, a bunch of keys, several want-ad clippings and the usual cigarettes, matches and cigar store coupons.

Neither has their questioning been productive. Johnnie apparently is trying to keep nothing from them, and yet there is every reason to believe he is shielding someone higher-up.

For Newton the situation is most unpleasant. He really doesn't know what to do. "I'm a guest here," he confesses to Keefe. "I'm friends with them. If I go through with it and do my duty I'm seventeen kinds of a cur in Lottie's, Miss Quinlan's, eyes. And if I blind myself to the whole affair I'm the kind of traitor that ought to be hung — Keefe, what would you do?"

"I wouldn't tell no man what to do," admits Keefe, "but I'll tell you this much: When in doubt, do your duty . . . I knowed the boy's father, Mr. Newton. Him and me took the exams together and I'd as lief give Mike Quinlan's boy a hand as anybody, but dope peddlers is dope peddlers."

Lottie makes a half-hearted but sincere plea for her brother, but she has been in his office long enough to know that Newton is not one to change the course of justice for any offender. Newton is harder hit this time than he ever has been before. He admits that much.

"You'll hate me now, he says to her, "but what can I do? I love you. If I could go to jail for him I'd do it. I don't want to make you unhappy."

"I only asked you to give him a chance."

"I'll give him a chance. But if he's done it, I can't let him off."

They question Dannie, the saxophone specialist, but get little from him. He admits that things have been a little slow with him so far as work is concerned for some

time, and that Johnnie also has been out of work. Yet the family has got along some way.

Furthermore he advises them to go a little slow with Johnnie. That boy has influence! The first thing they know they won't have a job to share among them. But he has no information of any value concerning this mysterious protection of Johnnie's.

They bring Bertha in and question her. Also without definite result. She knows her Johnnie is honest, and that he just got to going with bad company. If he had another chance ——

Newton is not hopeful. He sends for Johnnie, and then takes Keefe and goes into a conference in the other room, leaving Johnnie and Bertha together.

They are embarrassed for a moment, avoiding each other's eyes, and Bertha sits wringing her hands. The thought of her helplessness overpowers her. After a pause she speaks.

BERTHA — Johnnie, what are they going to do?

JOHN — I don't know.

BERTHA — Oh, Johnnie — they — they won't send you to jail? (*He sniffs indifferently.*) Maybe they ain't going to hold it against you. On account of Mr. Newton's being a friend of Lot, huh?

JOHN — What's that got to do with it?

BERTHA — Well ——

JOHN — That only makes it the worse for me. Can't you see what kind he is? He's one of them innocent pure guys that thinks he's got to give me a double dose to prove to himself he's honest.

BERTHA — Oh, dear, oh dear — I told you not to ——

JOHN — I was waiting for that one. I was wondering how long before you'd spring that one. I TOLD YOU! I TOLD YOU! (*John sinks down. Buries hands in face.*) Go on away, will you? Leave me alone.

BERTHA — Oh, John!

JOHN — Leave me go to jail where they won't be nobody pickin' on me all the time. (*Pause — he sniffs — then adds weakly.*) I'd rather be in jail.

BERTHA — John, I'm so scared.

JOHN — It'll all come out in the wash, I guess.

BERTHA — Of course it will, of course it will. (*Strokes his shoulder, discovers tear in coat.*) Why, John!

JOHN (*looking up alarmed*)

BERTHA — You've tore your coat.

JOHN (*jumping up like a cornered animal*) — You would have to find that out, wouldn't you? (*Violently.*) I didn't mean to tear no coat. Gee whiz, you ought to know that, Bert. Gee whiz, if you don't lay off of me, I'll go up and jump off the roof. (*His violence sobers them both. They stand looking at each other. He turns away finally. Quietly.*) I didn't mean to tear no coat. (*Almost in tears.*) Everything I do is wrong, ain't it? I wish I'd been shot in the war and then I wouldn't be in everybody's way. Damn if I don't.

BERTHA — Don't talk that way, Johnnie.

JOHN — It's true. I'm the damndest failure that ever lived, that's what I am.

BERTHA — Johnnie!

JOHN — That's no kid. I'm on to myself. I preten' I ain't, but I am. I wish I wasn't alive, and that's a fact. I ain't no use to anybody.

BERTHA — You're use to me, Johnnie.

JOHN — Aw, shut up. I am not. Everything I do is a flop. I can't hold no job or nuttin'. I don't know why you married me. If you'd married Bill Dugan you could be living in luxury now — taxi drivers getting forty a week.

BERTHA — Johnnie, come here.

JOHN — Aw, leave me alone. I'm sorry for you that you got stuck with a guy like me.

BERTHA — Oh, dearie, don't talk that way.

JOHN — You don't have to bluff me no more. (*Bertha runs to him; John tries to get out of her arms.*)

BERTHA — Johnnie, I love you better than anything in the world.

JOHN — How could you? How could you love a guy that goes out and gets his coat torn and everything?

BERTHA — Johnnie, put your head on my shoulder.

JOHN — Leave me alone. I don't want no damn sympathy.

BERTHA — Johnnie, I didn't mean to be cross with you. I didn't mean what I said.

JOHN — You did so. You're just trying to soft-soap it over now. If I was you, I'd leave me flat. I wouldn't have nothing to do with a guy like me. You told me I'd tear my coat and I did.

BERTHA — I don't care about the coat, honey. Maybe I can mend it. Let me put my arms around you, won't you, darlin' — won't you, honey dear? Please. (*Pulls him into a chair with her, strokes his hair.*) Don't worry about it, darling. Everything's got to come out somehow. We'll find some way. You're my boy, Johnnie, you're my only boy. I wouldn't leave you for anything in the world. We got each other. What do we care what does happen. We'll get started again. What do we care for a little hardship? We been through it before and we can go through it again. You forgive me, don't you, dear? You forgive me?

JOHN — There ain't nothin' to forgive you for. I'm the one.

BERTHA — It was mean of me to be razzin' you. I know it was, darling. Anyhow, it ain't anything so terrible. They may let you off.

JOHN — Aw, Bert, you don't know the half of it — Nifty double-crossed me right.

BERTHA — JOHN!

JOHN — It ain't for bootleggin' they want me, it's for peddlin' snow.

BERTHA — But, John, you didn't do it.

JOHN — Don't I know that? It ain't what I done that counts, it's what they can prove I done.

BERTHA — Oh, my God, Johnnie!

JOHN — What good does that do? I'm in it, ain't I? Well, believe me, as the French say, if once I get out of this nobody's goin' ever to make a fool of me again. Now that I know I'm a sap maybe I won't be so big a one.

Newton and Keefe are back, and the next step in their examination is to be a final examination of Johnnie. They are going to give him a last chance to tell them all about it — who is in his gang, how long he has been "tailing with 'em," where he gets his "stuff," where he peddles it — and all about it.

But Johnnie hasn't anything more to tell, and no third degree can make him tell what isn't so. A fellow gave him the suitcase to keep until he got an address to take it to; he thought maybe it was full of hooch; he didn't know anything about the dope — and that is all he knows.

KEEFE — You never guessed there was snow in it, huh?

JOHN — *NO, sir!*

NEWTON — You didn't know they were making you the hold-out for that mob, is that right?

JOHN — No, sir. Why — my old man was bumped off by some hop-heads and do you think I'd stand for that? (*Sincerely and honestly.*) Listen, Mr. Newton, what I'm telling you is Gawd's honest truth. Honest, it is Mr. Newton. (*Looks around, sees Schultz.*) Say, can't you make that guy stop that? He makes me out a liar just by smiling. (*Keefe and Newton exchange looks.*) I am wise to the whole works of it. You can't work no third degree on me. I didn't do no peddlin' and nobody can make me say I did neither — and I didn't know what was in that suitcase.

NEWTON — I believe you, John.

JOHN — You do?

NEWTON — But I'm not sure that I can make a judge believe you.

There is a call at the dumbwaiter tube. Another of Newton's men wants to report that Nifty Herman is acting as though he was coming up. He has passed the house two or three times, and is now on his way to the basement entrance.

Newton orders that he be permitted to come right up. And then Johnnie makes a suggestion. Let him have a try at Herman.

JOHN — Well, listen, it's like this. If you guys want to give me a chance.

NEWTON — I've got to get the goods on this crook.

JOHN — Nifty knows that hop peddlin' is somethin' I wouldn't stand for — not from my own brother I wouldn't — and then he makes me out ——

NEWTON (*sharply*) — All right. What do you want to do?

JOHN — I want to take one good crack at him.

NEWTON — No you don't. Look here. I'll let you talk to him. See if you can find out about the Works. Keep a look-out, will you, Keefe? Schultz, you cover the floor above. (*Exit Keefe and Schultz.*) There's a bird that heads that mob, we don't know his name, except that they call him the Works. We want to know who that is. He's the brains of the whole gang. This Frank Herman must know.

JOHN — I'll ask him.

NEWTON — Don't ask him. Get around him. Use your brains. Watch for a chance to make him slip.

JOHN — What'll I do if I can't make him talk? You know that guy's about as open as a bank on Sunday. (*Keefe enters C.*)

KEEFE — He is on the way up. Came through the basement.

NEWTON — We'll be in the next room.

KEEFE (*to John*) — Go after him, kid.

JOHN — Holy gee, I can't think what to do, Mr. Keefe. You know this guy packs a rod.

KEEFE (*pausing in doorway R. as Newton exits*) — Now listen, you — your old man was Mike Quinlan. Go after this guy.

Johnnie follows instructions. He grabs a chair, swings it above his head and waits beside the door. As Nifty Herman sneaks in Johnnie gives every indication of an intention to brain him. And admits that such is his idea. Didn't Nifty double-cross him? Didn't he wish a bunch o' hop on him without tipping him off, or giving him a chance to cut in on the profits or anything?

Nifty is visibly disturbed by the revelations, and hasn't much of any defense. Nor any chance to state it if he has. Johnnie is doing the talking now.

He now swings into a long story of how he could have got Nifty and "The Works" and the whole gang into a lot of trouble if he hadn't been a quick thinker, just because of Nifty's not being on the level with him about the dope.

Didn't a fella come up there to Johnnie's flat, representin' himself to be sent by Nifty and askin' for the suitcase? And when Johnnie wouldn't give it to him, didn't he say anyhow Nifty wanted to see him and would he come outside?

And Johnnie goes outside, and finds a hippy little automobile out there and the fella takes him in and they ride down to 125th Street and there they take in another guy. And ——

NIFTY — Go ahead.

JOHN — Well, this other guy, he says, now, he says, "Never mind 'bout what order Mr. Herman give you, you can do with that suitcase like I tell you," he says.

Well, I comes right back at him, I says, "Who are you?" — "don't you know me," he says, "I'm the Works."

NIFTY — The dirty liar.

JOHN — It might have been, Nifty.

NIFTY — No, I tell you. I know it wasn't. You didn't give it to him?

JOHN — Wait till I get to that, will you? Don't get me mixed. I was right ready for him with another one. I says, "What Works," I says, "The Bottle Works or the Water Works?" Pretty good, eh?

NIFTY — What sort of a lookin' guy was this second fella?

JOHN — Oh, just a regular lookin' fella. Might have been smooth-faced but he hadn't shaved for quite a while.

NIFTY — I don't make him at all, at all.

JOHN — Wait'll I finish. He takes me by the arm and looks at me very firm and dirty and says, "Listen, you. I am the Works."

NIFTY — But I tell you that wasn't the Works.

JOHN — Where you been since you was here, Nift?

NIFTY — I was over to Goofy Malone's all the time but that —

JOHN — Then how do you know it wasn't the Works?

NIFTY — 'Cause I know. I thought I seen dicks tailing me. That's what it is, the dicks are after us.

JOHN — Anyhow, when this fella, he seen he couldn't get nothing out of me without he knows the password, so he pulls out a roll of bills and says, "Where's the snow?" Right away I was wised up. I seen you done me double on that suitcase, but I ain't the kind that goes back on a pal, Nifty! Just then we had to slow up in a traffic jam by the subway and I jumped through the door and out of sight without waiting to kiss them good-by or anything. And then after gettin' back here and hidin' the suitcase where they can't find it, you have to come trailin' here,

like as not bringin' half the police force along the rear of you.

NIFTY — John, you done good work. You used your bean all right, I got a hand it to you. I should 'a' made you a full partner in the first place, but I wanted to try you out and see what you was good for ——

JOHN — Well, I'm there, ain't I?

NIFTY — You bet you're there.

JOHN — You bet the cat's eyebrows I'm there.

NIFTY — Listen, Johnnie, you don't have to keep this here suitcase no longer. Soon as I get out of here you take it over to Goofy Malone's.

JOHN — Whatever you say, Nift.

NIFTY — And listen, don't let no bulls follow you.

JOHN — Snap out of it, ain't there a hundred buildings within three doors each and a flock of subway entrances between here and Bowling Green?

NIFTY — You said it.

And then the explosion. Johnnie, having all the information he wants, turns on Nifty and springs his trap.

"You tried to make a fall guy outa me, but maybe you're going to end up behind the bars yourself," he shouts. "I wanted to find out who the Works was, and now I know. You are the Works. You gave yourself away fine, didn't you?"

With an oath Nifty springs at Johnnie, but the little fellow stands his ground and slaps him soundly. The next minute Newton, Keefe and the others have sprung into the room and are leading away the cursing Nifty, shouting all manner of vengeance upon Johnnie. "Anything you say will be used against you," warns the latter, professionally.

And Johnnie not only glories in the congratulations of Newton but the promise of a job in his office as well.

"You have got a pretty good head on you in some ways," the chief admits. "They say every man is good

at his job if he can find the right work. You seem to know a good deal about crook psychology."

Johnnie admits the impeachment, once he knows what psychology means.

"As a matter of actual fact," he modestly boasts, "some of the very best friends I got in the world is in jail."

He is keen about the job with Newton, but naturally, he will have to consult with Bert first. Which he has a chance to do when the girls come in and Newton leads Lottie away to discharge her as a secretary and re-engage her as a housewife.

JOHN — Listen, Bert, I ain't going to jail after all.

BERTHA — Oh, Johnnie!

JOHN — Nifty is going in my place. So the next thing to decide is what kind of a job fer me to hook on to.

BERTHA — Why, Johnnie, it's all decided. You're going to Bercovichs', of course. (*To window.*)

JOHN — Come away from that window!

BERTHA — What?

JOHN — Bert! I don't want that job.

BERTHA — John, after all you been through, are you still wanting to argue?

JOHN — Well, won't you listen ——

BERTHA — No, of course I won't. (*Starts for air-shaft.*)

JOHN — Newton's offered me a job ——

BERTHA — After all we've . . . What? Who? What doing?

JOHN — In his office. Working up to be a regular Federal dick.

BERTHA — John, how do you know you can get a job down there?

JOHN — I and Charlie was just talking it over.

BERTHA — Who?

JOHN — Charlie — Newton — the Chief. Oh, Bert, leave me take it, will you? I might not be so bad.

BERTHA — Oh, John, ain't it wonderful? To be a policeman just like your father.

JOHN — Sure! Gee whiz! (*Saxophone is heard off stage.*)

Curtain.

THE END

THE YOUNGEST

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Philip Barry

IT was the season of 1922–23 that introduced Philip Barry to the theatregoers of New York, and later to those of the more important American cities. The Barry play that year won a Harvard prize and was called "You and I." It was one of the ten plays selected for inclusion in the issue of the year book for that season.

The same year Richard Herndon, who had produced "You and I," announced the purchase of a second play by Mr. Barry. It was known at that time as "Poor Richard." Herndon held it for a season and finally sold it to Robert Milton, who, long prominent as a stage director, last year became a producer on his own account.

Meantime Louis Evan Shipman, editor of *Life*, had written a drama concerned with the life of his distinguished fellow-townsman, Benjamin Franklin, and, naturally enough, had appropriated to his own use the title of "Poor Richard." Admitting the consistency of the Shipman claim to Richard, Milton took the Barry comedy through the trial territory as "God Bless Our Home." This title was writ sarcastical, but it was accepted seriously by the public unacquainted with the play's theme and was later abandoned. December 22, 1924, "God Bless Our Home" was brought to the Gaiety Theatre, New York, and renamed "The Youngest."

The public was more consistently enthusiastic in its reception of this comedy than were the reviewers. Many of the latter were disappointed, partly because the promise held out by "You and I" was not quite reached,

and partly because of certain minor extravagances in the comedy's development. But "The Youngest" ran along nicely for the next three months.

The domestic background of "The Youngest" is, in effect, the same as that of "You and I" — the home life of an American family of the higher middle class, refined, educated, moderately cultured, commercially successful, socially active.

The Winslows, living in a small New York State city, have made their money in the manufacture of pins. The business, established by other Winslows now departed, has been handed down to Oliver, the eldest son, who, at thirty-eight, serves as trustee for his mother in the conduct of the business and titular guardian of the younger heirs, Mark, who is thirty-two; Augusta, twenty-eight; Martha, twenty-three; and Richard, the youngest, twenty-two.

At the play's opening the Winslows are gathered in the living room of the family home, variously and characteristically employed. Mrs. Winslow "is working on the beginnings of a square piece of filet lace." Augusta Winslow Martin, "with her feet high upon an upholstered stool, is reading the *Atlantic Monthly*." Alan, her husband, "is having considerable difficulty winding a spark coil from a loose coil of wire." Martha (Muff) and Mark, her brother, are looking over an old photograph album. And Richard, a little detached, sits at a desk at the side of the room, writing. "He is of medium height, very slight, with a fresh, sensitive, eager face. His hair has not been brushed since morning. He wears an old, soft-leather jacket, the collar of which is turned up. His trousers are old grey homespun, pitifully out of press. His heavy brown shoes, once good, are now genuine antiques, and no attempt has been made to renew their youth by polishing. His white polo-shirt, with button-down collar, is badly frayed at the neck. His tie, an old bright-colored foulard, is pulled askew.

One leg is wound round the leg of the chair. He is industriously writing with a pencil, upon a large pad."

There is some family excitement because Nancy Blake is coming. Nancy is one of the Blakes of New York, "Muff's" very best friend and one whose visit is of such social consequence there has been much general planning to insure its success.

The talk now does not reach Richard. He continues somewhat laboriously with his writing, attracting the attention of the others only when he does something to irritate them — which nearly everything Richard does seems to do. If he lights his pipe his brothers criticize his choice of his substitute for tobacco. If he sharpens his pencil the scratching is distressing. If he twists his feet about the legs of his chair he certainly is marring that piece of furniture.

Now, when his pet Irish terrier wanders into the room, he is ordered to remove it at once, and thereafter to keep all his animal pets out of sight — especially the baby alligator that has acquired the distressing habit of crawling under Augusta's door.

But if Richard has not been interested in the plans for Nancy's reception and entertainment up to now, he soon finds himself the very center of the excitement. Not only is it proposed that as a feature of the introductory dance at the club Richard shall take the neighboring Mildred Spencer, an "unclaimed jewel" in whom he is not the least interested, but, crowning insult, that he will have to give up his room to Nancy, "and go into the little room at the top of the stairs."

RICHARD — But, Mother, you *know* I use mine twice as much's they do theirs. 'N' all my books 'n' papers are there. (*Alan settles himself in a chair with another law book.*)

MRS. WINSLOW — It will only be for a few weeks.

RICHARD — A few weeks! (*A thoughtful pause.*)

Listen! Why do Alan and Augusta have to have two rooms? They're married — let them be domestic for awhile.

AUGUSTA — You're not in the Middle Ages, my dear.

RICHARD — Don't see why you both stick 'round here, anyway. I know Alan doesn't want to — he'd be tickled to death to get away. But you — you've got to have your little luxuries, haven't you?

MRS. WINSLOW — When Alan and Augusta find a suitable home ——

RICHARD — Yes! Came here from wedding trip till they could find a house. Been plenty houses in last two years. Only not with tennis court, 'n' swimming-pool, 'n' three cars, like this one. If I had *my* say your worries'd be over, Alan. Out she'd go tomorrow. In *my* opinion, she ——

AUGUSTA — The curious thing about *your* opinion is that it doesn't interest any one.

OLIVER (*wearily, from the desk*) — Oh, *we* know what room Nancy will have. Why discuss it?

RICHARD — Exactly — no discussion —— (*Takes key from his pocket and holds it up triumphantly.*) This key settles it. (*Mark calmly picks the key from his fingers.*)

MARK — So it does.

RICHARD — Confound you, Mark! I'll ——

MARK — There, Dicky-bird — quiet ——

MUFF — I'm sorry, Richard — but we *can't* very well show her into the coal-bin.

RICHARD — Sick of being treated like this! Who's she think *she* is, to come in here and take my room? Fool! I'll insult her! I'll act like the very devil!

OLIVER — We'll warn her about your — eccentricities.

MUFF — How I love people who make excuses for their families!

RICHARD — I'll be eccentric all right — I'll be so eccentric she'll leave a lot quicker'n she came.

MRS. WINSLOW — I think this has gone far enough. Mark, let Richard into his room.

MARK (*crossing right*) — Come on — you of the lion heart. (*Richard does not stir.*) — Are you coming? (*Still Richard does not move.*)

MRS. WINSLOW — Then whatever you think should be moved, Mark. (*Mark turns to go out.*)

RICHARD — You dare touch my things! (*Mark laughs scornfully and goes out. Richard hesitates a moment and follows rapidly.*)

AUGUSTA — God bless our happy home.

MUFF — It's sickening the way Mark rides him. He might let up for a minute, some time.

OLIVER — Mark does go it pretty steadily.

MUFF (*swiftly*) — You, too! You're about as light-handed with your darned helpfulness as — as a rock-crusher.

MRS. WINSLOW — Oliver knows what is best for him.

MUFF — Oliver is great. Praise be to Oliver.

And now Nancy Blake, twenty-one, small, pretty, beautifully poised, attractively gowned, has arrived lugging a pet bloodhound after her. Her greetings are cordial, even effusive in the case of "Muffins." Oliver and Mark are beaming and already friendly rivals. Again everybody is present and pleasantly accounted for except Richard. And he, being "a little odd" as Oliver explains, and "given to acting queerly" as Mark adds, having been sent to dress, and move out of his room, has not returned. When he does come it is to burst roughly into the room without seeing Nancy, or knowing she has arrived.

"Well," he shouts, "it's ready for her. But I'd suggest a lady's maid 'n' some soft cushions 'n' chocolates 'n' cheap novels, 'n' ——"

MRS. WINSLOW — Richard!

RICHARD — 'N' maybe a couple of eunuchs at the door, so that —— (*Mark advances.*)

AUGUSTA — Of all the disgusting ——

MARK (*simultaneously*) — Look here, you ——

OLIVER (*simultaneously*) — That's enough!

RICHARD (*his voice rising*) — So that when your sap-headed little social celebrity arrives, she won't lose her sense of importance.

MRS. WINSLOW (*to Nancy, with a nervous laugh*) — Really, I ——

RICHARD — Also, you might scatter a few butlers and footmen around to impress her with —— (*Suddenly he sees Nancy. Their eyes meet. He stares at her for a moment, then turns sharply and goes out the French window. Alan chuckles. Then there is a long and awkward pause, broken by Nancy.*)

NANCY — Isn't he sweet?

MARK — Yes, *isn't he*!

Oliver starts to explain. So does Mark. But they are both too angry to trust themselves. With significant excuses that they have a serious matter to attend to they follow Richard into the garden.

"I'm afraid we must apologize for my youngest son's lack of ——" begins Mrs. Winslow. But Nancy's quick "O, no — please!" stops her. Only Muff is equal to anything resembling a real explanation, and she has already told Nancy of this particular family situation. Muff is her young brother's stanchest defender.

"Are they really on his neck every minute?" demands Nancy, when she and Muff are alone.

"Twice a minute. Half the time he's afraid to call his soul his own."

"Well, I call it rotten unfair — I hate unfairness."

"You'll see plenty of it here, my precious. Come along."

"Don't rush me. I'm thinking. I suppose every big family has its victim ——"

"Thanking your stars you are an only child?"

"No — but people are so *stupid!* They don't realize the way other people literally turn out to be the sort of creatures they treat them as."

"You don't really believe that!"

"I do," Nancy answers, positively. "Treat a mouse like a lion, he'll grow a mane over night."

Nancy is plainly distressed by the family's bullying of Richard. And also determined to do what she can, as house-guest, to correct it. Nor does Muff's warning that if she tries it she will have "six hundred nice pounds of family" on *her* neck discourage her. She will undertake to manage the family.

"It's confidence that gives people confidence," concludes Nancy.

"Um! And it's bullying that knocks it right out again," answers Muff. "I've seen it work too often."

"I shall treat him (Richard) as if he were the most important member of this family. Soon he'll believe he *is* — and at that moment he will be."

So confident is Nancy that she can bring about this change in Richard's attitude toward the Winslows, and that of the Winslows toward him, that she lays Muff a wager that she will do it within a week.

A moment later Richard appears in the doorway. He holds a white kitten in his arms, "he sees Nancy, hesitates a moment, then comes hopping in on one foot and poses before her, his left foot crooked against his right knee."

"What bird do I represent?" he demands.

"Elephant!" she answers, promptly.

But he is not to be thrown off by such prompt acceptance of his mood. He immediately jumps high into the air and comes down with a thud, and when she warns him that he may injure his spine he snaps back that he can do

as he pleases. He stutters, foolishly. He pretends sudden anger. When she notices the kitten he carries he insists it is a polar bear cub. But finally she laughs him out of his pose, and soon they are smiling at each other.

RICHARD — They told you I was a little odd, didn't they? Well — I thought I would be *good* and odd.

NANCY (*smiling*) — It's your room I'm to have, isn't it?

RICHARD — One of my rooms.

NANCY — I'm sure it's the favorite one. It's awfully generous of you. I admire generosity. I think it requires a truly great soul to be generous with anything so intimate as a room.

RICHARD — Oh — that's all right.

NANCY — I'm going to like you very much.

RICHARD — You're not so bad as I thought you'd be.

NANCY — You'll think better of me when I've had a bath.

RICHARD — There's a celluloid duck in the tub. Name's Millicent. Hold her under and then let her go. Sometimes she jumps two inches out of water.

NANCY — Oh — speaking of pets — does your dog object to dining with other dogs?

RICHARD (*delightedly*) — You haven't got a dog?

NANCY — I've got six — but only one with me.

RICHARD — What make?

NANCY — Bloodhound. His name is Eustace.

RICHARD — Why?

NANCY — *I* don't know. Why's the duck's name Millicent?

RICHARD — *I* don't know, either.

NANCY — Well — there you are.

RICHARD — Where is he?

NANCY — Eustace? Kitchen, I think. (*He makes an involuntary movement to rise, then settles back again.*) Would you rather see Eustace than me?

RICHARD — Much.

NANCY — You're awfully spoiled, aren't you? I suppose because you're a writer, the whole household revolves around *you.*

RICHARD — Oh, they go along pretty much as they like.

NANCY — Yes! I've seen author's families before! But I like spoiled people, I'm one myself. You're the most interesting man I've met in a year.

RICHARD — You're all right, yourself.

NANCY — I do love flattery. Oh, Muff said something about a dance at the Golf Club tonight —— (*A slight pause.*) Would you condescend to take *me?*

RICHARD — Why — I — I've got to — that is — I've made other plans. (*Nancy eyes him whimsically.*)

NANCY — And as usual, it's *your* plans that are important.

RICHARD — Why — if only ——

NANCY — Oh, I shouldn't dream of upsetting anything so vital.

Richard is still pondering the complication of the invitation when Alan Martin brings him a message from Oliver. There is an errand to do and Richard is to do it. Further evidence in Nancy's mind that the family attitude toward her young friend is all wrong.

She takes up the question with Alan and finds him heartily in agreement with her, but he thinks she had better go slow. The Winslow family complication is tangled enough as it is. And if Nancy were to force anything like the "downright blow-up" she has confessed she hopes to see, there is no telling what the result might be.

For instance, Alan, who, as a lawyer, has been clearing title to some of the Winslow property, has made a discovery. "I discovered," he says, "that Winslow's will was made some eleven months before Richard was born."

NANCY (*eagerly*) — Could he break it, then? Of course! Oh, marvelous, Alan!

ALAN — You don't know anything about it. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't *have* to break it.

NANCY — Oh, you *lovely* man! *Why* wouldn't he?

ALAN — Shhh! Calm yourself. Although everything was left outright to his widow, the New York State statute says a child born after a will is made inherits just as if there hadn't been any will.

NANCY — Then he'd get something?

ALAN — He certainly would.

NANCY — Oh, I'm shaking all over.

ALAN — However, what he wrote was: "I am confident that my wife will make a just distribution of my property among my family." If he'd said "children" instead of "family" there wouldn't be a doubt. As it is ——

NANCY — Only one word?

ALAN — Only one — but I believe there are Supreme Court decisions to define it.

NANCY — Alan —— (*He looks at her inquiringly. She shakes her head decisively.*) We can't be bothered with any such petty trifles as single words and Supreme Court decisions. I want a clear week to see what kindness and understanding will do. Then, if we need this — (*She touches the will.*) —— it's awfully nice to know we have it.

Now Nancy has gone to change for dinner and the family, dressed and ready, is taking advantage of the moment to transact a bit of unfinished business. This involves the passing out of the allowance checks.

When Richard, already in disgrace because he has failed to dress for dinner, receives his allowance and notices that it has been cut in half, the beginnings of the blow-up, for which Nancy was looking, take place.

"We have decided," declares Oliver, pompously, "that

you must be limited to this until you are amenable to our ideas of what is best for you."

And these ideas, it transpires, represent the family decision that Richard shall go to work in the Winslow pin factory. He has been out of college a year and it is time he earned his allowance.

It is Richard's idea that he is preparing himself for a career as a writer. To this he devotes eight or ten hours a day writing and studying. His writing and his ambitions may be a joke to them, but they are serious to him. "Why," he demands of Oliver, "why should I go into the pin business with you? Wouldn't care if I never saw another pin."

MUFF — Well, one carefully placed *might* make your pants hang better. (*Alan re-enters from the porch.*)

AUGUSTA — You know Mother offered to put you through law school.

RICHARD — That's what *she* wants. I want to write!

MARK — Everything you've ever written has been returned.

RICHARD — Well, it takes time, just like everything else does.

OLIVER — Too *much* time.

MRS. WINSLOW — When Oliver was your age he had been in business four years.

RICHARD — Yes — and done what? Lost more'n a third of all father left!

ALAN (*startled*) — What's that?

RICHARD — Lost more'n a third of all father left, I said.

ALAN — Why — uh — why *I* didn't know that.

MARK — Didn't you? Well, now you do.

ALAN — H'm. That's — uh — that's too bad.

MARK — Noll was a very young man at the time.

OLIVER — And there happened to be a panic.

MRS. WINSLOW — He had to learn how to manage in such crises.

RICHARD — He had to learn his *business!* So do I!

MARK — He calls writing a business.

OLIVER — Oh, let him rave.

RICHARD — Can't you even *understand* a person *wanting* to be anything but a big frog in this little puddle?

MARK — Our baby is ambitious. (*Alan again takes one of the law books from the shelves and studies it.*)

RICHARD — I hate people who keep trying to make other people over. Conceited, meddling busybodies. Think you're doing it out of kindness, don't you? Well, you're doing it just to make your own sweet selves more important. See?

AUGUSTA — Grateful for the pains we've taken over him, isn't he?

RICHARD — Mother — for twenty-two years now, I've been treated like a hunk of putty ——

OLIVER — Oh, I guess you haven't been treated so badly. You've got a good job offered you. Do your writing in the evenings. What do you say?

RICHARD — Suppose it was the other way 'round. Suppose you two wanted to make pins 'n' I wanted you to write. What if I said "make your pins in the evenings?" (*Mark and Oliver look at each other and laugh.*)

OLIVER — Don't be ridiculous!

Richard would, if he could, go away again, as he had once before — but that means distressing his mother, and he doesn't want to do that. He is still unhappy and rebellious when Nancy joins the group. Immediately there is a conscious attempt to make her feel the family harmony existing and her own importance to their happiness. Oliver and Mark have flipped a coin to see which of them is to take her to the dance, and Oliver, lucky fellow, has won.

But when he tells Nancy of his good fortune, and of how happy he will be to show her the club and all, he reckons without Richard. Richard has made arrange-

ments, he calls to Nancy, so he will be free to take her to the dance himself. Nancy is most happy to accept. It's awfully nice of the other boys to want to take her, she admits, "but would you believe it," she smiles, "I've already promised Richard."

The looks that Mark and Oliver bestow upon their younger brother at this news are not at all friendly. And less so when Mrs. Winslow sweetly suggests that in that case one of them will have to take Mildred Spencer.

"Lucky Mildred!" laughs Richard. "Won't she be pleased though!" And then he adds, solemnly: "But I like this spirit of friendly competition, boys."

He is standing between them and gives them each a friendly, even a fatherly, sort of pat on the back.

"All I can say," he adds, "is: 'May the best man win!' "

They are going into dinner as the curtain falls.

ACT II

A week later, the morning of the Fourth of July, the family excitement about the Winslow place is rather tense. There are the decorations to finish, the lemonade and sandwiches to be arranged for in the large tent on the lawn, and everything put in readiness for the annual visit of the villagers and factory employees who come to honor the name of Winslow, and, in particular, that of Jabez Winslow, the town's founder.

Nancy and Muff, quiet for a moment, are on the side porch. The others are reported here and there about the grounds, more or less feverishly active. All but Richard. Richard is in bed. He has had a strenuous week acting as Nancy's chief escort. Never in bed a night before two. But it has been a great week, and Nancy is more than ever convinced that it is exactly what should have been done for Richard. "He does *need*

kindness so!" she explains to Muff. And when Mark comes she craftily enlists his sympathy, too. If Mark wants to be nice to her, Nancy suggests, he will make it a particular point to be nice to Richard, who is so greatly in need of understanding just now.

"Richard is an exceedingly sensitive boy on the brink of a great transition in his life," insists Nancy, with feeling. "He needs helping hands to guide him over the bridge."

Mark promises to be one of the hands. He will, if Nancy insists, be more considerate of his young brother in the future, which is a change of attitude that amuses Muff greatly. It is a week, or will be at six-thirty this evening, since Nancy wagered Muff twenty dollars that she would so inspire Richard with his own rightful position in the Winslow family that the others would cease continuously to ride and belittle him. Her wager does not look so good this morning of the last day, but Nancy, in answer to Muff's friendly taunting, still has the courage to increase the wager from twenty to fifty.

Now there is a minor family row over the discovery that Richard is not on hand to perform a variety of menial tasks incident to the day's preparations. Alan wants him. Augusta wants him. And as for Oliver: Oliver is all ready to explode when he discovers a breakfast tray is being carried to Richard's room.

This, decides Nancy, is the appointed time. Now Richard must take a stand and make a fight or forever after continue among the beaten and the lowly. Alan, she knows, can help if he will. Alan knows certain things about the Winslow will that, if followed up, would unquestionably give Richard the upper hand in the Winslow family, if Richard can be goaded to the point of taking advantage of it. Nancy's only hope of arousing him to that pitch is to urge the family on to other seeming injustices. And to let Richard know, at the same time, of the power he holds, if he ever should

want to use it. She insists now that Alan shall tell Richard of the will and the technical evasion of its provisions of which the trustees have been guilty.

The porch is clear when Richard suddenly appears. He has climbed out of his bedroom window, slid down the roof and jumped off while the family has been in search of him. Now he meets Alan coming from the house with a couple of law books under his arm. And for the first time he hears of his technical rights under his father's will.

ALAN — Do you remember the date of your birth?

RICHARD — Of course I do! (*Alan takes the will from his pocket and indicates the date on it.*)

ALAN — Look at the date here —— (*Richard looks at it. Alan gives him an open law book.*) Here's the statute. (*Richard frowns over it, then looks at Alan with wide, unbelieving eyes. Alan gives him the other law book.*) — A few of the cases with the decisions. See? Every one for the child.

RICHARD — Well, what's the joke? (*A brief pause.*)

ALAN — You poor kid — does there always have to be a joke somewhere?

RICHARD — Generally is, isn't there?

ALAN — Well, for once it's on some one else. (*Richard looks at him searchingly.*)

RICHARD — But — but — Alan — this is *ridiculous!*

ALAN — Think so?

RICHARD — Else why didn't they discover it, then?

ALAN — Because the will was so simple, I presume.

RICHARD — And maybe I was too small to be noticed.

ALAN — Exactly. But they'll have trouble overlooking you *now.*

RICHARD — I'm — I'm — it's sort of confusing, isn't it?

ALAN — Your father died leaving a wife, five children, and about six hundred thousand ——

RICHARD — Much as that? (*Alan nods.*)

ALAN — With the widow's third out, your share would be one-fifth of the remaining two-thirds ——

RICHARD — Do you multiply or divide?

ALAN (*smiling*) — In this case, you add — Plus interest for twenty-two years, plus your factory profits, plus the fact that the estate was diminished more than a third by losses in nineteen seven and eight —— (*Richard looks about him fearfully.*)

RICHARD — Don't talk so loud.

ALAN — Richard, you could clean them out right down to the last cent. And there'd be thousands still due you. As I remarked before, it's a nice house. The only fee I ask as your lawyer, is to be moved promptly out of it.

RICHARD — But — but *listen* ——

ALAN — Yes?

RICHARD — Father left everything to Mother.

ALAN — Of course. But by this technicality ——

RICHARD — Oh, I couldn't do that — you *can't* do a thing like that to your own family ——

ALAN — You *can*, well enough. The question is ——

RICHARD — There's no question about it, Alan, you ought to be ashamed ——

ALAN — Well, upon my word ——

RICHARD — You really ought —— (*Again he looks fearfully about him.*) Besides, they'd raise the roof. Now look — you get this settled just as quietly as you can — give me something or other to sign — they needn't know about it till afterwards — I don't want to get them all riled up again — because — because I'm hoping they'll give me back my full allowance, see? (*A door closes inside.*)

ALAN — Do you *realize* what a chance you're losing?

RICHARD — Look out! Here they come —— Remember — *quietly!* Don't let 'em get on to it ——

Richard hears some one coming and hurries out of

sight. The some one is Nancy and she is sadly disappointed to hear of Alan's failure to inspire the lowly Richard with anything like a desire for family revenge.

"He doesn't want to endanger his poor little allowance," Alan reports, pityingly.

"Don't — I could cry for him," wails Nancy. "Oh, that devilish family — I'll *make* him down them. I'll make *them* make him!"

To do this she knows she must force a crisis of some sort. First, with Richard's allowance cut to forty dollars, she must think of some way to force him to spend that so he will need and demand more. Then she will suggest to Oliver that, if the family has any real hope of forcing Richard to give up his writing and go into the pin factory the quickest and surest way will be to cut off his allowance entirely.

When she makes this suggestion to Oliver she finds him more than ready to accept it. He even asks her further advice as to what to do to — and with — Richard for the boy's own good and for the assurance of his future.

"First," answers the subtle Nancy, "I'd stop his allowance — *Absolutely!* Then, if he was still troublesome, I'd tell him that I'd locked up all his books and manuscripts until he'd shown me he could earn his living like a man."

Oliver is convinced Nancy is right and stalks off in search of Richard to impress the new rules upon him immediately. But Richard is in the garden, and not in the house. He half sneaks in now, and, finding Nancy alone on the porch, is emboldened to enter and sit beside her. His mood is jocular and defensive. He may be a trifle late in putting in an appearance, but he has been busy. He has been talking with his lawyer. And that's an awful bore on a holiday.

"It's a dog's life — this having responsibilities," suggests Nancy, without the trace of a smile.

"I'm opposed to making even dogs do things they don't want to," quickly answers Richard. "When I try to get Eustace to beg on his hind legs and he won't, I give him the bone just the same. . . . Then take my pup, Portly. Maybe I want him to play ball with me. But he spends a whole gorgeous day out in the meadow, stalking a beetle."

"As the good Lord intended he should," agrees Nancy.

"As *he* intended he should. No interference. If he wants to go beetling, let him beetle. I appreciate the fact that our points of view differ."

"You're unusual, Richard — you really are."

"Nope. Just proper respect, individual preference: Hind legs, all fours — a ball or a beetle — let the dog decide."

Nancy tries to think of something costing forty dollars that she might suggest she would like. Perhaps another pup like Portly. But Richard is sure he could buy another Portly for three dollars, and his sister for one. So that won't do.

They talk of the coming celebration and of its importance to the family. Richard is the only one who refuses to take it seriously. To him it is an awful bore. And as he tells of its origin he falls naturally into the affectations of voice and pose of the pompous Oliver.

RICHARD — Great-Grandfather Winslow, born 1811, died 1878. Height, six feet two. Complexion, ruddy. Wives, three. Public offices, many — Mayor, the first.

NANCY — He must have been a great buck in his day.

RICHARD (*affecting Oliver's stiff voice*) — Jabez Winslow was a very notable figure in the city's early development. (*He laughs and continues in his own voice.*) And made a notable figure out of it — the old grafter. Fourth of July's a kind of annual coronation for the Royal House of Jabez. (*Nancy laughs.*) You mustn't laugh, though. *I* did once —— (*He pauses, reminiscently.*)

You've probably noticed how hard they make their prominence. 'N' when the bourgeoisie march up here from town to look upon the Lord's Anointed, it's a ver-ry serious affair. (*Nancy looks toward the table against the railing.*)

NANCY — And of course Oliver makes a speech ——

RICHARD — *Reads* it! Here —— (*He takes the long scroll from the vase on the center-table, unfurls it and indicates the old wooden-ends.*) These end-pieces b'longed to Jabez himself. Good excuse for Noll — when he faces a crowd his mind goes completely blank. But you've no idea how important the occasion is to him. 'Nother Gettysburg. For weeks afterward he can't pass a child on the street without stopping 'n' putting his hand on his head 'n' smiling kindly down at him. (*He scans the scroll.*) "Friends, we welcome you. On this auspicious occasion ——" They always begin "On this auspicious occasion." (*He reads further.*) "Municipal welfare" . . . "Industrial Progress — more business — bigger and better business ——" Agh! (*In revulsion, he tosses the speech upon the swing.*) 'S if there wasn't too much business already. . . . Smoke 'n' steam 'n' scurry 'n' scamper ——

NANCY — What the world needs, is less effort, and — more fun.

RICHARD — More leisure, fewer alarm clocks.

NANCY — Less do-as-you're-told, more do-as-you-please.

RICHARD — The way *we* do.

NANCY — Yes — the way we do. (*She looks at him tenderly, a little pityingly, perhaps.*) Oh, you dear boy, you. (*For a long instant Richard looks into her eyes. When he finally speaks, it is with difficulty.*)

RICHARD — You've — been awfully nice to me. . . .

NANCY — Isn't every one?

RICHARD — But I think you're — one of the few people in the world who're nice without any reason but — just

being nice. No — what-you-call-it — ulterior motive. Nothing but just dear, understanding niceness.

NANCY — Oh, I can be nasty, too! But you see I do like you so much. . . . (*A pause. He is unable to reply.*) You can believe that.

RICHARD — I do believe it. And Nancy, I —— Well, I ——

At which point Nancy deems it the part of wisdom to change the subject. Back to her scheme to impoverish Richard temporarily for his own good, she leads him to talk of his stories and suggests his publishing his newest opus himself. He could do it — for forty or fifty dollars.

But Richard is opposed to that. If the world won't take his work in the usual way, let the world do without it.

Then Nancy remembers a gorgeous edition of "Mother Goose," illustrated with real woodcuts, at Scribner's. She would adore having that book. But it costs — forty-two dollars. An outrageous price. Still Richard insists on getting it for her.

RICHARD — I'll send for it tomorrow. My allow — that is, my — my *income's* due then. (*A sigh of relief from Nancy.*)

NANCY — Thanks for it — I'll love it better than anything I have. I suppose Mark and Oliver would call that arrested development ——

RICHARD — Pooh! What do they know?

NANCY — Aren't the — conflicting tastes awkward, sometimes? (*A worried, reminiscent look comes into Richard's eyes.*)

RICHARD — Sometimes — a little. (*Nancy watches him intently. He is counting his resources on his fingers.*)

NANCY — You know, I think a man's greatest victory is over *his own family.*

Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"THE YOUNGEST"

Richard: I think you're one of the few people in the world who're nice without any reason but — just being nice.

(Genevieve Tobin and Henry Hull)

RICHARD (*lowly*). Maybe it is.

NANCY — I suppose you've always simply overridden yours —— (*Richard laughs shortly and shrugs.*) I wouldn't be ashamed of it. The right kind of remorselessness is — a requisite to greatness.

RICHARD (*dubiously*) — Think so?

NANCY — Every great man seems to have it. When he knows he's right and people oppose him, what does he do? Just simply extinguishes them ——

RICHARD —"Extinguishes 'em" . . .

NANCY — Don't you hate people without that — audacity?

RICHARD — Awful.

NANCY — Ends are the important things — if *they're* right the means never matter. I don't hold with this "Destiny which shapes our ends"— *I* say, shape Destiny!

RICHARD (*nodding gravely*) — That's my rule of life. (*A pause. He says softly*). "Extinguishes 'em"— puts 'em out.

The idea takes hold of Richard, but he says nothing. He marvels at Mark's sudden show of kindly interest in him, and at the threatened gathering of the family promptly disappears again.

The family is now convinced that steps must be taken for the proper disciplining of Richard. Oliver is satisfied the cutting off of the allowance is necessary, and declares that action shall be taken. He refuses to be warned by Alan that it is unwise to force the issue with Richard. Oliver knows what he is doing, and the others are agreed that whatever Oliver decides is right.

The baiting of Richard continues. He wants to swim in the pool, the day being hot. But the pool, the family announces, is closed. He cannot swim today. He wants his allowance in advance, and when he confesses he expects to spend it for a book, and a Mother Goose book at that, the family is shocked.

Finally they tell him of the decision to cut his allowance absolutely until he is ready to go to work and earn it. And he has not recovered from that slap before Mother Winslow announces the unexpected coming of Aunt Emma — which means that Richard will not only have to give up the little room they have left him, but go to sleep at the Spencers' for a few days.

This, decides Richard, is nearly the last straw. And yet he is still willing and even anxious to compromise. If, he tells his mother, if they will give him a small allowance — so small they hardly will notice it — and let him go away somewhere he will ask nothing more.

But Mother doesn't want him to go away. Nobody wants him to do anything but stay at home and let them all work for his best interests.

The first faint strains of the approaching band can be heard. The parade is nearing the Winslow place and the family is all excitement. But Richard is not to be put off. He is determined now to take his stand and have his way. Suddenly he turns upon the family.

RICHARD — Now you listen to me, my dear family, and don't you interrupt. Ever since I remember, you've taken unholy pleasure finding new ways to mortify me. 'Cause I was the youngest. 'Cause I was different 'n the rest of you. 'Cause you're naturally mean — and I didn't hit back. You've done every aggravating thing you could to — to standardize me — to make me "average" — like you are. Well, I'm above average, see? I've got a better mind than any of you — with possible exception Augusta ——

AUGUSTA (*ironically*) — Oh — thanks. . . . (*To the family.*) That's the band, all right. They're coming —

RICHARD — And I mean to use it in my own way. I'm "the queer one," you can't make me out, so you divert yourselves bullying me. Persecution, that's what it is! Don't know whether Mark's been the worst with his

eternal petty nagging —— (*Mrs. Winslow goes to the railing, and looks out. The music is still some distance away.*)

MARK — Richard — you've got the wrong idea entirely. (*Richard waves the remark aside.*)

RICHARD — (*at the end of this speech he is almost in tears.*) Or you, Oliver, with your blundering stupidity 'n' your idea I'm a lump of mud it's your God-given duty to finger into shape. Maybe it's been Augusta, with her infernally sharp tongue. Mother's done nothing but follow your orders. Muff's been decent as she could be, with her love for what's funny. But you've all had your methods — even Alan. He learned soon enough he could get things out of me by asking 'em as favors. I've had so few chances for — favors. . . . (*He stops, bows his head, swallows hard and tries to control his trembling.*)

ALAN — Oh, come now, Richard — I'm not as bad as that.

MARK — We simply want to make a success of you. Do you object to that?

RICHARD — You! Nobody's got any right to make anything of any one! My future's my job. If I fail at it, all right. I'd rather fail in *my* way than hit the sky in some one else's!

AUGUSTA — There's philosophy for you.

MRS. WINSLOW — Poor child — his nerves are all upset. (*Peering out.*) They've turned into the drive. Mark — the awning ——

They ignore Richard. They are all intent on the approach of the band and the villagers. Once, twice, three times he tries to make them listen, shouting his demands at them. But they put him aside. Even when Alan edges in another suggestion that they do not realize the seriousness of the situation they will not listen. And, finally, when Oliver not only refuses to pay the least attention to him, and actually adds insult to the previous

injuries by announcing, angrily, that not only does he intend to keep Richard's papers and books, but to burn them — all of them — unless Richard is at the factory ready to work, Monday morning, the beginnings of the family storm break. Richard, wild with anger, grabs Oliver's precious speech and tears it into shreds!

"There's your 'Bigger business!' " he shouts. "There's your 'Municipal welfare!' There's your 'Auspicious occasion!' "

For a moment all is pandemonium, on the porch and off. The band is playing and the crowd is cheering. Feverishly Augusta and Mark try to piece the speech together. Oliver is completely done for. He is bowing and ready — but he has no speech! Separately and severally the family threatens Richard with complete extinction and all manner of punishments once they have time to attend to him. But Oliver has no speech!

He struggles vainly to remember it. "Give 'em a brief account of Cap'n John Smith's early struggles with the Indians," suggests Richard. "Or tell 'em how pins are made, and why ——"

"You'd better be saying your prayers," hisses Mark.

The crowd is quiet and waiting. Oliver stumbles through the few sentences of his speech he can remember. Finally he turns helplessly in an aside to his distressed family:

"It's gone from me entirely," he wails, in a stage whisper.

"Now he belongs to the ages!" lightly answers the unconquered Richard. ". . . Pity Aunt Emma's not here with her ten-minute talk on 'Cross-Fertilization'——"

Oliver struggles on a few sentences further and then he is done for. There is an embarrassing silence. "Three cheers for the Winslows!" shouts some one in the crowd. But the head of the Winslows is silent.

Then Richard, trembling but determined, hurls him-

self into the breach. Jumping up from his chair he takes his stand beside Oliver and faces the crowd.

RICHARD (*to the crowd.*) Hello, here I am! *I* am Richard — and I thank my brother for his flattering introduction as "public-spirited citizen." That's just the word for me —"Public-spirited." (*He swallows hard and tries to control his trembling.*)

MRS. WINSLOW — His left knee — it's shaking so.

RICHARD — It applies to everything about me but my left knee, which at present's got private qualms. (*The crowd laughs. Oliver crosses away from him. Richard takes heart from the laughter.*) My text this morning — my text is —— (*In panic, he looks to Oliver for assistance. Oliver compresses his lips and turns away.*)

ALAN — Chamber of Commerce stuff!

MARK — More factories! Industrial progress!

RICHARD (*to the crowd*) — "Industrial progress." (*A pause.*) And how silly it is. (*The crowd laughs again.*)

MARK — More factories — did you hear me?

RICHARD —No more factories under *any* circumstances! And every Saturday the people in *my* factory get a full holiday to *forget* the old pins! (*Cheers of joy from the crowd.*)

MARK — Till September, you brat — only till September!

RICHARD (*to the crowd*) — Not only till September! All the whole year round! (*More cheers.*) What the world needs, is more leisure 'n' fewer alarm-clocks — less do-as-your-told 'n' more do-as-you-please. As — as the immortal patriot, Cap'n John Keats said, in — in — his third epistle to the Indians, "Beauty is Truth," and *vice versa.* So why fuss 'n' fume trying to cross-fertilize a beautiful town like this into something it was never intended to be? It's all right as it is. Too much of this making things over, anyway. "Industrial Center"—

bah! All smoke 'n' steam 'n' scurry 'n' scamper. Don't do it! Stay different! Let it be! (*He turns to the family and says, lowly.*) And you let *me* be.

OLIVER — Get through with this nonsense, my friend — I've got something waiting for you.

RICHARD — (*to the crowd*) — When we get through with this nonsense, my friends, we've got something waiting for us — the satisfaction of knowing that to be different doesn't mean to be inferior. There's no such thing as inferiority, anyway — neither in individuals, nor in towns, nor in nations. America realized that in 1776 — and you know what happened —— (*To the family.*) And *I* realize it now — and you'll *see* what'll happen — (*To the crowd.*) Being different. *That's* what makes life worth *living!* America's kept *her* individuality — Where'd she be if she hadn't? Let's keep ours! And let's see this inferiority thing as the myth it is — a myth — invented by tyrants — to make *themselves superior!* (*The crowd is hushed.*) And oh, my *dear* fellow-citizens, if any one of *you* ever feels it, mind you treat it as young America did: *declare* yourself — equal — free — independent! Will you? *Will* you? (*The crowd breaks into a pandemonium of shouts, "Yea! Yea! Yea!" followed by Muff's shrill voice demanding "What's the matter with Richard?" The crowd roars a response: "He's all right!" Nancy shouts, "Three cheers for Richard Winslow!" The answering hurrahs are deafening. Richard bows to the crowd. The noise ceases. Richard turns to the family.*) So will *I*. Well, how about it? Are *we* equals — or is some one superior?

OLIVER — You'll see what we are!

MARK (*simultaneously*) — You, crazy little ——

RICHARD — All right! But if any one is, *I* am! Because I *own* this house, and I *own* the factory! And everything else you've got and more too! Alan —— (*Alan advances.*)

ALAN — It's the simple truth. When a child's born

after a will is made. (*Mark and Oliver exclaim impatiently. Nancy appears, left, from the garden.*) Well, when you've cooled down a bit I'll *explain* the rights of *my* client. (*Richard crosses to Nancy, plucking a cigarette from Mark's mouth as he crosses.*)

RICHARD (*to Nancy*) — Been a hot morning, all right. Swim?

NANCY — I'd *love* it. (*Richard takes her hand and turns to the family.*)

RICHARD — If any one inquires for me, I may be found in *my pool.* (*He touches the cigarette to three balloons. The band strikes up with "Dixie." Richard and Nancy go off left. The family are staring after them as*

The curtain falls.

ACT III

It is a few hours later and the family is gathered in the living room. Ever since Richard's amazing outbreak at the Fourth of July party they have been arguing, and explaining, wondering and threatening — and arriving no place.

It is generally conceded, however, that what Richard has done, or purposes to do, is at the very least a low-down trick, and that Alan's confessed help is fairly questionable, to say the least of it.

But the stubborn facts remain. According to the law and the evidence, as Alan reads them, and confirmed but now over the telephone by Judge Ainslee, Richard is entitled to something like eighty thousand dollars at six per cent for twenty-two years, plus such other sums and interests as will easily total over four hundred thousand. And that the other Winslows, even were they to sell everything, cannot hope to raise more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

They therefore owe Richard considerably more than they can possibly raise. Nor is there apparently any way out. True, the factory lost money during the war years, but "a babe in arms can hardly be held responsible for a financial panic," Alan explains. He shares only in the profits. They might be able to collect something like a thousand a year for his upbringing, but not more than that.

Finally they become sweetly conciliatory. Surely dear old Richard will not think of taking advantage of such an unheard-of situation! But Augusta soon takes them out of this mood. Richard, says she, is one who has to be sat upon. To give in to him is merely to make him cockier. If they ever hope to get anything at all their only hope is to land on Richard and land hard. They try it now, when he strolls in — Portly, the pup, in his arms and a flower in his buttonhole.

"My!" sneers Augusta. "Aren't we dressed up, though?"

"It's a failing of the *nouveau riche*," admits Richard.

Now they seek to reëstablish the old order by trying to browbeat Richard and pretend that his position in the home is quite the same as it always has been. The whole thing is a joke, and it is time to end it. Oliver has fixed up a transfer of rights for Richard to sign, and Mark intimates that if he doesn't sign it with reasonable celerity it will be some time before he will be physically able to do anything at all.

But, like most families, this one talks too much. Richard takes the pen and, subject again to their dominance, is about to affix his signature when brother Mark releases a mild sort of chortle.

"Thought you'd gouge your own mother, did you? How'd you like your friend Nancy to know that?" he queries.

It is the mention of Nancy that reaches Richard. He rises quickly from the desk and throws down the pen.

And when they again demand that he sign the transfer he invites them politely to all take a run.

MUFF — The magic name of Nancy! That's the time *your* foot slipped, Mark. (*Mark's eyes narrow.*)

MARK — I'm getting a line on this now. (*Oliver comes charging around the corner of the desk.*)

OLIVER — Will you do as I say with that paper?

RICHARD — No! (*A moment's pause.*) — And if you mention it again I'll make you eat it —— (*He crosses around the desk in the opposite direction and seats himself again in Oliver's chair.*) Now when you're ready to listen, I've got a few interesting remarks to make —— (*There is a fuming silence. He straightens out the top of the desk to give himself elbow-room. Oliver whispers something to Mark. Mark nods. Oliver clears his throat.*)

OLIVER — If we've been —— (*He looks to Mark, who nods again. Once more Oliver clears his throat.*) — If we haven't shown the proper consideration for your ideas of a career, of course we're willing to make a few concessions ——

AUGUSTA — Oliver, you're —— (*He waves her objection aside.*)

OLIVER — You can have your allowance and a regular room to yourself.

MUFF — A room with a view — and, with luck, with a bath.

MARK — Provided, of course, that you'll be reasonable about this —— (*A brief pause. Richard ponders.*)

MUFF — It's what you've been begging for, all along, isn't it? (*Another pause.*)

MARK — What more do you want?

ALAN — I'm sure the family would live up to their side of it, Richard. (*To Oliver, lowly.*) You need a notary for that transfer, you know. I'll phone the office and —

RICHARD (*suddenly*) — They'll live up to *my* side of it! Whose lawyer are you, anyway?

ALAN — Why — uh — yours, I suppose.

RICHARD — Well, you're fired. (*He takes the large check-book from the desk drawer.*) As to the family finances, henceforth I shall sign all checks myself. (*He begins to make one out.*) I'll expect a thousand cash-advance in the bank by tomorrow.

MARK — It's a hold-up!

OLIVER — If you think we're going to stand for this!

RICHARD — Listen! If I have to bring *public suit* for these rights of mine ——

MRS. WINSLOW — Oh, what *would* people think? No one must know — not *one soul*, children!

RICHARD (*tearing off cheque*) — That's up to all of you. There — Number one — forty-two dollars. (*He holds it up to view, smiling with satisfaction upon it.*) It goes to Scribner's, to buy a little present for a lady. (*Again Mark's eyes narrow. Richard places the check in an envelope which already contains a letter. Then he makes out more checks.*) Provided a disagreeable law-suit's not necessary. I'm willing, as *head* of the family, to make a few concessions. First of all, there'll be a generous life income for Mother. Then maybe later on I'll settle a couple of dollars on each of you — you can count on a dowry, Muff ——

MUFF — Let that get noised around a bit, will you?

RICHARD — For the duration of good behavior, I'll even continue your allowances. And by "good behavior" I mean the fulfillment of certain conditions.

Among other conditions he has in mind is the stipulation that both Mark and Oliver shall write at least one original poem, short story or essay each week — and do it in the evenings when it will not interfere with their pin business.

Another thing: They are never again to talk business at meals. And furthermore, Richard, after having selected his personal chambers, is to be left in complete and un-

disturbed possession of them. True, there is not much room to be spared now, but there will be more after Alan and Augusta have moved — as he has planned they shall do on Monday next.

He writes the family's allowance checks, and they are mostly pleased at his generosity. Only Oliver continues the rebellion. He tears his check up and repeats his old threat of reprisals to follow.

Richard looks at him quite pityingly. "Oliver," he says, "there's something so dreadfully thick about you . . . Old Rock of Ages — Sturdy Oak — Sitting Bull! No mind, no wit, just the ten commandments, and a deep chesty voice . . . You weren't born to rule people. Your eye's too straight for it. A born ruler's got to be just a trifle cock-eyed, so's to see both sides of things. You'll never be able to see *my side* — but I'll do my own work in my own way, Noll —— And even if I fail at it, I'll still be ahead of you. 'Cause I move ——"

Nancy is in from the hall and the family discreetly retires. Not, however, until Mark, putting two and two together, as he boasts, promises to tell Richard a thing or two later that may put a different light on the situation as it stands. But at the moment Richard is too happy to listen. He is radiantly enthusiastic now as he looks at Nancy and she looks at him. She is "smiling tenderly, perhaps a little pityingly."

RICHARD (*in a stilled voice*) — Nancy ——

NANCY — What?

RICHARD — Don't move.

NANCY — Why?

RICHARD — You're so beautiful. (*Nancy laughs shortly.*)

NANCY — Wish I were.

RICHARD — Oh, you needn't! I shan't ever forget you, sitting there now.

NANCY (*looking away*) — "Ever's" a big word.

RICHARD — Once, when I was little, I dusted my window-shutter — so the shadow of a plum tree I loved might fall on it — you know — perfect . . .

NANCY — Ah, you *dear* boy . . .

RICHARD (*smiling*) — So now if I dust what remembers things, then *this* image can't get away — ever — can it? (*He flicks his fingers over his heart, then holds out his hands with a gesture of having done it.*) See? It's dusted. . . . (*He crosses a few steps toward her and stops. A long pause. They look at each other, entranced.*) You know, I can't believe you just — happened, the way ordinary people do. You're —there's a strangeness — as if all the lovely things on earth were gathered — and pruned and ordered — and then a picture painted from them. You're the picture come to life. (*Nancy averts her head. A pause.*) Or I might be imagining you — I feel's though you're some one I dreamt —— (*A pause. Then, with a note of fear in his voice.*) If I woke ——

NANCY —I'm real, all right — never you fear, *I'm* alive. (*Richard crosses.*)

RICHARD — Let's see —— (*Gravely he holds out his hands to her, palms upward. Her face averted, she lifts her hands and places them lightly upon his, which he raises slowly. Involuntarily, as if by levitation, she rises with them. Richard speaks in a hushed voice.*) Alive — yes — I can *feel* you're alive. (*He tilts her hands slightly.*) It's like a lake looks, with rain falling on it. (*Her hands leave his and fall to her side.*) Nancy — dear, *dear* Nancy —— (*Her forehead sinks upon his breast.*) You feel it too —— (*In an awed whisper.*) What is it — what is it?

"She lifts her face to his, drowsy-eyed, smiling slightly, abloom for his kiss." Then Mark appears. He stands for a moment in the French windows, and Nancy senses his presence before she sees him. Suddenly she

catches her breath, opens her eyes wide and is gone. "Richard stands looking after her, his palms turned out — as if something had suddenly been snatched from his grasp." It is Mark's laugh that arouses him . . .

The conclusions Mark has reached by, as he boasted, putting two and two together, are now revealed to Richard: Nancy is a prize little accomplice. She works according to a perfect formula. Everything she has done has been deliberately and artfully planned.

"Interested in you," sneers Mark, refusing to be squelched by Richard's classification of him as several kinds of a liar, "she's interested in herself. You were just a means to an end — she glories in the way she can manage people . . . Didn't you hear what Muff said when she gave her that check? 'You win. Take this on account.' . . . Like to know what she won? A bet, that's what. Fifty dollars she could get some spunk into you in a week. Flatter it in! She must have got quite a kick out of that. Honestly, with people like you to experiment on, life looks a lot brighter for the guinea pig."

It's a blow for Richard and he crumples under it. "I knew the bottom would fall out of it somehow," he admits, weakly. Nor does Alan's assurance that Nancy had no such ideas in mind as Mark cruelly suggests cheer him.

"It's humiliating enough when your own family treats you like a worm," wails Richard, "but when some one — some one you thought liked you, thinks you're so low'n' pitiful that you've got to be bucked up with kindness — oh, that's — that's awful, you know —— (*Flaming up suddenly.*) How dared she think that? Who's she to come here raising the fallen, anyway? I hate these uplifters — I hate all these superior people. I hate superiority! And that's the last stage of it — going around on missions to poor unfortunate inferiors."

ALAN — There, old boy, never mind. If she ——

RICHARD (*bitterly*) — But as long as they've got their superiority nothing can touch them, can it? And if there's any danger of losing it — well, there's always some one to kick under — back it comes, and they're off in full sail again — all content, all serene. *I'd* like to drag their sails down to *stay* down — might at least make them human.

ALAN — Richard — I think she's honestly fond of you.

RICHARD — Oh? How kind of her! So'm I fond of Portly: I nursed him through distemper.

ALAN — It's hardly the same, you know.

RICHARD — It's *just* the same! And now I suppose she thinks she's *made* me, eh? Nobody's made me — understand? Or *un*-made me! I'm myself — I've been myself, always — *whatever* I've appeared to be. (*A pause, lowly.*) — If she knew what it does to a person to be laughed at 'n' jumped on 'n' used the whole time — shoved off into that rotten little room on every pretext — how it'd make *anyone* feel little, *seem* little, *whatever* he was inside — even a person like her —— If she'd had to put up with things *I* have, if she had this pack turned on *her* for a while, she'd learn just how much her superiority is worth! (*A pause. He deliberates a moment and then rises.*) Listen! She knew about Father's will before I did, didn't she? And all that "remorselessness" talk was to make me use it.

"Alan does not answer, but his silence is an affirmation." Richard calls the family. Nancy comes with them. Richard greets her with forced politeness. "You know, it's been terribly nice of you to try to make me practical 'n' businesslike, the way you have. I needed it, it seems, and you've helped a great deal. I appreciate it, Nancy —'n' I'm sure the family'll appreciate it, too."

And now Richard adds his contributions to the exposures of the day. He tells the family of how kind

Nancy has been to try to get a little business sense into his head, and how successful her method has worked out.

"The cleverest thing was the way she got you'n' Mark to work for you," he says to Oliver. "One going one way 'n' one the other — but both arriving at the right place, eh, Nancy? . . . Well, anyway, I'm a business man now — with a big estate to administer. Your prayer's answered and it's Nancy you've got to thank for it — and I know you'll want to thank her. So I'll leave you to do it in your own way."

He smiles sweetly and leaves the room. And there is a dreadful pause. Soon, however, the family finds its several tongues, and for the next few minutes Nancy is anything but happy. What she has done, as Oliver frankly says, and the others tacitly agree, amounts, morally, to "deliberate larceny." And though she is humbled and apologetic there is no forgiveness in the Winslows. With the exception of Mrs. Winslow, who apologizes for their rudeness, and Muff, who purrs gently but whose manner is none too friendly, the family coldly leaves Nancy. Soon Mrs. Winslow follows, and then Muff decides to look up Richard.

NANCY — Now *you* want to leave me.

MUFF — My dear child, *you* must be growing an inferiority complex.

NANCY — "Inferiority," h'm —? I'll have you know that all this — this persecution hasn't affected me one bit — not one bit! Do you think because a lot of silly people treat me like a bungling little busybody I believe I am one? Humph!

MUFF — Nancy — honestly —— (*Katie re-enters from hall, crosses to dining room and goes out.*)

NANCY — Let them think what they like! . . . *I* know what my motives were — and it's *motives* that matter!

MUFF — Particularly your kind. *They* aren't *motives,* they're locomotives.

NANCY (*lowly*) — Maybe I'd better go — *would* you, Muff? (*Muff glances at her quickly. Nancy meets her eyes squarely. Muff looks away.*)

MUFF — Well — I'm afraid they haven't yet been as rude as they can be ——

NANCY — No! I can't go! Not till I set things right again!

MUFF — Oh — a case of "as you were" for Richard, h'm?

NANCY — It's my duty — there's no other way.

MUFF — And of course for no other reason *but* duty? (*Nancy solemnly shakes her head.*)

NANCY — As my conscience prompts me. (*Muff studies her for a moment and then laughs aloud.*) What's so funny?

MUFF — Nothing — nothing at all. But if you *have* caught the complex, you'll see that some one else catches it harder, won't you?

Richard reappears in the French window as Muff is going out. "Present yourself," she suggests to him, with a sweeping gesture in Nancy's direction. "The *re*modeling season has begun."

Nancy does try to talk to Richard, but finds him difficult to approach. He apparently is much more interested in setting the clock than he is in listening to her. When, finally, she does get his attention, he is still sarcastic and bitter. And yet he finds her interesting as a "certain conventional type," he assures her. She should fit admirably into a short story he has it in mind to write. "A Very Superior Person" he thinks the title should be. Craftily he turns her own words of advice against her. "I think remorselessness is a requisite to greatness," etc.

"And I thought I was helping you," is her only defense.

RICHARD — Nancy, you made a sporting bet with Muff on an experiment that promised to amuse you. (*She turns away, shamefaced.*) I doubt if you ever do any-

thing, except for yourself. If some one else gains, it's the merest luck. That's too bad, but it's so.

NANCY (*lowly, after a pause*) — Even if it were — the least I could do would be to — straighten out the mess I'd made, wouldn't it?

RICHARD (*quizzically*) — But why — do you know?

NANCY — I'd have to — in conscience — for the sake of your family.

RICHARD — Conscience?

NANCY — Yes.

RICHARD — And for whose sake?

NANCY — Your family's. (*Mark appears in the window. He stops, scowls at them, then crosses on porch, enters the window Left, and goes into the dining room.*)

RICHARD — No. For *your* sake, your sake alone — your sake always. *This* time, because all of a sudden you find you can't manage people as you thought you could. And that hurts your sense of superiority, doesn't it? But if you can contrive to manage even *one* person — me — it'll be all right again.

NANCY — Stop it — stop it!

RICHARD (*tenderly*) — Oh, Nancy, what do *you* want with superiority like that?

NANCY (*doggedly*) — I know what I want.

RICHARD — Just to be let go on as you've always gone, h'm? The adored one. The girl with everything she wants. Superior — you've got to be superior, haven't you? Being equal's not enough; something might happen to spoil your beautiful self-contentment — something as humiliating as falling in love. (*She starts, then looks away.*) Safety — that's the main thing. But it's only for the really superior — like Oliver. So if I'll kindly knuckle under — well, I'm afraid I can't ever do that again quite as I used to. As for the money, of course, they're welcome to have *that* back. I don't need any big stick to help me keep my end up. I can keep it up alone now. But Nancy — promise me one thing . . .

NANCY — What?

RICHARD — That when you're in danger of being some one's mere equal again, and the one way to save yourself is to — extinguish him, promise me you'll look hard at this conscience you'll talk about ——

NANCY — Well?

RICHARD — What you'll see is your own selfish vanity.

Mrs. Winslow is at the door calling her son and "Martha's guest" in to dinner. Richard calls her into the conference and begs her to close the door. He has decided, he says, at Nancy's request, to sign the estate back to the family. Taking it would not be at all in keeping with his principles of equality.

But Mrs. Winslow doesn't want the estate back! She wants it settled some way, so she won't have to worry about what Oliver might do with it — or not do with it — should anything happen to her.

Then why not divvy it up, suggests Richard, and appoint him and Alan trustees? An excellent idea, she agrees, and sticks to it, even though Oliver rushes in in time to hear the proposition and offer strenuous objection.

And now they've all gone in to dinner, though Alan has paused in passing long enough to report amusedly that he has just discovered a most curious thing: "Richard, you hadn't any rights in that will after all."

"Well — I thought I had ——" Richard answers, and is satisfied with what the thought did for him.

And now Nancy is going. "Good-by, and thanks a lot," she says to Richard. "You've been awfully illuminating. Now when I think I'm being particularly noble I'll know I'm — just pinning roses on Nancy."

RICHARD — I can't imagine any one wearing her roses so well.

NANCY (*turning away*) — Thanks — you needn't

bother. I'm — sorry for — causing such a disturbance.

RICHARD — You won't be, long. The nice thing about people like you is that anything disagreeable is forgotten in no time —— (*He continues with difficulty.*) — And the worse thing about those like me is that — we weave legends about people too soon.

NANCY — No! No! Weave them — some day — one of us may come true —— (*She buries her face in her hands.*) Oh — I'm in bits.

RICHARD — Nancy — dear — dear Nancy, listen to me — *can* you listen to me now? (*She looks up. He smiles.*) 'Cause I knew that the gorgeous person who sailed in here like a ship never *could*, till her sails came down.

NANCY — I can't live this way! You've got to get them up again!

RICHARD — That wouldn't be hard. That is, not if I could be with you right along, and tell you what I *really* think of you.

NANCY — I — suppose — you wouldn't be willing to marry me ——

RICHARD — Yes, I would — I really would!

NANCY — Oh — *thanks!* And Richard ——

RICHARD — What?

NANCY — You *are* my equal.

RICHARD — I'll tell you something better than that.

NANCY — What?

RICHARD — You're mine! (*She leans toward him and covers his hand with hers. They are smiling, confidently and securely, as the curtain falls.*)

THE END

MINICK

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman

THERE is so much that is both homely and true in the play "Minick," so much artfully elaborated detail and so much recognizable human nature, that any one who has followed the theatre closely must be surprised to find it counted with the minor, rather than the major, comedy successes of the year.

And yet with the homely and true domestic drama the reaction of many playgoers, I have often noticed, is to resent rather than to approve a too carefully studied transcript of life. Coming close to home the truth of such a play's reflections seems to lack the inspiration romance-seekers demand of the theatre.

Produced and directed by Winthrop Ames, "Minick" was offered at the Booth Theatre, New York, September 24, 1924. A month later it was transferred to the Bijou, a smaller house, and played there through the succeeding fourteen weeks. After its 141st performance in New York it was sent to Chicago, the scene of its locale, where its success was again moderate.

In the play version fashioned by Miss Ferber and Mr. Kaufman from the former's short story, "Old Man Minick," Fred and Nettie Minick are living in South Park Avenue on the south side of Chicago. The scene of the play's opening is the living room of their apartment overlooking Washington Park.

"The living room," as the authors see it, "is modern, gay, lamplighted. A little too modern, perhaps. At any rate Old Man Minick is somewhat bewildered by it.

It represents a middle-class attempt at a 'different' room. A bay window, bright with cretonne hangings, overlooks the park. Just next this Nettie's desk, very official looking with its neat pigeonholes, its card index, files, pads, notebooks, papers. It is the desk of the busy and capable club woman who takes her club work seriously."

It is seven-thirty in the evening of a spring day. Nettie and her neighbor and friend, Lil Corey, are making some progress with a scheme to induce the city authorities to throw open the public schools over the week-ends to the enjoyment of the various communities which they serve. But they have many interruptions.

These include the goings and comings of Annie, the servant, at the moment engaged in cleaning out her room that it may be available for Fred's father, whose arrival is imminent. The telephone, too, is frequently heard from.

It is to be gathered from these varied sources that Fred Minick is even now at the train to meet his father; that Father has surprised his son and daughter-in-law by coming a day or so earlier than he was scheduled and that the maid, Annie, is far from pleased about having to go to her married sister's to sleep, even though the change means an added three dollars a week in salary for her.

Furthermore, it is explained to Lil Corey that the decision of the younger Minicks to assume the care and comfort of the elder Minick has, in a sense, been forced upon them. The old gentleman is seventy-one, his income has been reduced by the expenses attendant upon the protracted illness of his recently deceased wife, and there is no other place for him to go.

Lastly, it is discovered, when Daisy calls up, that there has been a party arranged for this particular night — Daisy and George's anniversary celebration it is, too — and that Daisy is going to be just terribly upset if Fred and Nettie fail to put in an appearance. The whole crowd's going to be there.

Jim Corey is in to meet Lil and take her to the party. Jim shares, tactfully, the disappointment of the others that the coming of Fred's father is not only going to interfere with the party, but is certain to make a change in the agreeable intimacies of the Corey-Minick friendship.

And then Fred and his father arrive. "Here he is!" shouts Fred from the hall, and turns back to escort the old gentleman in. "He (Minick) is smiling a little uncertainly, blinking a little, what with the light and the strange faces that greet him, but he is jaunty enough."

"Well, Father Minick," greets Nettie, as she kisses him, "I'm awfully glad to see you! How are you? All right?"

MINICK — You bet! (*Pinches her cheek.*) You're looking pretty fine, Nettie!

NETTIE — Here — give me your coat. Fred, you know where the bag goes.

MINICK — Now, don't you wait on me. I can take care of myself, fine.

FRED (*to Jim and Lil, who are standing back a bit*) — Well, this is nice! Hello! H'are you! (*Puts down Minick's bag and goes into hall to leave his hat and coat. He is smiling at the cordiality of Nettie's greeting to his father.*)

JIM AND LIL — Hello!

NETTIE — Father, this is Mr. and Mrs. Corey. Friends of ours.

LIL — How do you do, Mr. Minick?

JIM — H'are you?

NETTIE — Well, Father, take off your coat. You're going to stay awhile, you know.

MINICK (*starts to take off his coat, shunning her aid. Encounters Jim, who in turn has stepped forward to assist him. To Nettie:*) All right. (*To Jim:*) Never mind! I can do it! (*He takes off his coat unaided, tosses*

it and his hat on desk chair. Bringing his hands together with a clap he rubs them briskly. He's at home.) Well! Certainly got a nice place here. H'm!

FRED (*re-entering from hall*) — Like it?

NETTIE — Well, Father, are you tired from your trip?

MINICK — Me? No — takes more'n a train trip to tire me. Yes, sir! (*Telephone rings; Fred answers it.*) — More'n a train trip to tire me ——

FRED — Hello! What? Why, no . . . I don't think — wait a minute. (*To the others.*) Does anybody want the Chicago & Alton?

JIM — No!

NETTIE — Oh, that was long ago.

FRED (*in telephone*) — No! (*Hangs up.*)

LIL (*to Minick*) — I guess your train was a little late, wasn't it?

MINICK — Ma'am?

LIL (*loudly, in his ear*) — Wasn't your train a little late?

MINICK — Nope. Right on time. To the dot. (*Nettie takes Minick's hat and coat from the chair and goes into the hall with them. Fred goes off into the passage with Minick's straw suitcase.*) About ten seconds late pulling into Pontiac, but made it up between there and Dwight. Pulled into Dwight at five forty-seven; pulled into Joliet at six forty-five; pulled into Halsted Street Station at seven-twenty sharp; pulled out of Halsted Street Station at ——

NETTIE (*returning from hall. Takes his arm gently*) — Now, Father. You'll want to see your room.

MINICK (*looking around room*) — All right, Nettie. A-a-a-all right! If it's half as nice as this, it'll certainly be nice. Yessir! You've certainly got it fixed up nice out there. Ver-y tasty! Yessir! I like a little more light, myself, but these lamps are all the go now, seems.

NETTIE — Come, Father.

MINICK — All right. Yessir! All the go since I was

here —— (*To Lil.*) I haven't been to Chicago since before Ma took sick. Used to come pretty regular.

LIL (*politely, and in the raised voice she reserves for the old*) — Is that so? Quite a while, is it?

MINICK — Well, quite a while, yes. One — two — let's see. (*Preparing for a long story, he turns desk chair to face them and sits there.*) Ma took sick second week in August almost three years ago. August 11, it was. Complained of a pain right here. "Go to a doctor," I says. "Don't tell me about it! Go see Matthews," I says, "or have him come here." Had to talk to her like that. Rather suffer than go to a doctor. Scared. Well, finally I got her to go. Come home talking kind of gay, and said Matthews said it was nothing, but I smelled a rat right away. Yessir! Minute I heard X-rays I said to Ma, "Ma," I said, "you can't fool me ——"

JIM — Terrible thing, sickness.

MINICK — Anything but sickness, I always say. Any other kind of trouble, yes. But you take sickness ——

NETTIE — Now, Father Minick, come along. I want you to make yourself at home here.

MINICK — All right. Got some things in my trunk for you, Nettie. Ma's things. Tell you what else I got, too. You know that last picture she had taken, before she took sick? Well, I had an enlargement made (*indicates its size*) that'll go right over your bookcase there, slick as anything. (*Exits into passage, Nettie following.*) It's got a handsome gold frame on it, about four inches wide.

They have Father Minick settled in his room now, and Fred and Nettie have practically given up going to the party. Still, there is a vague hope that their guest, tired from the train ride and all, will want to retire early — in which case, of course, they may follow the others later.

But, far from being wearied, Father Minick is just a

shade livelier than a cricket. And a little hungry. He has had no supper.

"Never eat train food if I can help it," he explains. "Don't like it, and anyway costs like all get out. Bread and butter extra. Piece of parsley on a platter, and where's your dollar!"

He does not want them to think they have to fix up anything much for him, however. He is a light eater, anyway. "Little soup. Cold meat and a couple of eggs" is all he could think of eating.

With Nettie and Lil in the kitchen getting something for father, Fred and Jim Corey have a moment to mention a business matter in which they are interested. They are salaried men and eager to do something for themselves, and they have long considered the prospects of the mail-order business. But both their wives are opposed, and their consultations have to be more or less surreptitiously conducted.

They could also get along very nicely without the advice of Father Minick, but the old gentleman is not to be denied. He keeps offering suggestions, and finally he decides that he stands with the girls in opposing the scheme.

"Well, sir, you go careful," he warns his son. "That don't strike me like anything for a couple of young fellows. Probably go ahead and lose everything you got. And I'll tell you why. (*Gets desk chair, puts it near them, and sits.*) What's your mail-order business depend on? Depends on your little towns. All right, sir. Take your little towns. Take Bloomington. There's a town set right down in the middle of the richest farming country in Illinois. And what's happened to her! Your farmer today is strapped. What's he getting for his wheat? What's he getting for his corn? And whose fault is it? I tell you till Europe gets on her feet we might just as well all mark time over here, and lucky we're not going backwards. A growing country like this

has got to have outlets or where is she? You take any one of those countries over there today — you take Poland, you take Rooshia, you take Czecho — uh — take Roumania ——"

Nettie, bringing Father's lunch into the front room so his visit may not be interrupted, hears enough of the conversation to convince her that Fred and Jim are up to their old tricks, and there is a momentary renewal of the wives' opposition, though Fred tries hard to stop it.

Father Minick's lunch is a tasty pick-up — to everybody except Father. He, as it happens, does not care particularly for Waldorf salad, nor is he keen for a bit of warmed-up spinach. He likes his cup of tea and he does the best he can with the coddled egg. It may be good for him, this egg, but his acquaintance with the dish is slight. It is nothing, he discovers, that one can get one's teeth into, and, as a result, he spills some of it on the lapel of his coat, considerably to his own and Nettie's embarrassment.

But he is soon through. It is just as well for a person to eat light at that time of night, anyway, he agrees. And now he is contentedly set for the evening with the cigar Jim has given him. He is as wide awake as a whistle, according to his own estimate, and inclined to resent all suggestions that he would like to retire and rest up.

Neither do Nettie and Fred have to worry about him next morning, which happens to be Sunday. Let them sleep late, as is their custom. Let Annie come early or not. He will get up at six, as he is used to doing, and just putter around the kitchen by himself. All he will want will be some coffee and toast and a boiled egg. And maybe a little cereal! He can get those for himself. He can, the rebellious Annie's glance suggests, but he had better not try it — not in her kitchen!

Al and Marge Diamond have arrived to pick up the Coreys. They are a bit late, but they always are, so there is no harm done. Al is the professional back-

slapper type, loud and genial. "Al's entrances always amount to an explosion" the authors explain. "Marge is shrill, gay, 'the life of the party.' "

Father Minick observes them interestedly, listens to their chatter with puzzled but pleased expression, as though he were a spectator at a new kind of show. He even tries to imitate their spirit and to break into the little groups that soon form, the women in one corner listening to Marge's account of what she told Vogue about the dress she paid them a hundred and seventy-five dollars for when Leschin's were selling the self-same thing for ninety-eight fifty, and the men in another corner felicitating amiable Al on his selling of a whale of an insurance policy to no less a guy than old Sid Herman.

But Father Minick finds himself rather completely shut out of both groups. He makes two or three ineffectual attempts to break through the conversation. He even goes so far as to clasp his hands loudly together and rub his palms briskly in imitation of the genial Al. But it does no good. They are quite definitely, even though thoughtlessly, not interested in him. He wanders aimlessly about the room, concentrating his attention finally on a lamp socket that apparently is burned out.

Then there arises the question of the Diamonds going on, and the possibility of Fred and Nettie going with them. The peerade, as Al comically expresses it, is about to form.

But Fred and Nettie have decided not to go. And they try, by signs and signals and lowered voices, to make the Diamonds understand they don't want their decision talked about for fear of offending the elder Minick. Al is not the lad to be easily squelched, however. Al is old Al W. Fixit himself, and once he understands the situation he starts in to clear it up.

AL (*waving them aside with a gesture of impatience. To Minick*) — Heh, Papa! You don't care if they go out, do you?

MINICK — Huh?

AL — You don't care if Fred and Nettie breeze out awhile?

MINICK — Breeze?

FRED — Never mind, Dad.

AL — Yeh. With us. The crowd. You can take care of yourself, can't you, kid?

MINICK — Me? Why, sure I can. I'm no baby. I'm all right.

AL — There! What did Uncle Aleck tell you?

MINICK (*peering around at Fred and Nettie*) — You going somewhere? Pretty late, ain't it?

FRED — Nettie and I aren't going, Dad. It's only the others.

NETTIE — We're going to stay home with you.

MINICK — Nobody has to stay home with me. (*Nervously jerking the lamp chain.*) I can take care of myself. Take care of myself fine. You go right along with your friends here and enjoy yourself. Yessir! Take care of myself fine. Nobody's got to stay with me. Nobody's got to —— (*He is a little startled by the whole proceedings and somewhat embarrassed by his own feelings. To conceal this he concentrates on the faulty lamp as though that were his chief concern.*) This light don't work. (*Minick quite suddenly turns and goes off into the passage just as Lil enters. She steps aside for him, senses the situation.*)

LIL (*she stands in passage door looking after Minick*) — What's the matter?

FRED — Where's he — shouldn't I see if —— (*Looking after Minick.*)

NETTIE — It's all right, dear.

AL — 'Course he's all right. No nurse needed for that old boy.

FRED — Well ——

AL — Come on, people! Into your duds! This way for the big show! (*Circling the group, he does a faun dance on his way to the door.*)

NETTIE — Al, we just can't go yet. Why don't you go on ahead and we'll follow, if we possibly can.

FRED — Yes, let's leave it at that.

MARGE — Oh, don't be silly. I never heard anything so old-fashioned in my life.

LIL — I think that'll be best. We know you'll come if you can.

FRED — You four go ahead. We'll catch up to you.

AL — Now, you're not going to backslide! Come one, come all — we want 'em all!

FRED — We have to wait till he goes to bed.

AL — All right! (*A clap of his hands.*) We're off!

While in the hall the good-bys are still being mingled with promises to come later Father Minick comes back into the room carrying a hammer and a screwdriver. "His manner is businesslike and alert. He flings the hammer and screwdriver on the table's polished top, rolls up his sleeves a little, stoops stiffly, removes the lamp shade, which rolls from the table to the couch. Peers closely to find the source of the trouble. He unscrews the light bulb, jerks the faulty chain a couple of times. Now he thinks he has found the source of the trouble. He settles to the job. Picking up the screwdriver he adjusts it, then taps it firmly with the hammer."

Then Nettie and Fred catch him and there is trouble. Nettie does not want Father Minick to fix her lamps. There is a man who does that — a man who is regularly employed. And no one else is to touch them. Fred, too, tries to explain. But it is not easy. Father Minick has always puttered around like that. Fixing things is sort of a gift with him. He can do more with a hammer and a couple of nails than most fellas can do with a whole tool chest. And he is a little hurt when Nettie takes the tools away from him and carries them into the kitchen.

He is sulky now, too, and insists that they shall go on

to their party. He doesn't want anybody sitting around there with him. Nor will he be lured into a visit with Fred. He is going to bed in two minutes, he insists, and they may as well go along.

FRED — Oh, now, Dad.

NETTIE — Well, now, maybe Father Minick does want to go to bed, Fred.

FRED (*hopefully*) — Well, if you're sure, Dad, that it's all right ——

MINICK — 'Course it's all right. You go right out and enjoy yourself.

NETTIE — I'll get my things on. (*Goes quickly to the passage door and exits. Minick turns to the desk and jerks the lamp chain nervously.*)

FRED (*his hands on Minick's shoulders*) — Dad, you know how awfully glad we are to have you here, don't you? (*There comes a look in the old man's face unseen by Fred, a look of something resembling terror. A piteous look. It says, "So this is what my old age has brought me."*)

MINICK — It's awfully nice of you and Nettie to do it. I guess I'm making a good deal of bother, coming in on you like this.

FRED — Why, Dad! Not a bit.

MINICK — I know. But you and Nettie got your own way of doing things. And — I know. (*Nettie, her coat and hat on, comes into the dining room and turns out the light there.*)

FRED (*with a hearty slap on the back*) — You don't know anything of the kind. It's going to be fine. You're going to like it and so are we. Aren't we, Nettie? (*Nettie enters the room.*)

NETTIE (*puts out the light in lamp by arm-chair*) — What?

FRED — I was just telling Dad how happy we are to have him.

NETTIE (*goes to Minick and pats his hand*) — Of course. We're awfully happy, Father Minick. And we want you to feel that this is your home and that what we want to do is to make you happy and comfortable.

MINICK — I'll be all right. I'll be all right. Don't you worry about me. You children go on, now. (*He sits on the couch, takes "Vanity Fair" off the table and pretends to read.*)

NETTIE — Now, is there anything you want, Father?

MINICK — I got everything I want. I'm fixed up. (*Fred crosses to hall, gets his coat and hat.*)

NETTIE (*turns out desk lamp*) — Annie's putting on her things now. She will be out of your way in one minute. All right, Fred?

FRED (*comes back a few steps into the room*) — Yes, I guess so. Now, you are all right, Dad? You know, I'd just as soon not go ——

MINICK (*with a wave of his hand*) — Shoo! O'course you go!

FRED — Well ——

NETTIE — Well, good-night then, Father.

MINICK — Good-night — have a good time.

NETTIE (*crosses to him and kisses him*) — See you in the morning. And you'll turn out the other lights in here, won't you? And just leave the hall light on. Don't forget.

FRED (*reluctant to go, turns at doorway*) — Good-by, Father. How about a nice walk tomorrow morning, you and I?

MINICK — Sure — we'll have big times.

NETTIE — Good-night. (*Exits.*)

FRED (*lingeringly*) — Good-night. (*Exits.*)

MINICK — Good-night. (*The outer door slams; the old man rises and throws down his magazine; he walks aimlessly toward the hall; then he turns toward the window, cups his eyes, and peers into the darkness outside in the hope of seeing them depart. He comes center,*

mutters to himself, "Well, sir!" Starts toward table lamp and turns it out, then down to desk lamp, which he lights; sees card catalogue, sits in armchair and takes out a few cards, replacing them obviously in the wrong compartments. He takes off his boots, grateful for the relief. It has been a long day. His feet are tired. He wriggles them a little, patting the carpet with his grey-stockinged feet. This, somehow, reminds him of Al's little dance. With a cackle of laughter he rises and attempts a rickety imitation of Al's performance, with its song, "Papa Loves Mama, Mama Loves Papa." He tries Al's killing gesture of one hand at the heart. It is a little too much for him. He gives it up. Now he hears a little stir in the passage. He comes eagerly over and sees Annie emerging from the kitchen.) Oh, hello!

ANNIE (*enters. She is carrying various brown-paper bundles, a battered suitcase, an alarm clock, her umbrella, and a wisp of yellowed palm, a relic of a Palm Sunday long past. She is dressed for the street. In her cross from the passage door to the outer hallway she never stops.*) — I'm going now.

MINICK (*he gets behind and trots along right after her*) — Forgot all about you being here. Been packing up your things, I suppose.

ANNIE — Yes. I'm goin' now.

MINICK (*sociably*) — Live far from here?

ANNIE — Yeh. (*She keeps right on to the outer door.*

MINICK (*following to hallway door*) — Take the L, do you? L's quicker than the surface car. Yessir! (*The outer door slams. Annie is gone. He pretends he hasn't been rebuffed.*) Much quicker. I came up on the L —— (*Sadly, thoughtfully, to himself.*) Yessir! I came up on the L. (*There is, obviously, nothing left to do but to go to bed. He picks up his boots, remembers that he is to turn out a lamp, stoops stiffly to turn out the light at the side of the armchair. The small desk lamp is still lighted, but he has forgotten that. The lights in the*

outer hall and the passage illumine the room, but softly. In his stocking feet, carrying his boots, he walks across to the passage, up the passage, closes his door. The clock on the shelf above the bookcase strikes nine. A second's pause.)

Curtain.

ACT II

On a November afternoon, six months later, Lula, a colored maid who has replaced the resentful Annie, is performing a sort of emergency cleaning operation on the Minick living room. There is, apparently, not much time and a lot to be done.

Father Minick senses something of the girl's anxiety and is anxious to help. Whenever she is about to move a particularly heavy piece of furniture he shuffles to her aid. But he always arrives just a second or two too late.

"He is dressed for the house, and it is the attire of a semi-invalid who knows that he is not going out again that day. He wears loose and comfortable bedroom slippers of the Romeo type, so that the bottoms of his trousers are caught a little in the backs of the slippers, giving him that sloppy look of the negligé male."

Father Minick also has a cold and is given to sniffles and the frequent use of an oversize handkerchief. As he bustles about, getting in Lula's way and adding to that young woman's irritations, he tries to extract some information regarding the whereabouts of Nettie. Father Minick has been on a trip to the city (in the opinion of Lula he never should have gone out in such weather with his cold) and he has come back with some important information he is sure Nettie will be eager to hear.

He gets little satisfaction from Lula. And little sympathy. This is no day for him to be botherin' anybody. This is going to be Mis' Minick's meetin' day and she

has gone to get the sandwich stuff, because she didn't know about the meetin' until jes' an hour ago. She thought it was goin' to be over at another woman's house.

Minick does not welcome the news. He doesn't believe much in women's meetings anyway. Besides he is expecting friends himself. He is entitled to some company, isn't he? And it is too cold to sit in the park.

Lula is little concerned with the individual rights involved. She only knows that she has just cleaned the room and that Mrs. Minick is going to have a meeting. She also knows, and takes occasion to remark, that these same old friends of Father Minick's have been to see him three days hand-runnin', now. And that, her tone implies, is enough.

Minick's friends are Dietenhofer and Price, men about his own age. They arrive bundled up in mufflers and wearing somewhat muddied rubbers. The rubbers they prepare to take off in the newly cleaned living room, greatly to Lula's distress, and she has some little difficulty shooing them back into the hall.

"She's just cleaned up — sort of fussy," Minick explains by way of soothing their feelings.

"All I got to say is you wait till Mis' Minick come back. She goin' to be awful mad, find you here today," retorts Lula.

PRICE — What did she say?

MINICK — Nettie's got some clubwomen coming or something, but we got lots of time.

PRICE — Sure — I got time. (*He makes for an armchair.*)

DIETENHOFER (*taking out his pipe and heading for the sofa*) — Women are always doing something nowadays. My time they stayed home and tended to things. (*Settles himself on the sofa.*)

PRICE — Not today. It's the unrest. (*He, too, gets comfortable.*)

MINICK (*sits also, his feet on another chair*) — Yep. Fixing this and fixing that. (*Sniffles takes out his handkerchief; Price takes off his rubbers and throws them into the hallway; Dietenhofer fills his pipe, shaking the tobacco out of the pouch and spilling a good deal on the carpet. With the manner of one opening a meeting*:) Well, sir! What's the good word? (*You gather that now they are settling down to business.*)

DIETENHOFER — Oh-o-o-h, about the same I guess. Everything's about the same as yesterday. Yep! How's it with you? (*Strikes a match and lights his pipe.*)

MINICK — Oh-oh-oh, not much different. How about you, Price?

PRICE — Oh-oh-oh, so so. Not much of one thing or the other. (*Takes out his pipe.*)

MINICK — Anything new over to the Home today?

DIETENHOFER — No — nothing special. Nothing special. (*Throws his burnt match under the sofa; Price now knocks his pipe bowl against smoking table, spilling the ashes on the carpet, then brings out a large clasp-knife from his pocket and opens it leisurely.*) Not smoking, Minick?

MINICK — No. Don't taste like anything when you got a cold.

PRICE — How is your cold?

MINICK — Well, if the weather'd let up ——

DIETENHOFER — Weather's pretty bad, all right.

MINICK — Yes, sir — regular November. (*Sniffles.*) It's November, all right.

DIETENHOFER — That's what.

MINICK — Yes, sir! It's November.

DIETENHOFER — Yep!

MINICK — Yessir! (*Price grinds in his pipe with the knife.*) Cut over through the park, did you? (*Price has succeeded in loosening his pipe ashes; he looks around for a place to put them, sees a fancy vase on the bookcase, rises and gets it.*)

DIETENHOFER — Yah. Pretty wet, too.

MINICK — I was downtown this morning, though.

DIETENHOFER — You don't say? How was it?

MINICK — Bad. Yes, sir — bad. (*Price clinks his pipe against the vase, then places it on the floor by his chair.*)

DIETENHOFER (*rising*) — Blackening up in the west again. Means more rain. What did I tell you this morning, Price? Watch the west, I says — that's where she comes from. (*He takes Price up to the window.*)

MINICK (*joins them at the window*) — Turn to snow most likely. That's November for you. (*Dietenhofer snaps up one window shade; Price goes to another window and snaps up its shade, which rolls around furiously.*)

DIETENHOFER — Ya — I guess you were right, Minick. Going to turn to snow. No more sitting out in the park this year.

MINICK — Well, we set out pretty late at that. October.

DIETENHOFER — October the twenty-eighth.

MINICK — Guess I set out too late. That's where I caught my cold.

DIETENHOFER — Well, a fellow can get a cold that way. Yep!

MINICK — I did, all right. Yessir!

. . . . . .

PRICE — You got a nice place here. (*Lights a cigar.*)

MINICK — Winter's a long time. Besides, generally folks in this room — company — one thing another. I've got my own room — but you can't do much of anything there.

DIETENHOFER — Oh, I don't know. There's always something to do.

MINICK — Well, of course, you can take a walk, but you got to walk pretty brisk, weather like this. Generally get a good nap after lunch, though. Then — one

thing or another comes up. First thing you know, it's six o'clock, Fred comes home with the evening paper. Some news in that, as a rule. Then, after supper, I'm generally pretty tired, anyhow. Once in a while, though, Fred and I have a little game of dominoes before they go out.

DIETENHOFER (*with a trace of meaning*) — The big room over to the Home is pretty nice in winter.

PRICE — Get your pinochle game there.

DIETENHOFER — That's what. Too bad they don't let visitors play over there, Minick. We got some pretty smart pinochle heads. Garvey — Henderson — Schultz —

PRICE — Do you know what Henderson held last night! A five hundred hand!

MINICK — Gosh!

DIETENHOFER — Only bid four-fifty on it.

MINICK — Probably picked up something.

PRICE — Just twenty. (*Takes out his newspaper and starts to read.*)

DIETENHOFER — Yep! We have great times. They look out for your comfort over there pretty nice, Minick. They're paid to do it. Catch me going to any place where I didn't pay my way.

MINICK — Well, I like to pay my way myself.

DIETENHOFER — They make you feel like somebody over to the Grant Home. A club, that's what it's like. A club. And may be a vacancy soon, too. (*He eyes Minick narrowly.*) Old Patterson's talking about going out to Los Angeles with a nephew or something.

PRICE — Expecting word any minute.

MINICK — No, sir! My son wouldn't hear of it. No, nor his wife, neither. Nettie wouldn't hear of it.

DIETENHOFER — I wouldn't live any other way. You're free. They got their rules, but outside of that you're free. You're never your own boss living the other way. Price here was through it. Weren't you, Price?

PRICE (*absorbed in the paper*) — What?

DIETENHOFER — You were living with your daughter before you come to the Home. (*Turns to Minick.*) Four children she had.

PRICE — "Pa, don't do this. Pa, don't do that." Nossir!

DIETENHOFER — I've seen it. Seen it often.

PRICE — Errands. "Spool of white No. 100." "Half a pint of double whippin' cream." "Ten cent loaf of gluten bread." And taking babies out wheelin' all the time.

DIETENHOFER — Hear all this talk nowadays about young folks. Old folks had some rights time I was a boy.

MINICK — Babies out wheelin'. Well, I guess that's one thing I won't ever have to do here. Blamed if I can understand what they're aiming at, these young people. I'm going to talk to Nettie about it — some day.

DIETENHOFER — Times are changing, that's all.

PRICE — It's the unrest.

MINICK — Club meetings. Worrying about other people's children, instead of having some of their own. (*Rises and goes to the smoking table.*) Club meetings, like the one she's got coming here today.

Now the talk has shifted to a more serious matter. Father Minick decides to ask his friends' advice about something that is worrying him considerable. When he was down town he discovered something. He discovered, in fact, that his son, Fred, and his son's friend, James Corey, have gone into the mail-order business, by themselves and for themselves, without saying a word to their wives about it. Or to anybody else.

Father Minick found the offices of the new firm in the Monadnock Building, read their names painted on the door — and then decided to come home and tell Nettie before he said anything to Fred about it. It is a matter,

he feels, that will have to be handled with the utmost tact. Fred always has been a funny boy and has to be handled just so.

"That's the situation in a nutshell, gentlemen," Minick concludes, "and I certainly would appreciate having your advice."

"Well, now that you have laid all the facts before me — I don't know," confesses Dietenhofer. "But I will say this, here and now. You take two young fellas, inexperienced ——"

The sound of Nettie's key in the door stops him, and if he ever finished that particular speech of advice it was not in the Minick living room.

"Nettie stops short as she sees the old men. A quick look takes in the disorder of the room. Two are still puffing their pipes. Newspapers are scattered all about. The window shades are awry; chairs are pulled out of place; cushions rumpled; the gavel and the vase on the floor; ashes on the carpet; muddy foot-prints."

It is a new emergency and Nettie is rather good at handling emergencies. She yells for Lula and in a second they have begun to set things right, Nettie protesting nervously as she remarks that Father Minick should have remembered what she told him about today. His friends are always welcome, and his being kept in by his cold has been hard on him — but, still, he should have remembered.

Also she is angry with him for having gone out, and tells him so. And in his eagerness to justify his trip to the city he blurts out the news about the mail-order business.

This is a bit staggering, even when her mind is pretty full of other things, but Nettie has no time for details now. She must shoo Dietenhofer and Price out before the club committee arrives. She does not quite succeed in this, but nearly. Mrs. Smallridge, "rotund, friendly and matronly," and Miss Crackenwald, "a spare and

middle-aged spinster rather hawk-faced and acid," arrive while Father Minick and his friends are still in the hall.

MRS. SMALLRIDGE — Well, Mr. Minick! And how are you these dull November days! (*She has a trick of laughing a nervous, mirthless, semi-laugh at the end of her sentences, followed by an intaking of the breath which is very annoying to the listener. Her intention is kindly, always. Too kindly.*) Manage to keep happy? That's good. (*Lula has taken Miss Crackenwald's coat.*)

MISS CRACKENWALD — I'll keep my hat on. (*Lula goes to Mrs. Smallridge.*)

MINICK — Oh, I manage. (*Turns to the men.*) Well!

MRS. SMALLRIDGE (*in the tone of one addressing a small boy*) — I suppose these are friends of yours come to while away a rainy afternoon. I remember when Mr. Smallridge's poor dear father was with us, how he loved to have his friends in. My! Bright and active right up to the last day.

MINICK (*expanding a little*) — Yes. Yessir! I'd like to have you meet these gentlemen . . . Mr. Eugene Dietenhofer — Mrs. — uh ——

MRS. SMALLRIDGE (*prompts him*) — Mrs. Smallridge. (*One of her own indrawn laughs.*)

MINICK — And Mr. J. W. Price.

DIETENHOFER — Pleased to meet you.

PRICE — Pleased to make your acquaintance. (*Nettie is politely dying in the background.*)

MINICK (*not wishing to ignore the other guest*) — And this is Mrs. ——

MISS CRACKENWALD (*solid ice*) — *Miss* Crackenwald.

MINICK — Miss?

NETTIE — Father! (*To the others.*) These gentlemen were just going.

MRS. SMALLRIDGE — Well, I hope we aren't chasing you away. Bundle up good and warm. It's very penetrating out. (*At this point Miss Crackenwald turns*

Photo by White Studio, N. Y.

"MINICK"

"In his eagerness to justify his trip to the city he (Minick) blurts out the news about the mail-order business."

(Phyllis Povah and O. P. Heggie)

stiffly away and paces up and down, weighty affairs of her own on her mind.)

PRICE (*throws back his coat. Displays a maroon sweater with a great white C embroidered on it*) — Never fear. Got m' grandson's sweater on.

MRS. SMALLRIDGE — That's wise. You know Lake Michigan in November.

DIETENHOFER (*catches Miss Crackenwald's eye*) — I always wear a good piece of old-fashioned flannel right inside my underwear. (*Unbuttons part of his shirt to show this in triumph. Miss Crackenwald's eyebrows go up slightly.*)

NETTIE — I'm afraid I must ask you to go now. The meeting is going to get under way.

DIETENHOFER — Well, good-by. (*Starts off.*)

MRS. SMALLRIDGE — Good-by.

PRICE — Well, I hope —— (*He never finishes; Nettie propels him out.*)

The committee meeting is organized with some difficulty. Lil Corey arrives and Mrs. Lippincott. But without Marge Diamond, who happens also to be recording secretary and in possession of the minutes of the previous meeting, there is no quorum. Being shy a quorum, as Mrs. Lippincott points out, is a situation that cannot lightly be set aside. Mrs. Lippincott is the military type. "Hers is the executive mind. She thinks nationally. Her dream is an office in the National Federation of Women's Clubs. A woman of about forty-eight. She plays a crafty game. Runs to plumes."

It is Mrs. Lippincott who finds a way for the meeting to proceed officially. "We could, under section 5, article 8, suspend the rules with the unanimous consent of the assemblage," she announces, with firmness and a sly contempt for the ignorance of her associates. It is decided to proceed along that line.

Progress, however, is, for the moment, defeated by

Nettie's efforts to shoo Father Minick gracefully out of the room. Up till now, though no one has been able to tell him what the meeting is to be about, he has enjoyed the preliminaries immensely. He has brought in the necessary dining-room chairs, seen that the ladies are all seated, and then found a comfortable place for himself.

"Now, Mr. Minick, you don't want to stay and listen to a lot of dull business," suggests Lil Corey, following an appealing look from Nettie. "Why don't you take a nap?"

"Just got up," replies Father, smartly. "Don't want to sleep my life away."

"Father, you don't want to stay here, do you?" adds Nettie.

"I like it here," he answers.

"You'll have to be very quiet."

"I will. Quiet as a mouse."

Finally the meeting gets under way. Or nearly so.

NETTIE (*taps three times with the gavel*) — Ladies! (*They are all attention.*) The meeting will please come to order. The — uh — first business of the day is the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting. (*Drops into sudden informality.*) Oh, Marge isn't here.

MISS CRACKENWALD — Why, *she* was made secretary!

NETTIE — We can defer the reading of the minutes until Mrs. Diamond gets here. Is there any unfinished business?

MRS. LIPPINCOTT (*leaps to her feet*) — Madam Chairman!

NETTIE — Mrs. Lippincott?

MRS. LIPPINCOTT — I call for the order of the day. I believe the chair is in error.

NETTIE — Oh!

MRS. LIPPINCOTT — Failing the reading of the minutes the next business is the Reports of Boards and Standing Committees, followed by Reports of Special Select

Committees and Special Orders. Then, and not until then, comes Unfinished Business.

NETTIE — The Chair stands corrected. (*Mrs. Lippincott sits.*)

MINICK (*impressed*) — Gosh! (*Every head turns toward him.*)

NETTIE (*consulting a paper*) — We'll have the Sub-Committee reports. The Sub-Committee on Playgrounds —— (*Her voice drops from its official note to an everyday tone.*) Oh, that's Clara Whitney, and of course she's sick. . . . Well, then, the Report of the Sub-Committee on Juvenile Delinquency —— (*Her voice drops again.*) Now I talked to Emma Osgood over the phone this morning and she said she'd positively be here. Of course she lives way over north.

MRS. SMALLRIDGE — Tries to do too much.

MISS STACK (*searching among her papers*) — Mrs. Osgood asked me to say that she will submit her Juvenile Delinquency report at the next meeting —— (*Rises.*) She had some difficulty in verifying her statistics on (*referring to her paper*) Group C, boys of fifteen and sixteen.

NETTIE — Oh — well — thank you. (*Miss Stack sits.*)

MINICK (*rises and takes a step down*) — Say, I'll tell you a good one on Fred time he was fifteen! He ——

NETTIE (*her finger to her lips, recalling his promise to be quiet*) — Father, remember you ——

MINICK — That's right. That's right. (*Sits.*)

NETTIE — Well "Sub-Committee on Home Survey" — anyway, you're here, Miss Crackenwald.

MISS CRACKENWALD — I am.

NETTIE (*a little buzz of talk has broken out*) — Ladies! We will now listen to ——

MISS CRACKENWALD (*rising and clipping a tremendous pair of eyeglasses on her nose*) — Madam Chairman — I was asked —— (*The telephone rings. Miss Crackenwald pauses.*)

NETTIE — I'm awfully sorry. (*Minick half rises to answer. Nettie waves him back.*) Never mind, Father. (*Goes to telephone.*)

A WOMAN'S VOICE — Is this Drexel 4269?

NETTIE — Yes!

VOICE — Is Mrs. Diamond there?

NETTIE — No, Mrs. Diamond's not here. We're waiting for her ourselves.

MRS. LIPPINCOTT (*aside to Miss Stack*) — We're not getting anything done.

VOICE — What?

NETTIE — I say we're waiting for her ourselves.

VOICE — Well, the minute she comes in tell her to call up her home. It's important.

NETTIE — Her home? Don't you know where she is?

VOICE — She expected to go to your house.

NETTIE (*annoyed*) — All right. I'll tell her to call you. (*Hangs up. Comes back to her chair.*) I'm so sorry. For Marge, of course. (*There is a little buzz of talk. The meeting has become slightly disorganized. Nettie again raps for order.*) Ladies! The meeting will come to order.

MISS CRACKENWALD (*she has quite a sheaf of papers in her hands. As she begins to speak, and during her opening sentence, she is intent on these papers, shifting them, glancing through them, rearranging them*) — I was asked, on August the tenth of the current year, to undertake a survey of some of the homes in the districts where conditions —— (*Lula appears in the doorway. She is flying distress signals. She beckons to Nettie, pantomiming meanwhile. Nettie shakes her head in negation and tries to make Lula vanish with a glance. Lula persists.*) — demand attention, with a view to evolving a new plan for establishing between parents and children that bond which is so necessary if we are to develop a real American citizenry in the generation now flowering into manhood and womanhood. Accordingly, on the morning

of the sixteenth of August —— (*Here she notices that she has lost her audience. One by one they have been turning as they caught the sibilant sounds from Lula, and noted Nettie's pantomimic response. Miss Crackenwald looks over her shoulder, annoyed. Lil has risen and has joined in the pantomime in an effort to shoo Lula off. Lula is insistent. The interruption is now a definite one. Obviously it demands Nettie's attention. Lula is hissing "I got to see you about the sandwiches . . . sandwiches" . . . You catch the word in all its sibilance, "sandwiches!"*)

MINICK (to *Nettie*) — Lula wants to talk to you.

NETTIE (*rises and crosses, defeated*) — I'm terribly sorry, everybody, I won't be a second . . . Lula, what do you mean —— (*Lula exits, followed by Nettie, who slams the door. An embarrassed silence.*)

MISS STACK — The meeting should have been at your house, Mrs. Lippincott.

From that point on the meeting proceeds, intermittently, as it were. Occasionally Father Minick tries to interject a word of advice to the ladies, and is duly squelched. And just as Miss Crackenwald is about to resume the reading of her paper Marge Diamond arrives.

Marge provides the necessary quorum, but, unfortunately, she can only stay five minutes at the most. Her friend Irma is waiting for her.

Another start is made, and then Father Minick remembers that there is an important telephone call for Mrs. Diamond. She was to call her home as soon as she got in. And she does, despite both the spoken and the implied protests of the other committee members and several rather nasty looks from Mrs. Lippincott.

The committee attempts bravely to continue its business while Marge's voice over the phone floats back from Nettie's desk. The trouble at the Diamond home, it is to be gathered from the telephone conversation, is concerned with little Melville, who has been riding his veloci-

pede in the hall again and knocked over one of mamma's nicest lamps. Just for that Melville is not to have his velocipede again for a long, long time, and papa is to be told that very evening what a naughty, naughty boy he is.

Now the committee resumes its session, and, it having been moved and seconded that the minutes be read, Marge is called upon. But Marge hasn't the minutes. She has been thinking all the time that this was a sort of special meeting or something, and ——

In that case, Mrs. Lippincott concludes, there is nothing to do but to return to Miss Crackenwald and her paper on children and the home, the burden of which is summed up in the accepted conclusion of the speaker and others that "the youth of today is the citizen of tomorrow."

There is a minor interruption when Lula brings in the sandwiches and the plates, but Miss Crackenwald hurdles it successfully. "Our problem, then, specifically," she avers, dramatically, "is to inculcate in the new generation a greater love and affection for the traditions of the old. As the logical medium for the furtherance of this ideal condition we have hit upon the Home. Bring Parent and Child together in the Home. Keep the child in the home by making that home more attractive than the streets — more entertaining than the motion picture palace — more alluring than the dance hall. To this end let us adopt as our slogan, 'Every Home a Club.' "

This is a little too much for Father Minick. For minutes he has been listening most interestedly to Miss Crackenwald, but with this statement he must take issue.

"Now, right there is where you are all wrong" he interrupts . . . "and I can prove it to you."

Nor will he be stopped. Not by Nettie or anybody. Doesn't he know? Hasn't he seen with his own eyes? Doesn't he well remember the case of the six Hassauer boys who lived right across the street from the Minicks in Bloomington?

And what happened to them? Didn't the Hassauers have a billiard table sent down from Chicago, just to keep those boys in, and ——

By this time the meeting is abuzz. Mrs. Lippincott has stood all she can and Miss Crackenwald is completely disgusted. A motion to adjourn is put and passed without Lil Corey's protest carrying the least weight.

Just as the ladies are marching out, if not in high dudgeon in at least something very much like it, Fred Minick comes smiling through the door. They pass him by with curt salutations and are gone. Then he notices, from Nettie's expression, that something is wrong, and seeks to find out what it is.

Father Minick, having found the sandwiches, is making the most of the discovery, and Lil, sensing an approaching storm, diplomatically takes herself home.

And then the storm breaks, precipitated innocently enough by Father Minick. Through with the sandwiches for the moment, he wants to talk. He and Nettie want to talk to Fred, he says. But Nettie doesn't agree. She wants Father Minick to go away. What is to be said to Fred she will say alone.

Father Minick agrees, reluctantly, to reserve what he has to say to Fred until later and goes to his room, and Fred demands an explanation. He gets it. Nettie, on the verge of hysteria, accuses him of many things.

In the first place, she was good enough for him to saddle his father on day after day and every day; good enough to let him humiliate her and probably lose her the committee chairmanship that might have sent her to the State Federation meeting — she was good enough for that, but when it came to his confiding in her about a business arrangement that might cost them everything they had — that was different.

Fred protests weakly, but with a gesture implying that he may as well permit the tirade to take its familiar and expected course.

NETTIE — And this afternoon! Not only does that lovely news about you and Jim come just as I'm expecting them for a most important meeting because that Clara Whitney —— Sick! is she! (*Throws a chair to one side and flings herself upon sofa.*) Well, look at me! I'm sick — sick and tired of being the one to sacrifice, and suffer, and then not even be told what my own husband is doing!

FRED — Now, Nettie, this thing is as safe as a bank! What's the use of getting all worked up about nothing?

NETTIE — Nothing! Oh, it's nothing, is it? Nothing for me to have been humiliated this afternoon as no woman was ever humiliated before in the world! I'll never be able to face any of those women again! Do you suppose they'll let me go to the convention at Springfield after what happened in this house this afternoon?

FRED — For God's sake, what did happen?

NETTIE — What happened? I'll tell you what happened! Your father disgraced me in front of all those women; he offended one of the biggest women in club work today! Well, I've stood a good deal in the six months he's been here — yes, and from you too — but I've reached the end —— (*Rises.*) — do you understand me? I've reached the end!

FRED (*crosses to her*) — Nettie, you're making an awful fuss about nothing! You're ——

NETTIE (*turning on him*) — Nothing? Oh, I suppose everything is nothing to you! It was nothing when I had to sit on that hotel porch with him and those terrible old women for weeks last summer while you went off on your fishing trips! And it was nothing that I had to entertain that miserable Phil What's-his-name in this house till I thought I'd go crazy ——

FRED — Now, let me tell you something! Phil Lemming is one of the whitest men in Chicago, and he's gone through for me a dozen times!

NETTIE — He's a good-for-nothing drunken loafer, that's what he is, and so's his wife!

FRED — Oh! And how about your friend, Bessie Cowan, or whatever her name was, that was running in here all summer? I suppose she was a sweet young thing, wasn't she?

NETTIE — She didn't do anything to you! If I'd made you put up with one-tenth of the things that you've made me endure, I tell you I'd have heard about it long ago!

FRED — Oh, I hear about it!

NETTIE — Well, all I can say is that your father and the way he's behaved here this afternoon, is the last straw! And I want to know what you're going to do about it!

FRED — Oh, Nettie, don't talk silly! Just because ——

NETTIE — I mean it! What is there in it for me, anyhow? I was doing very well before I ever married you! I was earning my own good living, and I can do it again! Where am I now! There isn't a girl in the crowd but what has twice as many clothes as I have! I've gone out in that green chiffon until I'd think even you'd feel ashamed! And now what thanks do I get? You take every cent we've got and throw it away ——

FRED — I haven't thrown it away! You're going to —

NETTIE — And now, on top of it all, I have to put up with this! (*Waves a hand that is meant to indicate Minick, goes down and starts returning articles from bookcase to smoking table.*) I can't even have my own home to myself any more! You know what pride I took in fixing it up — nobody enjoyed having friends in more than I did! And I was the one that made them want to come — you never made any effort! But they've been coming less and less, haven't they? Even you must have noticed that. And pretty soon they won't be coming at all. (*Has taken gavel from smoking table and is putting it on bookcase, when the full import of her last words sinks in. She turns and goes to him and speaks very deliberately.*) Well, before that happens I want to tell

you something. I'm through! Either he goes out of this house or I do, and you can take your choice. (*Starts to cross.*)

FRED (*stopping her*) — Oh, now, you know you don't mean that! You've got yourself all worked up!

NETTIE — Oh, don't I, though? Well, this is all I've got to say, and I mean every word of it! Either your father goes out of this house or I do, Fred Minick —— (*An emphatic pause.*) — And I don't care which it is! (*Exits into passage, going to her room and slamming the door shut. Fred walks up toward the window in desperation. Minick enters from the passage. His entrance is a pretty portentous one. That of the father who is going to remonstrate with his little boy.*)

MINICK — Now, Fred! I want you to listen to me.

FRED (*a gesture of a man who has all he can stand and will hear no more*) — Father!

MINICK — I don't know what Nettie had to say to you, but I want you to tell me all about this nonsense of yours!

FRED — Father, for God's sake! Will you ——

MINICK — All right! But I'm going to take hold of things just the same! I remember when you were nine years old ——

FRED — But I'm not nine years old any longer. You don't seem to realize that!

MINICK — I realize you got no right to jump into a thing like this without coming to me about it ——

FRED — Father, for God's sake! You're an old man! What do you know about modern business? (*Crosses, taking his hat from desk as he goes.*) If you'd only stay out of my affairs —— (*Exits and slams the outer door.*)

MINICK (*stands for a moment, dazed. He crumples visibly*) — An old man — that's what he said — an old man.

Curtain.

ACT III

Eight o'clock the following morning finds the Minick household slowly arousing itself. Fred, in his bathrobe, is searching for the morning paper which Father Minick has not only been enjoying for an hour past, but rather effectively mussing up.

Nettie, not having slept more than a minute or two the night through (for all she may have seemed to be sleeping whenever Fred looked or listened) is obviously holding her strained nerves in hand while she tries, first, to get Fred dressed for breakfast, and, second, to get Father Minick out of the bathroom he has been holding for the last twenty minutes.

Then there is the matter of the household provisioning. Curiously, according to Lula, there is practically nothing at all in the house. Coffee's all gone, sugar's all gone, butter's all gone. And only a day or two before there had been plenty of everything. It is more than Nettie can understand what happens to all the food. For one thing, Lula evidently is drinking too much coffee, and that is sure to make her nervous. But Lula laughingly insists she isn't a bit nervous. Which leaves the matter about where it was.

At breakfast Father Minick himself is drawn into the discussion of the sleeping success of the night before. And Father also reports a night that was no better than fair. That, however, he attributes to the absence of his second pillow. Lula has again fallen into the habit of giving him but one pillow, and he always has been accustomed to two. Ma Minick always gave him two.

Nettie is perfectly willing Father should have two pillows, though if he does sleep on two pillows she can't understand why it is that they always find one on the floor every morning. The implication Father Minick disdains to notice. He sleeps on two pillows — and that, in effect, is that.

Breakfast is no sooner over than there is a ring at the

bell and Dietenhofer and Price arrive. They have not come, however, to begin their daily visiting this early, as Nettie suspects, not to say fears, but on an errand of considerable importance to Minick. But first, Minick insists they must meet his son.

MINICK — Fred, I want you to meet couple of friends of mine. . . . Gentlemen, you've never met my son.

DIETENHOFER — No! No! But we want to talk to you. It's important! (*Dietenhofer and Price are noticeably uneasy and restless.*)

MINICK — Here he is! (*Fred enters.*) Fred, I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Dietenhofer and Mr. Price. My son Fred. (*A hand proudly on his shoulder.*)

FRED — How are you, gentlemen?

DIETENHOFER — Howdy-do? (*Shakes hands with Fred.*)

PRICE — How are you? (*While the handshaking is in progress Minick has remembered the napkin tucked in his collar, wipes his mouth with it, jerks it off, tosses it on a near-by chair.*)

FRED — Sit down, gentlemen! My father's often spoken of you. Sit down.

DIETENHOFER (*hesitates*) — Well —— (*Sits. Price does likewise. Both eye Fred narrowly. A look is exchanged between the two visitors.*)

FRED — Well! You're a couple of early birds, aren't you?

DIETENHOFER — Why, we just dropped in to talk over a little matter ——

PRICE — With Minick.

FRED (*a little laugh*) — Well, I guess I'm not qualified to sit in on your little debates. I understand you boys have some pretty lively sessions over in the park. I'd certainly like to join you, though, if I can get a day off from the office.

DIETENHOFER — Sure! Sure!

FRED — Yes, indeed!

DIETENHOFER — I understand you've just gone into a *new* business, Mr. Minick.

FRED (*his smile vanishing*) — What's that?

DIETENHOFER — Minick here was telling us you've gone into the mail-order business.

FRED (*none too pleased*) — Oh, was he!

MINICK (*taking an embarrassed turn up to the window*) — Well — we were just talking — and I happened to bring up the ——

PRICE (*judicial*) — How's it look?

FRED (*somewhat stiffly*) — All right, thank you.

DIETENHOFER — Minick here seemed pretty worried about it yesterday —— (*Minick is shifting, a little guiltily.*)

FRED — Indeed!

DIETENHOFER — He was asking us what we thought about it. Of course Price and me — we didn't know much about it, but — we got taking it up with a few of the boys over at the Home last night — just a little crowd — ten, twelve — and they seemed to think you picked a pretty shaky time for it.

FRED — Oh, really?

PRICE — Tell him what Davison said.

FRED (*rises*) — Thank you. Some other time. (*Moves toward the passage.*) I have to go now. (*A quick glance at Minick.*) God! (*Exits.*)

DIETENHOFER — He went off pretty sudden. (*Rises with Price.*) But I'm glad he went. Ain't we, Price? (*In a confidential tone.*) We come to tell you something you'll be mighty interested to learn.

MINICK — What's that?

DIETENHOFER — Remember what I told you yesterday about Patterson? Los Angeles? Well, he's going.

PRICE — Los Angeles.

MINICK — Well?

DIETENHOFER — Got a despatch this morning and

going right out this afternoon. There's your chance. Can't tell how long it'll be vacant. They grab 'em up mighty quick. You could get in if you went after it. Trimble likes you first rate, and so does she.

PRICE — We come right over.

DIETENHOFER — 'Course I know you said yesterday you wouldn't ever. But Price and me, we noticed your son's wife was pretty hitey-titey with you. We was sort of remarking about it on the way home.

MINICK (*slowly, thoughtfully*) — Oh, Nettie, she don't mean any harm. Kind of flares up now and then ——

DIETENHOFER — Well, harm or no harm, the minute I heard Patterson —— (*Fred comes down the passage.*) — was actually going I says to Price, I says —— (*Turns to Price and then back to Minick.*) Price, here's the chance for Minick to come into the Home, where he can pay his three hundred a year and free as a bird. (*Sees Fred and takes a step back.*)

PRICE — That's what you —— (*Stops short on seeing Fred.*)

FRED (*enters*) — What's that? (*Takes a step in, his eyes on the old men, a dazed look on his face as though he has heard something his ears could not credit. He is carrying his overcoat, limply, so that it drags slightly on the floor. He is unaware that he has it in his hand. As he speaks he lets the coat slide onto a chair without knowing it is gone. Bewilderment, unbelief, pain, are in his voice.*) Do you mean to tell me that you're trying to persuade my father to go into the —— (*A vague gesture toward it.*) — that Home?

MINICK — No harm meant. They just thought that if I *was* thinking of going over there, why —— (*Price and Dietenhofer, thoroughly frightened, back up toward the door.*)

FRED — But you're not, Dad. Tell them you're not!

MINICK — Mm — I wasn't exactly thinking of it ——

FRED — I should hope not! Why, I never heard of such a thing. Home!

MINICK — Well, a body might do worse, at that.

Realizing what they have let Minick in for, Dietenhofer and Price sneak out the door while the family conference is taking shape. Fred, still stunned by the thought of his father's apparent interest in going to the Home, calls Nettie to endorse his refusal to listen to such a plan. And she does.

But Father Minick is not to be so easily convinced. He has been thinking quite a bit recently. He remembers Fred flared up at him no later than yesterday, and he has not forgotten the incident of the club women, how they busted up the minute he started to talk to them.

"And then," he says, "putting two and two together — all of a sudden it come to me. I says to myself — Fred and Nettie, they're right. They don't want to be told things by an old fellow like me."

"Why, Dad, you're not old!"

"I'm turned seventy-two. Yessir! I'm a pretty old codger. It's funny how you don't realize that till somebody tells you right out . . . You fool yourself. Everybody gets old, but not you. You see, I belong to one time, and you belong to another. You go to work and try to mix up the two and you run right smack into trouble. . . . You see, young people don't think old people have got any sense, and old people don't think young people know anything. . . . And that's why, with winter coming on and — no park — you see, a fellow has got to have people around that understands him."

NETTIE — But you can have your friends in here. It just happened that yesterday I had that meeting.

FRED — Yes!

MINICK — Over there, they've all got about the same way of doing things. That's why I want to go. Get up

early in the morning, you don't have to worry for fear you're going to wake somebody else up. If you want company, all you have to do is open your door. If you don't want company, shut it. You see, when a fellow gets my age he's kind of set in his ways. I guess maybe Ma used to spoil me.

FRED — We're going to take care of you now.

MINICK — Sit and listen to me by the hour. "That's so, Ben." "You're right, Ben." Used to make me think I was smarter than all get-out. I guess maybe *she* was the smart one.

FRED — But, Dad — you are smart.

NETTIE — I should say so.

FRED — Why, for your age ——

MINICK (*raises an accusing finger*) — You see!

FRED — Dad, you make me feel just terrible. Do you think we'd let you go away from here? Never!

NETTIE — It'll work out. You'll see.

FRED — Now come, Dad.

MINICK (*still with his own thoughts*) — But here's the funny part of it. Once, after she took sick, she said, "Ben, Fred and Nettie are going to want you to come with them. Don't you do it." You see, Ma didn't ever know how bad things got to be with the money. But she knew a lot of things I'm just finding out. She was pretty smart.

FRED — But, Dad, you're all wrong. Now we're going to keep you right here and look after you.

NETTIE — It's going to be your home as much as ours, and you can do whatever you like.

MINICK — No, I don't want you to change for me. It ain't natural. No call for you children to live an old man's life, but you see, with me ——

FRED — But, Dad, we'll do anything to make you happy.

NETTIE — Of course.

MINICK — H'm, well — I know. But I don't want to feel

that anybody's waiting around for me — you see, us Minicks, we're long livers. I'm good for another ten, fifteen years.

FRED — Of course you are, Dad, and you're going to spend them here with us — every one of them.

Father Minick is apparently willing to compromise. He would not think of making them unhappy. And so he guardedly accepts their plan to make a sort of celebration of the starting of the new order. There is to be a chicken dinner with dumplings, and a nice long evening visit, during which he can teach them to play pinochle. That will be a lot of fun.

They might have thought of something more to do, too, but just then Lil Corey arrives, on her way down town and hoping Nettie can go with her. With Fred gone to business and Father Minick walking as far as the "L" with him, Lil has a chance to hear of all that has happened — of Net's quarrel with Fred, of the long sleepless night, of the morning reconciliation, to part of which she is witness, and finally, of Father Minick's thought of going to the Home.

"Of course, Lil," Nettie says, "I don't have to tell you what it means to me, this having Father Minick in the house. He'll be here for God knows how long. Of course I don't mean I'd have it any different, but there's no use fooling yourself. Here we are, stuck in this five-room flat, and no prospects of anything better for years to come. Everything tied up in that new business, and Father Minick —— (*A gesture.*) It means no children for Fred and me — that's what it means."

Lil regards that as a pretty gloomy view to take of the situation. Other people have probably had the same problem and worked it out some way. But Nettie is not cheered. And a moment later she is plunged deeper than ever into a new complication. Lil has reminded her of a party she and Fred had promised to go to long ago and

then completely forgotten. A farewell party to some of their best friends who are sailing for Europe. And a very elaborate party, too. They just *have* to go. It is much too late to send regrets now.

And there is the promise to stay home and play pinochle with Father Minick!

Well, there is nothing to do about it. They just can't go.

On the other hand, how can they possibly get out of it?

It is Lil's idea that Net is foolish. Certainly, under the circumstances, Father Minick will understand. Net will just have to explain to him. And, when Father Minick comes in, Net does explain. Explains in detail just how important the party is, and how it was forgotten, and how she and Fred wouldn't think of going if he minded ever so little ——

"Why, sure I don't mind," Minick assures her. "Nobody has to stay home with me. You run along with your friends (*pinches her cheek gently*) and have a good time."

And now Nettie and Lil are going down town to take advantage of Field's sale of georgette at $1.95 the yard.

"Lula, I won't be home to lunch." Nettie's instructions are complete and final. "And Mr. Minick and I won't be home for dinner. There'll just be Father Minick. You know what there is. And, Lula, I wouldn't bother to do much in this room. Go right ahead with the bedrooms. And do Father Minick's room first, so you'll be out of his way by the time he gets back. I'll be back about three. And, Lula — don't sing while he's taking his nap."

As it happens Father Minick is not taking his nap, so Lula's indulgence in a hymn or two doesn't really matter.

LULA (*singing*) — "Nobody knows de trouble I've

seen ——" (*She appears in the dining-room doorway, seeking the extra coffee cup.*) "Nobody knows but ——" (*She spies it on the desk.*) There it is. (*She gathers it, then resumes the song, low-voiced, as she heads again for the dining-room.*) "Nobody knows de trouble I've seen ——" (*The last word or so is almost lost as she bends over the slip of paper that Nettie has placed on the table. Then, satisfied about that, she finishes the spiritual in a grand crescendo as she goes again into the dining-room.*) "Glory Hallelujah!" (*Minick enters from the passage. He has his coat on one arm and is wearing his hat. In his arms, also, is his suitcase — the same one that he brought into the house when he came. It is partly packed — a few shirts piled on top of it indicate a possible reason for his adjournment to the living-room. There is nothing hurried or furtive in his manner; he is a calm old man who has made his decision. He peers around for Lula as he enters.*)

MINICK — Lula! (*He deposits the suitcase on the sofa.*)

LULA (*returns from the dining-room, coffee-cup still in hand*) — Yeh?

MINICK — Where's my other shirts?

LULA — What you doin' that suitcase?

MINICK — Never mind. Where are they? (*He throws his hat and coat over a chair.*)

LULA — They in the wash. What you want with them?

MINICK — When'll you have them done?

LULA — I irons Tuesday. What you up to, anyhow?

MINICK (*kneels and starts packing the remaining shirts which he carried in on top of the case*) — Tuesday, eh? And what's the name of that fella comes and takes your trunk away? Palmer'r something.

LULA — You mean Parmalee Transfer Company?

MINICK — That's him. Got an office right down the street.

LULA — What you want transfer company for?

MINICK — What do you think I want them for? I want 'em to come and take a trunk.

LULA — Mrs. Minick didn't tell me 'bout no trunk. What you going do?

MINICK — I know what I'm going to do.

LULA — If Mrs. Minick don't know about it she's goin' be awful mad when she come home.

MINICK — That's all right. (*He drops the lid of the suitcase.*) Mad or no mad, I'm going.

LULA — What you mean — goin'! Mrs. Minick ain't going let you go no place.

MINICK (*still kneeling in front of the suitcase. He is strapping it now*) — Let me! I'm not a child. I know what I want to do, and I'm going to do it. Think I was a plumb fool! (*He gets to his feet, picking up the suitcase with an air of finality.*) What's Nettie got to do with it! I got a right to be with my own kind of folks. I'm sorry for Fred and Nettie, but I can't be thinking of them all the time. There's young and there's old, and they got to be let go their own ways. (*He is really talking aloud more than actually to Lula. Perhaps he, himself, is somewhat surprised to find himself shaping his new philosophy in speech.*)

LULA — I don't know what you talkin' about. (*Mystified, she decides to give it up, and go back to her work. Minick's next words stop her at the dining-room door.*)

MINICK (*puts down suitcase, and plunges one arm into his overcoat. There is about him a new vigor; an air of satisfaction and determination*) — I'll tell you what I'm talking about. If I want to go to the Home, they got no right to keep me from it, Fred and Nettie. I got my own life, same as anybody. (*He realizes that, unconsciously, he has put into one line everything that he has been trying to say. This rather pleases him, and he repeats the line for his own enjoyment.*) Yes, sir! I got my own life, same as anybody. (*His mind still on that line, he reaches for his hat and settles it jauntily on*

his head. He smiles, and it is the quiet, satisfied smile of one who has solved his problem.) And I know just what I'm going to do with it. (*He picks up the suitcase with a new strength and walks with spring and buoyancy toward the hallway and the door to freedom. Halfway across, he turns just for a second to toss a parting thought to the much-puzzled Lula.*) I ain't going to waste it teaching pinochle to anybody!

Curtain.

THE END

WILD BIRDS

A Tragedy in Three Acts

By Dan Totheroh

IN the Greenwich Village section of New York is a little theatre prettily named the Cherry Lane. It stands at the head of one of those crooked streets that may have run from the Van Poot's barn down past the Brinkerdelfer's meadow in the days when it was a cow path. Finding it without the aid of a taxicab driver, born and reared close to Washington Square, is only a little less difficult than starting with the first straw and proceeding thence to the bottom of the stack in a search for the needle. It is, in a way, a co-operative theatre, and thereby partly self-sustaining.

It was in the Cherry Lane theatre that "Wild Birds" was produced April 9, 1925. The cast was capable, the direction intelligent, the settings crude, the atmosphere heavy. There was a suggestion of barrenness about the production, and it seemed, to at least one spectator, that author, actors, electrician and stage directors had combined in one grandly solemn effort to be as completely unhappy, and draw others into the circle of their unhappiness, as it was humanly possible to be.

It was, to me, a somewhat depressing occasion. And yet there was an unmistakable quality of charm in that play, a gentle, wistful pathetic note that sounded through the imaginative text and could not be entirely dissipated by actors' voices, too loud and strident in the tiny theatre, or by actors' movements that, on the narrow stage, were constrained and awkward.

"Wild Birds" comes from California. As a play sub-

mitted in a contest conducted by the University of California it was awarded the first prize by a committee consisting of Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell and George Jean Nathan. It was produced by the University and later by the Players' Club in San Francisco. At the Cherry Lane, even late in the season, it stirred sufficient interest to continue for five weeks. Its author, Dan Totheroh, has had some stage experience, some war experience, and contact with the farm country and farm people of which and of whom he writes, through several years' trouping as an actor in the West. He represents a definite section of the onrushing generation of young playwrights, and his friends are supremely hopeful of his future.

The scene of "Wild Birds" is a prairie farm in the Middle West. It is early spring, and the clearing in front of the Slag place is still barren of vegetation. Barren practically of everything else save a snake fence at the edge of the road, beyond which the prairie stretches endlessly. There is a bench in the yard and a barrel rocker in which Mrs. Slag, "a lank, worn woman with stooped shoulders and thin gray hair," is accustomed to rest her tired limbs and doze off occasionally.

Corie Slag, the daughter, who resembles her mother in that she has "the same straight, thin-lipped mouth and pale blue eyes," is in the yard. She thinks maybe her lover may be coming down the road. But it is only George Marshall, the Slags' hired man. And George has left his plough and is leaving the Slags because he cannot stand the slave-driving tactics of John Slag.

"That man of your'n air a devil," he remarks to Mrs. Slag by way of explanation. "I can't work with him. I air a peaceful man, Mrs. Slag. I go about the country workin' here and thar — ploughin', sowin', harvestin' — I like wanderin' — seein' country, an' folks — I like people — but I cannot stand your man, Mrs. Slag. He air a hard man with hard ways. He air a driver of men.

(*Going toward the house.*) I air goin' to git my things from John Slag's attic an' then I air hittin' the road agin."

Nor can he be shamed back to work or into apology by their taunts. His record is clean, up and down the valley, but he'll have no more to do with John Slag.

It is a serious situation with the Slags, seeing labor is as scarce as it is and the fine days few. And, there is one thing they can depend on, warns Corie. *She* won't help with the ploughing again as she once did. She expects to marry and Milt, who is to be her man, don't want her all stooped over. "He wants a wife that he can be proud of to show 'round and take to fairs, tent meetin's and places."

But there's no reason why Mazie shouldn't help. Mazie's young and strong and there ain't nobody marryin' her. Now that the family is to be rid of Marshall there will be less cookin', too.

Mazie doesn't know the pleasant things that are being planned for her when she walks in upon Corie. "She is a small, quick-moving girl with masses of black hair that she wears in a thick braid down her back. It is such heavy hair that it seems to tilt her head, raising her little white chin and swelling the soft line of her throat, like the throat of a wild bird that sings. She has a wistful, searching expression in eyes that are deeply brown and deeply set. Her dress is, of course, brown homespun, and her little feet are bare. Her cheeks are flushed from leaning over the stove in the lean-to."

MAZIE — Hello, Corie. The grass air come on the prairie agin. (*She knows that Corie doesn't care about the grass on the prairie, but she must talk about the miracle to some one. Inwardly she is bubbling over.*)

CORIE (*not looking at her*) — You better forget about the grass an' keep your mind on the cookin'. If you

burn things tonight, you'll catch it. Paw air goin' to be onery.

MAZIE (*taking a little untrained dance step behind Corie*) — Just think, Corie, I air seventeen now. At least, I air pruty near to it. I will be seventeen by the night you air married.

CORIE (*smiling sneeringly*) — How do you know *how* old you air?

MAZIE — I asked Aunt Martie. She said I would be seventeen by next week.

CORIE — Yes, but nobody knows *really* how old you air. How kin anybody be sure when your maw air dead long ago an' you never had no father?

MAZIE (*simply*) — I did have a father — but he didn't want me.

CORIE — Who's been tellin' you things?

MAZIE — Nobody. I jest figgered it out. I air seventeen now, Corie, an' I air beginnin' to understand things. All by myself I air beginnin' to understand things.

CORIE (*irritably*) — You don't know what you're talkin' about. Go back inter the house or I'll tell Maw.

MAZIE — I think I'll git to know lots of things now that Mr. Marshall air livin' here. He will tell me things that would take me a long time to figger out by myself.

CORIE (*laughing*) — He's up in the attic now, gettin' ready to go. Lots he'll be tellin' you.

MAZIE (*her face falling*) — Why air he leavin'?

CORIE — Paw fired him. He air no good.

MAIZIE — I *air* sorry. (*She blinks back tears.*)

CORIE — What air you cryin' about? You never spoke to him afore this mornin'. I heard you while you was washin' the milk buckets.

MAZIE — I never spoke to him afore this mornin' — but it air like I hev known him a long, long time.

CORIE — You air crazy. (*She goes to the fence and looks up the road.*) Don't you wish you was goin' to meet a fine lover like Milt at sundown by the creek

willers an' go walkin' with him? (*She struts away up the road, her hands indolently on her lean hips. George Marshall re-enters from the house carrying a battered suitcase.*)

GEORGE MARSHALL (*tenderly*) — Waal, you hev come out of the kitchen to say good-by to me, hev you?

MAZIE — I did not know you was goin' till Corie jest told me.

GEORGE MARSHALL — I air glad we hev had one talk together, anyhow. I'll remember the little wild bird I hev found.

MAZIE (*thrilled*) — Little wild bird! Me?

GEORGE MARSHALL — Yes. Little wild bird — trapped. Sometime I might come back and open the trap. What do you say?

MAZIE (*going to him*) — Air you really meanin' that?

GEORGE MARSHALL (*taking her hand*) — You kin believe in me, Mazie. An' now we'll hev to say good-by. (*He stoops and kisses her brow, first smoothing back the heavy hair.*)

MAZIE — Good-by. I will watch fer your face in the well — among the stars. One time I saw my mother's face. It was white an' sad. It only stayed a minute. I will watch fer your face.

GEORGE MARSHALL — You mean in the well whar we talked this mornin'?

MAZIE (*pointing off left*) — Yes. Over thar, underneath the big tree. It air round like the world is. I like to look down it. It air black most of the time, but at night I hev seen stars in it.

GEORGE MARSHALL — If you kin find my face thar among the stars an' whar your mother's face was, I would be glad. Walk as fer as the willers with me, Mazie.

They are gone when Mrs. Slag comes back, followed by Sandy Roberts. Sandy is an eccentric, "with dishevelled white hair and small brown eyes with a half-

mad glint in them." And he has a weird habit of repeating again and again the reminiscent stories of his adventures. He is telling the one of the locust raid now — or would be telling it if his daughter, Esthey Kenyon, had not followed him. Sandy is a considerable care to Esthey. His passion for running away keeps her all wrought up.

She lets him roam for the moment. A body must gossip a bit, whatever her burdens, and Esthey wants to talk about this new hired man's leaving the way he is. There's always been something a little strange about Marshall to Esthey. Seems like she has seen him before — at a funeral, she thinks — the funeral of a young girl who'd committed suicide. There was somethin' familiar about his eyes.

John Slag is in from the fields. He is "a great hulk of a man, with a scraggly, iron-gray beard . . . His heavy brows are drawn together in a fearful frown and a huge fist is clenched."

MRS. SLAG (*going to him*) — What air you goin' to do, John?

JOHN SLAG (*putting down the sack of seed*) — Git somebody else, of course. That damn fool Marshall warn't worth his salt, anyhow. (*Esthey, having paused to listen, goes to exit.*)

SANDY — You won't lock me up, will you, Esthey — like a crazy man in a cage! You won't, will you, Esthey?

JOHN SLAG (*gruffly, to Mrs. Slag*) — Git that crazy man out of here. I won't stand fer his jabberin'.

ESTHEY (*pulling him away*) — Now you jest come on or I will lock you up! (*They go away.*)

JOHN SLAG — Supper ready?

MRS. SLAG — Almost. You air a little early 'count of what's happened. I'll hustle Mazie.

JOHN SLAG (*going toward the house door*) — If nobody turns up I'm goin' to make a trip inter town

this week-end an' look over some of them boys in the orphanage. Thar was some young uns thar when we got Mazie who oughter be big an' strong by now. I'd like to break in one of 'em. He'd belong to me an' he couldn't give me no back talk or nothin'.

MRS. SLAG — Yes, John. (*She follows him into the house.*)

Corie gets her Milt Pollard, "a rather short, plain-faced man with prominent gold-filled teeth," as far as the gate, but she can't get him in to supper. He feels he must be gettin' back to his maw. It's always that way with Milt. It makes Corie a little jealous of Mrs. Pollard, even if she is Milt's maw, an' lame.

"She allus takin' you away from me," pouts Corie. "A maw hain't got no right to do that. You're a growed man now, and not no kid. (*Turning back to him.*) When we git married she won't allus be wantin' you, will she, Milt?"

"No, Corie. We'll be livin' with her fer a spell till I git enough money to build our own house and leave Maw comfortable" . . .

They are in each other's arms by the gate, renewing protestations of their great love for each other, when Mazie, coming from the house, sees them. She is held spellbound by the sight of them, and as Milt kisses Corie upon the mouth, again and again, Mazie trembles a little and puts her hand at her breast, as though the sight of such happiness pained her.

"Next week you will be all mine, Corie — every inch of you," promises Milt.

"Every inch of me your'n, Milt," trades Corie, rapturously.

And now they are walking down the road in the soft blue light of the early evening and Mazie is leaning over the fence looking after them. Then she picks up her bucket and continues to the well.

She is back in a second, and frightened. She has found a stranger by the well — "a well-built boy of eighteen, dressed in blue denim trousers and a torn, dirty shirt; his feet are bare and caked with mud. His face is drawn and streaked with perspiration. His mouth hangs open and he breathes heavily."

ADAM LARSON — I was tryin' to git a drink from your well. I hev been runnin' an' I air thirsty. I didn't mean to skeer you.

MAZIE — I dropped the bucket when I saw you. You kin tie the rope to it an' let it down inter the well. Whar did you come from?

ADAM (*after searching her face for a moment*) — I ran away.

MAZIE — From home?

ADAM — No, I would never run away from home. I ran away from the reform school at Dayson.

MAIZIE — What air a reform school?

ADAM — It air a place whar they put boys and girls who air bad.

MAZIE — Air it like an orphanage?

ADAM — Somethin', I guess. Only at a reform school, everybody air bad.

MAZIE (*in surprise*) — Everybody — bad?

ADAM — Yes. I ran away yesterday mornin' with another boy. All the others was skeered. Red went one way an' I went the other. He lived south an' my mother lives north. I ran till I thought my heart would stop beatin'. Then I got a ride on a lumber wagon. I walked almost all last night. I hev big blisters on the bottom of my feet.

MAZIE — I air awfully sorry. I will git you a drink of water. I was jest after some fer the house when I saw you.

ADAM — Does your mother an' father live here?

MAZIE — No. My mother air dead an' my father

didn't want me. I was in the Vincent home. Mr. Slag came an' got me. I hire out to him.

ADAM (*eagerly*) — Oh, I wonder if he'd hire me out?

MAZIE — You look like you air strong. Mr. Marshall, the new hired man, jest quit. Kin you plough?

ADAM — You bet!

MAZIE — Then maybe Mr. Slag would take you.

ADAM — If he knew I was a bad boy, would he take me?

MAZIE — I don't know. I'm goin' to git you some water. You kin hardly talk.

ADAM — Do you think he'd send me back to the reform school if I 'fessed up an' told him I ran away? Maw allus said it whar wrong to lie, but in the reform school we lied all the time.

MAZIE — I don't think he would send you back. He needs a man so bad who kin plough.

ADAM — Waal, I kin plough, all right. I used to plough at home. Thar was a big field right side of our'n sittin'-room winder. Maw used to set at the winder an' watch me, an' smile at me an' wave when I went by. When I would git tired an' stop, she used to come out with a gourd of spring water an' some of her'n little white biscuits on a plate with blue flowers. She would come to me over the piles of dirt steppin' so light an' pruty, balancin' the biscuits an' gourd without spillin' anything.

MAZIE — Thar! I told you you couldn't talk. You choke right up, you're so thirsty. Set down in a chair an' rest yer feet. They must be sore with blisters.

ADAM — Do you think I could stay fer a little while? To sort of hide until ——

MAZIE — It's lonesome out here an' the work air hard, but ——

Mrs. Slag interrupts them. The sight of Adam excites her. He is a man, or almost a man, and John needs help.

Shrilly she calls her husband and bids him hurry, as though she feared the boy might slip through their fingers.

The sight of Slag is not reassuring to Adam, but he answers Slag's questions promptly. Until suddenly, from the tone of them he fears he is to be turned over to the law and sent back to the reform school. Then he sinks to his knees and is in tears.

JOHN SLAG — What's the matter with you? (*The boy's shoulders heave. Mazie stretches out her hand.*)

MRS. SLAG — He's cryin'. Of all things fer a big boy.

JOHN SLAG (*pulling him up by the shoulders*) — What's the matter with you? We hain't goin' to hurt you.

ADAM (*throwing himself on John Slag's mercy*) — I'm Adam Larson. I ran away from the reform school at Dayson. Please don't send me back. I kin plough an' I'll work fer you, if you don't send me back. (*His voice breaks.*)

JOHN SLAG (*revelling in the feel of this helpless boy wriggling in his power*) — If you ran away you should be sent back ——

ADAM — Fer God's sake, don't send me back! I'll kill myself if you send me back. I'll hang myself like Eddie Smolt did. They found him in the mornin'. I saw him when they cut him down. He was only thirteen. He hung himself. I'll do the same. I know jest how he did it — with a bed sheet. If you send me back — I'll do the same ——

JOHN SLAG (*unmoved*) — By the law, I should send you back. It hain't right to keep a boy who has run away from an institution. Yes, by right, I should send you back ——

ADAM (*almost shrieking*) — If you do — I'll hang myself — like Eddie Smolt! (*Mazie presses the tips of her fingers against her closed eyes.*)

JOHN SLAG — What was you headed fer?

ADAM — Fer home — to my mother — but it's too fer away. Home's too fer away —— Oh, God! God! (*He throws himself again on the ground.*)

JOHN SLAG — Git up! (*Adam slowly rises.*) I'll keep you here an' you kin work fer me. I'll give you a good home if you show you're deservin' of it. You kin hev the hired man's room in the attic.

ADAM — An' — an' you won't let them take me back if they come fer me?

JOHN SLAG — Jest let me tend to that. (*Patting him on the shoulder and at the same time feeling the muscle of his arm.*) You air a husky. Yes, I guess you kin plough. Come in the house. We air jest settin' down to supper.

ADAM — I air mighty hungry an' thirsty ——

MRS. SLAG (*going toward the house*) — Hurry with that water, Mazie.

MAZIE — Yes, ma'am. (*She starts toward the well.*)

ADAM — Let me git the water. (*Mazie pauses.*)

JOHN SLAG — No, you come in with me. Mazie gits the water. (*Mrs. Slag exits into the house.*)

ADAM (*to John Slag*) — It air mighty kind of you to do this, sir. I will show you that I air deservin' of a good home.

JOHN SLAG — Waal, we'll see. Come on in. We eat early — git to bed early an' git up with the sun. (*John Slag and Adam exit into the house. Mazie stands for a moment, motionless, looking after them. Then she suddenly laughs, high and joyously, like a child romping through a flowered field. She whirls about; raises high her arms, tilts back her chin, and darts to the well.*)

The curtain falls.

It is a week later. The evening that Corie and Milt Pollard are to be married. There is considerable excitement at the Slag place, what with Maw's effort to get Corie's white dress adjusted and John Slag's irritation at

having to fix up and go to town when a home wedding would much more easily and cheaply have served all practical purposes.

At the edge of the excitement Adam Larson and Mazie flutter interestedly. They are to be left alone when the family goes to the wedding and moments of freedom are not frequent in their lives. Adam is supposed to be in bed even now, but he couldn't sleep and got up. Slag's attitude is threatening when he finds him in the yard with Mazie.

"Thar air some trick in the back of your'n head, Adam Larson," he barks, grasping the boy's shoulder with such a grip he winces. "Remember, you belong to me! If you try runnin' away like you did from the reform school, I'll track you down an' beat you within an inch of yer life! If it warn't fer me, them men who come lookin' fer you would hev taken you back to whar you belong. You're mine now an' you'll do everything I say! Understand that? (*His hand closes tightly on the boy's shoulder. Adam digs his teeth into his lip to keep from crying out.*)

"I — I hain't thinkin' of runnin' away, Mr. Slag. Honest, I ain't."

Milt Pollard has driven his wagon up by the willers and the wedding party is soon ready to start for town. They're off, now, after having been joined by Esthey, with Milt and Corie expressing their happiness by singing "Seeing Nellie Home" slightly off key.

Now they have disappeared down the road and Adam, stopping on the steps on his way back to bed, hears Mazie calling. It is no time for sleeping, thinks Mazie, or for dishwashing, either. It is just a wonderful night to be alive.

"Jest think," she says to Adam, "thar air lots of people who air not born yet an' don't know what a wind feels like — or stars look like — or anything about the grass on the prairie."

ADAM — Gee, Mazie, you say pruty but funny things. You don't know much of things, do you, Mazie?

MAZIE (*shaking her head*) — No. Nobody will tell me things. If I ask questions they either laugh at me or slap me fer bein' bold. (*Nearer to him.*) But you know things, don't you, Adam?

ADAM — Yes. I know all kinds of bad things.

MAZIE — You air allus callin' yourself bad. You air not bad, Adam.

ADAM — Sure I air bad. I wasn't when I was home, but afterwards I was bad. It air funny when you think of it. They sent me to the reform school to make me good an' instead I got bad!

MAZIE — Why did they send you to the reform school?

ADAM — Because I beat my father with a stick. I beat him so hard that he fell over a chair an' his head began to bleed. I thought he was dead. I got skeered an' got to laughin' like a fool. I couldn't stop. They said I was crazy. Then they said, "No, he's jest bad!"

MAZIE — Why did you beat him?

ADAM — Because he took my mother's wrist an' twisted it till she screamed an' fell down on her knees. I heard the bones in her pruty wrist crack. Then I hit him with a stick. It was a big stick with knots. My father used it to kill rabbits with. After that, they sent me away.

MAZIE — That wasn't bad to hit him if he took your mother's wrist an' twisted it till the pruty bones cracked. Oh! (*She buries her face in her hands.*)

ADAM (*timidly touching her shoulder*) — Don't cry, Mazie. Mazie, please don't cry.

MAZIE — Your poor little maw. (*She turns and, like a child, comes into his arms. Awkwardly he holds her. She snuggles closer to him.*)

ADAM — My mother would like you, Mazie. She always said she wanted to hev a gal. (*His face goes down into her hair.*)

MAZIE — Why do you put your face in my hair?

ADAM — I like to. It feels nice an' soft agin my cheek.

MAZIE (*after a pause*) — An' why do your arms hold me so tight?

ADAM — Mazie — Mazie ——

MAZIE (*pulling away and looking at him with wonder*) — You hurt me. An' your voice ——

ADAM (*turning away and clenching and unclenching his hands*) — Oh, Mazie — Mazie ——

MAZIE — Why do you say, "Oh, Mazie — Mazie," like that — way down in your throat? (*She again comes to him.*)

ADAM (*moving away*) — Don't — don't, Mazie. I air bad. You don't know things. Don't — don't — Mazie —— (*He goes up to the fence.*)

MAZIE (*following him*) — But you will tell me things, won't you, Adam? Jennie Boyd in the orphanage told me things, but they was so ugly I didn't believe the world could be that way. You will tell me the truth about things, won't you, Adam?

ADAM — Maybe Jennie Boyd was right.

MAZIE — Oh, no, Adam! She couldn't be! The things she told me made me cry, but you will tell me beautiful things. You hev made me happy, Adam. I hev never been so happy in all my life, since you came.

They talk of the dreams they have dreamt and the dreams that may come true; of the time when, as Adam says, they are both free and Mazie has married a rich man and he (Adam) has become a lawyer or something fine and they meet again in some big city like St. Louis. Mazie expects to have five children by that time, and to be laughing happily at all her troubles, and they will have forgotten that the Slags ever lived.

Then Sandy Roberts comes along. Esthey had locked him up, but he climbed out the winder. "He wears a heavy gray shawl about his body, like a cocoon," and he

is in laughing mood. "He-he, they think I'm crazy, but I fooled 'em this time," he chortles. "I climbed out of the winder. I wouldn't hev minded if they'd give me a lamp, but they left me in the dark an' things made noises — chairs an' things."

He'll not go home, either. It's a great night for weddings and Sandy's for celebrating. "I air rememberin' the time when I was young like you two young uns, afore I crossed the plains. He-he, on early spring nights like this I was a-boilin', and yit I was askeered, like you two, standin' apart from each other, wantin' each other, but askeered."

Mazie is a little frightened by the old fellow's ravings, "her heart is struggling like a bird held in the hand," but Adam is angry. "Shut up, you crazy ol' fool," he almost shouts.

"Young folks air like young folks an' ol' folks air like ol' folks," persists Sandy. "We ol' folks kin only talk. Young folks don't hev to say nothin'. They jest come together natural-like, like the waves used to come natural-like to Sandy Head when I was a boy, or like autumn leaves come together when wind blows 'em."

And now Mazie has proposed a party, a sort of weddin' supper, like that in town, just the three of them, under the stars. There are wheat cakes to be had from the kitchen, and cider and some apples.

It is a perfect suggestion to Sandy. Sandy's hungry. And it reminds him, the party does, of the time he saw a Sioux wedding out on the prairie above Skull Creek, while he was a-lyin' on his belly back of a rock. He remembers how the young chief, who was bein' married, had to catch the gal first. And there was a buck with a drum who kept going thump, thump, thump — just as Sandy is thumpin' the bottom of the wooden apple bowl now. He had to catch the ol' chief's gal, the young chief did, an' when he caught her he jest threw her across his

hoss and rode away with her — and the drum went on thump, thump, thump.

They are eating their cakes and drinking their cider now, squatted around in a small circle. Mazie, slipping old Sandy's shawl around her shoulders, looks very much like the ol' chief's daughter. And Adam is the young chief. And Sandy the ol' chief himself.

And now the game has progressed to the point where Mazie must run, like a little silver fox, and Adam must chase her and she must be awful hard to catch.

SANDY — After her, young chief. After her! She's your'n! She's your'n!

MAZIE (*calling from the dark*) — Adam! Adam! You can't catch me. You can't catch the little silver fox!

SANDY — Show her you kin, young chief! Show her you kin!

MAZIE — Adam! Adam! You can't catch me!

ADAM — Oh, can't I! Jest you watch out. Oh, can't I! (*He runs into the darkness. His indistinct figure is seen pursuing Mazie for a moment. Mazie's laughter and Adam's heavy breathing come out to the old man who sits erect before the cloth, his hand still rising and falling mechanically. Adam catches Mazie. Their figures merge and cling for a moment. There follows a deep pause. Then Adam breaks away; turns and dashes up the road out of sight.*)

MAZIE (*coming slowly down into the light. She stands still for a moment, her finger-tips pressed against her mouth. Then she speaks in great wonder.*) — Sandy — Sandy — Adam kissed me!

SANDY (*still beating the time*) — Thump, thump — thump, thump.

The curtain slowly falls.

ACT II

It is full spring and a month and a half later by the calendar. The prairie is sprinkled with wild flowers, and even the Slag clearing has taken on a brighter appearance.

In the yard Mrs. Slag is darning and dozing. Corie finds her there when she comes over to borrow some eggs. The Pollard hens hain't layin'. Which isn't the only thing wrong with Milt and Corie. Old Mrs. Pollard is becoming an increasingly heavy cross for Corie to bear, with the work and all. And she can't seem to make Milt understand. Milt, Mrs. Slag ventures, is like all husbands. He needs training. "They watch fer a chance, and if you give it to 'em — the least little one — you air a slave t' the coffin," warns she.

As for Mrs. Slag, she has her worries, too. Adam Larson is one of them. He's been sneaking out nights, for one thing, and he's been goin' around moony-like, with a strange light in his eyes. Mazie, too, comes in for criticism. She's taken to wearing flowers in her hair, for one thing. Which is a positive indication that she will, given a chance, very likely be the sort of woman her mother was before her. Doesn't do Mazie's sort much good to give 'em a good home and everything.

"Red Jinny's settin'! There'll be little chicks soon. Seems like the whole world's comin' new again," reports Mazie exultantly, back from collecting the eggs Corie wants to borrow.

"Git inter the house and take that flower out of your'n hair," answers Mrs. Slag roughly.

It is a little difficult for Mazie to understand life these days. Particularly people. Seems like everybody should be happy. But they're not. Not even Adam. She sees him coming in now from the well, but he turns from her when she calls and appears eager to get away from her.

"What's the matter, Adam? This mornin' at breakfast you wouldn't look at me," protests Mazie. "You

kept your eyes on your plate. You didn't even see that I had one of last night's star-fires in my hair. This one. When I combed my hair last night I found it there, so I put it in water an' kept it fresh fer you to look at this mornin' an' remember how you covered me all over with star-fires. (*Proffering him the flower.*) Ain't it little an' sweet, Adam?"

Adam is not pleased with so ardent a confession. Mazie must forget last night, says he, and they must not go out that way again. It's wrong. He knows it's wrong. And he can't tell her why. Boys can't tell gals them things.

Mazie — Oh, Adam, I air so alone. I was happy last night when I was covered with star-fires. Under them I was cryin' — I did not let you see me — but I was. I was cryin' because I was so happy — because I thought I could not be lonely any more — because I thought you would love me an' tell me things. Now — now — it's — it's —— (*She turns away, bows her head in her hands and walks up toward the fence.*)

Adam (*fighting*) — Mazie — little Mazie — I *do* love you — but — but —— (*Mazie bows herself on the fence.*)

Mazie — Why air it wrong to love?

Adam — Mazie — Mazie —— (*A poignant sob escapes Mazie. It is like a knife stuck in the heart of the boy. He goes to her. He takes her in his arms.*) Mazie, dear. Dear Mazie, don't cry. I love you, Mazie. I love you. (*Throwing back his head.*) I won't be askeered. I'll speak to John Slag!

Mazie (*between sharp sobs*) —W-what will you say to him?

Adam — I will tell him that I love you an' want to marry you. Maybe he'll let us go inter town like Corie an' Milt did.

Mazie — That would be wonderful, Adam, but be

awful careful of him. He air a hard man. He'll take the hosswhip to you.

JOHN SLAG (*calling gruffly from the house*) — Martie! Martie!

MAZIE — That air him now. Oh, I air skeered. Don't speak to him, Adam.

ADAM — Go inter the house, Mazie. I will speak to John Slag — like a man. (*His shoulders go back, pathetically.*)

MAZIE — Adam, I air skeered fer you. (*She throws her arms around him.*) Don't ask him today, anyhow.

ADAM — I've got to. We can't go on like this. (*He kisses her; then gently unlocks her arms from around his waist.*) Don't you be skeered.

There is no sympathy in John Slag. His answer to Adam's straightforward plea for a chance to marry Mazie is a cursing and a threat of physical torture.

"Ha! Ha! Thet air funny," Slag roars, poking his burly fist in the trembling boy's face. "A little reform school boy wantin' to git married to a little baby from an orphanage!"

"I air man enough to be ploughin' from early mornin' till late at night fer you," protests Adam, trying hard to be "like a man." "I air man enough fer that!"

"Yes, an' you'd be droppin' behind the plough if you wasn't skeered o' my horsewhip an' my fist — an' I'll use them both if you ever speak about marryin' Mazie agin'. You belong to me . . . Damn you, I've a good mind to push this fist clear through your face." . . .

"I only want to do the right thing. Mazie don't know nothin' . . . I want to do right things — not bad things," pleads Adam.

"You jest try anything! You jest go ahead and try. You stinkin' baby! Jest you try anything!"

Slag sends Adam sprawling with a push of his big fist

and digs him with the toe of a heavy foot that is itching to follow the blow with a kick.

"I thought thar was somethin' wrong!" exults Mrs. Slag. "Flowers in her hair — an' this mornin' she was singin'."

"Mazie didn't do nothin'," protests Adam. "It air all my fault."

What John Slag's next move would have been no one will know. His attitude was savage enough when he started toward Adam. But at that moment Milt Pollard appeared, dishevelled and breathless. "Paw Slag, come quick an' help! Our barn's on fire!" he called. And Paw Slag had to follow him.

Adam is holding his bruised cheek when Mazie slips in to comfort him. He is not hurt, he assures her. But he is fearful for her. John Slag's pretty sure to hurt Mazie — and that mustn't be.

Old Sandy gives them the idea. He is out, too, because of the barn fire. It's great sport to watch a burnin' barn that nobody can put out . . . He knows, too, about their trouble. But — it's to be a full moon night and "it air goin' to be light like day on the prairie . . . I know the best nights to run away."

ADAM — Shall we try it, Mazie?

MAZIE (*excitedly*) — Oh, yes, yes! (*Then.*) Waal, anything *you* say, Adam.

ADAM (*after a pause of indecision*) — Maybe we kin git home. Maybe we'll be lucky an' kin git home.

SANDY — Keep under kiver in the day, Adam. Walk at night but keep under kiver in the day. I'm rememberin' the first time I ran away. I was jest about this high (*indicates with his hand.*) I took my dog. I hid till night time in some bushes above Sandy Head whar I could hear the waves. I kin remember them bushes. They smelled sweet. Thar was little red flowers on 'em. But I had to hold my dog's nose 'cause they made him

sneeze an' folks would hear him. Once I sneezed, loud!

ADAM — Mazie, I know a thick place in the creek willers. We'll hide thar till night.

MAZIE — I'll take a loaf of bread from the kitchen. You will git hungry, Adam.

SANDY — He-he, if I was young, I'd go too. Thar hain't no more fun than runnin' away!

ADAM — An' water from the well, Mazie. You git the loaf of bread an' I'll git the water. Quick! Quick! They'll be coming back.

SANDY (*up to the fence*) — He-he, the fire air burnin'! The fire air burnin'!

ADAM — Quick, Mazie! Quick!

MAZIE — All right, Adam. (*She exits.*)

ADAM — You won't tell, will you, Sandy?

SANDY (*staring off at the fire*) — They air throwin' water on it — but it won't go out. It's goin' to burn to the ground!

ADAM (*exiting toward the well*) — I wonder if luck air with us?

SANDY (*frantically waving his arms in the air*) — The fire air burnin'! The fire air burnin'! They can't put it out! He-he, they can't put it out!"

The curtain falls.

That night Adam and Mazie ran away. Now, after they had walked and walked across the fields they come, still with the light of high adventure in their eyes, to an evangelical tent on the outskirts of a prairie settlement, with evening service going on.

On the lighted canvas walls the shadowed figures of the congregation and the preacher move, and the singing of the opening hymn is loud and nasal. "Lead kindly light, amid the encirclin' gloom, lead Thou me on!"

Adam remembers the hymn. His mother used to

sing it. He thinks maybe they'd better go in. Perhaps the preacher would help them if they were to tell him their story. He might even marry them. But just then the preacher's voice is raised "high and wrathfully."

"An' Jesus Christ said, 'Ye serpents — ye hypocrites — ye generation of vipers, how can you escape the damnation of Hell!' And so I say the same to you! You poor ornery sinners, sittin' here before me — Hell's flames air leapin' up to you now, burnin' yer feet an' you can't even feel 'em! The stink of brimstone an' Hell's fire air in yer nostrils an' you can't even smell it! Oh, ye serpents! Oh, ye hypocrites! Oh, ye generation of vipers! Hell's door air open to you an' you're all walkin' in! Let us pray."

There is wailing and confession in the congregation after that, and Mazie is frightened. She is afraid to go in then. And Adam, too. "He wouldn't help us," Adam decides. "He'd say we air bad like the rest. Let's go on, Mazie, across the prairie — toward home."

They walk hours after that, and finally they come to a place where there are big rocks, far out on the prairie, near a graveyard. And here, among the rocks, they meet a tramp. He has lighted a fire in a crevice and in a tomato can is cooking soup. "He is a ragged, indistinct figure, and is whistling to himself, as he breaks up some twigs and adds them to the fire."

Nor is he surprised when Adam and Mazie, leaning over the rocks above him, attract his eye. He greets them amiably and invites them down to share his meal. Adam thinks they'd better not stop. They're still a long way from Ashton — that's their home — and they must be gettin' on. But Mazie's awful tired. And her feet are sore. She looks a little like a tired fairy queen when she comes into the light, with a wreath of star-fires around her head.

They'll take the soup, Adam thinks, on Mazie's account, and thank him. But then they will have to be going on.

They're — they're going to be married when they get to Ashton.

THE TRAMP — Ho-ho, I see! Elopers is what you are! Well, well, thar's some romance in the ol' world yet, I see. That's why I couldn't stay put between four wooden walls. You don't stumble into delicious things between four wooden walls like you do on the road. So you're elopers! An' her with a wreath on her head, as pretty as a fairy! Oh my father would hev loved this. He was brought up on fairies, an' my mother's eyes would hev filled with tears, she was that way built. I've seen her weep over crushed eggs in a nest. Elopers! Well, well ——

"We hev been very sad, but we air goin' to be happy, in a little while," Mazie tells him.

The soup is cheering and the rocks are warm. Mazie wants to stay the night there and is snuggled down and half asleep almost before Adam knows it. But she must be aroused. They *must* go on.

They climb the slope again and are gone down the other side when a second dark figure comes from the direction of the graveyard. It is that of a tall, square man who, in the light, proves to be the hired man, George Marshall, who refused to work for John Slag. He's on a sentimental journey of his own — to the graveyard, and he hears the small rock tumbling in the wake of Adam and Mazie.

"Sounds like somethin' wild runnin' down those rocks," he says. "Hear it?"

"Yep," the Tramp answers. "Prairie mice, I guess — or maybe a fox. Have some soup?"

There's no time for soup. "I'm tryin' to pick up lost threads and thar's no time to waste, pickin' up lost threads," Marshall warns.

The Tramp is settling down for the night, alongside his

Photo by Maurice Goldberg.

"WILD BIRDS"

"She looked a little like a tired fairy queen when she came into the light, with a wreath of starfires around her head."

(Mildred MacLeod as Mazie)

fire. And musing idly on the ways of men. "Wonder what he's wanderin' off on the prairie fer? Pickin' up lost threads. Humm — sometimes you can — sometimes you can't. Sometimes thar're too mixed up — broken, some air. (*He curls up and falls to whistling the jolly air he whistled in the beginning. Then something makes him straighten up and look off in the direction of the graveyard.*) Ah, thar they go, running hand in hand. Two little specks like things blowed by wind on the prairie. Past the graveyard — scared, I bet. Little wild things, runnin' away to love each other. Elopers — humm — well, well —— (*Curling up again.*) Little wild things — elopers — elopers in the night ——"

By midnight the runaways have reached "a high billow of the great prairie," carpeted with star-fires. Mazie is so tired now Adam is forced to support her. They have walked far, and always there is the straight line in front of them they can never seem to cross.

Mazie has sunk down now and can't rise again. The star-fires are sweet to her, and she cannot go on. But Adam must stay by her, and close.

MAZIE (*shrinking against Adam*) — It air so awful still I air afraid. We air very little on this big prairie, Adam. We air little like field mice. What time do you think it air, Adam?

ADAM (*looking up*) — I don't know. The moon air right over our heads.

MAIZIE (*shivering*) — Mr. Garry knew what he was talkin' about. The wind air cold over the prairie afore mornin'. Put your arms around me, Adam.

ADAM (*holding her*) — Mazie — my Mazie — (*breathlessly.*) How strong the star-fires air. They make my head swim. Mazie — Mazie ——

MAZIE (*dreamily*) — Everything air white an' silver, an' now the wind air warm an' singin' — Mr. Garry was wrong, Adam.

ADAM — Mazie — Mazie — I love you —— *(With one hand Adam gently brushes back her hair. He kisses her on the forehead, which is very white under the moon.)*

Curtain.

ACT III

It is five months later, in the late fall. The tree over the well at the Slag place has dropped its leaves. "The prairie is brown and brooding, lying like a thing afraid of encroaching winter."

Mazie is still carrying her bucket to the well for water. Esthey Kenyon is still protesting the burdens of the eccentric Sandy. Mrs. Slag is still reciting the work and worries of a farmer's wife.

There's trouble for everyone, sighs Mrs. Slag. Just now there has been added to her tasks that of keeping Mazie and Adam apart. Ever since John found 'em on High Meadows the night they run away, thanks to the direction he'd had from the blacksmith at Carston, they'd been tryin' to see each other. 'Course you couldn't expect nothin' else from a boy from the reform school and a girl that hain't legitimate, but John, bein' stubborn, wouldn't send 'em back to where they came from.

Mazie has started back with the bucket from the well. when Adam, who had cut across the fields to get ahead of John Slag, comes upon her. Mazie isn't as well as she was and Adam is worried. She's so lonely and she's skeered all the time, she says. And she cries at night — cries sometimes till she shakes the bed so she's afraid they'll hear her.

ADAM (*fearfully*) — W-what is it — do you think — makes you cry at night?

MAZIE (*wonderingly*) — I don't know, Adam, but it air like somethin' — somethin' creepin' on me — in the dark.

Somethin' I can't see — somethin' skeery — somethin' I've never seen afore.

ADAM (*his tongue thick*) — Do — do you think — do you think ——

MAZIE — What, Adam? Yer hand air tremblin'. What, Adam?

ADAM (*turning away*) — I — I can't say it!

MRS. SLAG (*from the house*) — Mazie! Mazie!

MAZIE — I air comin'. (*To Adam.*) I'll go quick. If she sees us together she'll tell Slag an' he'll whip you agin like he did when we ran away. He said if he ever whipped you agin he'd do more'n hurt yer leg. He said he would kill you. (*She lifts up the bucket.*)

ADAM (*hopelessly*) — I don't care if he does kill me.

MAZIE — Oh, Adam, don't! An' think of me all alone here ——

ADAM — You was alone afore I came. It was better. It would hev been better if we never met.

MAZIE (*looking at him with yearning eyes*) — Oh, don't say that.

It is when Corie comes that Mazie learns the truth. Corie has left Milt Pollard's house. She is not well, either, and she will not stand Maw Pollard another day. Back in the shadows Mazie hears this confession and marvels.

MRS. SLAG — It air true, then, what you thought?

CORIE (*wiping her eyes with the back of her hand, then looking at her mother*) — Yes, I air goin' to hev a baby, but I air goin' to hev it here, not at that house whar she air. Come on in, Maw, I air cold.

MRS. SLAG (*going into the house with her*) — It air gettin' warmer, like rain, but it air natural for you to feel cold. (*As they go in.*) Hev you felt a stirrin' yet, Corie?

CORIE — Yes. Night afore last I felt a stirrin'. (*They disappear. Mazie, wide-eyed, comes down to the steps.*

She stands there a moment looking into the house, listening for any further conversation. Then she whirls about, a strange glow of dawning understanding on her face, her lips parted.)

MAZIE (*whispering*) — A stirrin' — a stirrin' in the night. I know — I know — a stirrin' — a stirrin' — (*Calling.*) Adam — Adam — I know now what it air! (*She takes a few wavering steps. Her knees give way under her. She falls in a faint on the ground. Adam enters from the well, running. He lifts Mazie in his arms. He turns this way and that, trying to decide what to do. Then he starts in the direction of the well. John Slag enters by the road.*)

JOHN SLAG — Here, thar! What air you doin'?

ADAM — Mazie has fainted. I air takin' her to the well to git some water.

JOHN SLAG — Give her to me. You go an' shet up the cows. It air goin' to rain. I'll take care of her. (*He takes Mazie, who moves in his arms.*)

MAZIE (*coming back*) — Adam — Adam — the stirrin'.

JOHN SLAG — What air she talkin' about?

ADAM — I don't know. I found her on the ground.

JOHN SLAG — Hurry with them cows. Thar's the first drops of rain. It'll be comin' down heavy in a minute. (*Adam exits. John Slag carries Mazie toward the house. She fights her way back, struggling violently with her arms.*)

MAZIE — Adam — Adam — Adam!

Curtain.

In Adam's room in the attic, a little before dawn the following morning "Adam is lying on the shuck mattress without the quilt thrown over him." He is still dressed and staring at the ceiling. "He has been in this position practically all night."

It is a crude, bare room, entrance to which is gained

through a hole in the floor reached by ladder from the room below. There is a small window in the back through which the streaked dawn is struggling.

Getting up, satisfying himself no one in the house is awake, Adam lights a lamp. The feeble light throws his shadow on the wall. Broken by the slant of the roof "the shadow is like a great ogre of fate, hunch-backed."

Suddenly there is the sound of some one at the ladder. Adam blows out the light and hurls himself again upon the mattress. Slowly a head appears through the hole in the floor. It is Mazie.

Nor will she go back until she has talked with him, for all his fear and protest. She knows now what is the matter with her, and Adam must be told. She has been awake all night waiting for the house to quiet down so she might risk coming to him.

MAZIE — I hev found out why I hev cried at night — what it air that air creeping on me — in the dark. (*With a little tilt of her chin.*) An' I air not askeered any more!

ADAM (*bracing himself*) — W-what is it, Mazie?

MAZIE — I air goin' to have a baby — like Corie air. When I first found out I don't know what happened. The prairie seemed like it turned upside down. Everything got black. I didn't know anything. When I came back I was on the floor in the kitchen. Auntie Martie was throwin' water on me. After that, I went around singin', "Little Indian Baby in the Corn," that song of Sandy's. I went around singin' it — oh, not out loud — to myself, deep down. I was glad. I was glad to know somethin' that they didn't know. I wanted to tell you right away. I wanted you to know — but not them.

ADAM (*through tense lips*) — God ——

MAZIE — Why do you talk like that? Why do you say, God?

ADAM — Because we air bad, Mazie. We air bad.

MAZIE — Bad? Why air we bad? Tell me — why air we bad?

ADAM — I air bad, Mazie — not you. I air the bad one. You wasn't to blame. It was me. I air the bad one.

MAZIE (*bewildered and speaking in a shrill, quivering voice*) — Bad! Bad! What air bad? Oh, Adam, what air bad? Air love bad? Air little babies bad? What air bad?

ADAM — Shh-shh — you'll wake them up. You know what'll happen if you wake them up.

MAZIE (*hysterical, throwing herself upon him*) — Tell me things! I cannot go on like this. Tell me things! (*The tarnished silver of a rainy dawn comes through the little window.*)

ADAM — I cannot tell you things, Mazie. I air all mixed up myself. I don't know what air bad things an' what air good things. I air all mixed up myself.

MAZIE (*like a hunted thing*) — What kin we do, Adam? What kin we do? Look! It air gettin' light. Kin we try runnin' away agin? Kin we try gettin' home to your maw again?

ADAM (*hopelessly*) — It hain't no use. They found us afore an' that was in summer when the roads was good. After this rain — we couldn't.

MAZIE — Then what air we goin' to do?

ADAM — Maybe my letter to Maw will do some good — if Paw don't git ahold of it first. Now you must go down. They'll begin gettin' up. Go down, Mazie.

MAZIE (*still clinging to him*) — I can't, Adam — I can't ——

ADAM — Please — please go down, Mazie. You must mind me. If you had minded me that night — if we had gone on without stopping to rest — maybe — maybe —— Waal it's too late now, anyhow. Please — please go down, Mazie.

As Adam steps away from her his foot strikes an old chair, which falls clattering to the floor. For a moment the tremulous stillness that follows is broken only by their smothered exclamations. Then there is a stirring below and spoken words of advice from Mrs. Slag to John Slag as to what probably has happened and what should be done about it. A moment later the bulky form of Slag is eased through the hole in the floor, and the rays of his lantern have revealed Adam and Mazie huddled on the mattress in the corner.

"Straight to hell with you both!" he bellows.

As he starts for them Adam throws himself pleadingly in front of Mazie. She, at least, must be absolved. He is the bad one. With a single blow Slag sends the boy reeling into the corner and is towering above Mazie.

"I'd like to hang you by your hair, you slut!" he growls. "It'd make a good thick rope. Maybe I will, on the tree over the well, after I've done with him."

"Dear God in the sky — don't let him — don't let him hurt us ——"

Mazie's prayer is not finished. "Shet up, damn you!" shouts Slag, raising his fist above her bowed head. "God won't listen to no sinner!"

ADAM (*jumping forward in an attempt to stop the fist from falling on Mazie's head*) — Don't hurt her! Don't hurt her! She air goin' to hev a baby. Don't hurt her!

MRS. SLAG — Lors! Lors!

JOHN SLAG (*in a terrible voice*) — Go downstairs! Both of you, go downstairs!

MRS. SLAG (*disappearing*) — I allus said no good could come from either of 'em. I allus said it. (*She exits. Mazie silently goes to the ladder and climbs down out of sight.*)

ADAM (*as he follows her*) — I wanted to marry her. You wouldn't let me. I knew the bad things — an' — an' — an' she didn't. I wanted — I wanted ——

JOHN SLAG — Go downstairs, I tell you! Go down-

stairs! (*Adam climbs down the ladder. The dead silver of dawn brightens. John Slag stands clenching and unclenching his hands. Because of the sloping roof he stoops from the waist. His arms dangle down. In the small room he looks like some colossal, half-beast man, caged. He picks up the lantern and turns toward the ladder, as the curtain falls.*)

It is ten minutes later, outside the house. "Beyond the prairie the dawn is a jagged rent in the gray cloth of the sky."

There have been sounds of a rawhide whip falling upon a human body, and John Slag is seen towering above the prostrate form of Adam Larson, his hand upraised for another blow.

On the steps of the house Corie and Mrs. Slag enter a mild protest. It may be John has been too thorough this time. It may be he is killin' Adam. The boy doesn't move. And he has quit makin' any protest.

From the house little Mazie rushes out. The women had been holding her back. And now she has Adam's head in her lap and is comforting him. "Adam — Adam — my boy — did he hurt you so bad?"

But there is no response from Adam. Not at first. His head rolls listlessly. Then his lips move. "Air these star-fires under my head — or air it — Mazie's lap?" he mumbles. And a second later: "Oh, Mazie — little Mazie — the star-fires air too strong. They air chokin' me — Mazie ——"

Adam dies and "the dawn opens out like a great silver window." Mazie's cries for him are piteous as she realizes what has happened.

The Slags are frightened. John Slag is already grasping at alibis. He didn't mean to kill, only to punish. It must 'a' been Adam's heart. Nobody ever dies from a beatin'. Anyhow, hadn't Adam wronged a little innocent gal? And they'll take good care of Mazie — now.

But Mazie does not hear. Her voice is dead. Her eyes are lifeless as she walks away toward the well. They stand a little in awe of her as she passes them. And none dare stop her.

John Slag is trying to think of some place to hide Adam's body. Nobody'll ever know nothin' about Adam, because there was nobody to care. And then he turns around and sees George Marshall, who was his hired man, leaning over the fence.

"I air wantin' to see Mazie. I hev news fer her," says Marshall.

He notices the body of the dead boy in Slag's arms and the rawhide whip on the ground and he knows. They've beaten the boy to death, and he'll see them hung for it! All of them! And if they've harmed Mazie ——

He starts for the well to find her — the well where she saw the stars — and Sandy Roberts stops him. "Sandy's clothes are wet and his hair wildly ruffled. His feet are bare and caked with mud."

SANDY (*his eyes burning*) — Folks! Folks! What do you think? What do you think?

CORIE — You'll catch it from Esthey, Sandy.

SANDY — Listen! Listen! Mazie has jumped down the well! Mazie has jumped down the well!

GEORGE MARSHALL (*grasping Sandy's arm*) — What air you talkin' about?

SANDY — It's true! I seen her jump. I was creepin' up to surprise her an' tell her how I got out of the barn an' was in the rain all night, when all of a sudden she jumped. He-he, it was grand bein' in the rain all night ——

GEORGE MARSHALL (*pushing him aside*) — Is it too late to save her? (*He rushes out to the well.*)

SANDY (*calling after him*) — You'll not see her. It air dark down thar — darker'n the shed.

JOHN SLAG — Shet up! (*John Slag, Mrs. Slag, and*

Corie have instinctively drawn together and are all staring off toward the well.)

GEORGE MARSHALL (*calling frantically down the well*) — Mazie! Mazie!

SANDY (*seeing the body of Adam*) — What air the matter, young chief? Young chief, you can't catch her now. It air too late. You won't even see her. She air lost — down the well. It air dark down thar. She won't like it. She liked stars an' the moon. Git up, young chief — git up ——

GEORGE MARSHALL (*re-entering, a tall figure with burning, accusing eyes*) — I can't see her. (*Pointing a finger at the group.*) I don't know the truth of this, but I'll find out! You'll hang, Slag. (*The Slags cower under Marshall's accusing finger.*) Mazie was given inter your hands — a little thing — walkin' in the dark — an' you killed her.

MRS. SLAG (*whimpering*) — John didn't kill her! She jumped down the well herself!

CORIE — What business is it of yours, anyhow? She didn't belong to you!

GEORGE MARSHALL — I talked with her by the well one mornin'. That's when I saw her beatin' herself against a cage, with nobody tryin' to help her. Jest because she warn't your flesh an' blood, you let her starve fer love — fer a little kindness — fer a little understanding. I only had to talk to her a minute afore I saw it all. Then I made up my mind. I went out to pick up the threads of her life. I found most of 'em broken, but there was one that wasn't. I came to bring her to her father. He said he'd take her. He said he'd try to make amends — and now —— (*Throwing back his head.*) Oh, why air life an' man so cruel? (*The sun begins to rise above the straight line of the prairie. The wet soil glistens. Birds in the tree over the well begin to sing.*)

SANDY — Young chief, git up! The sun air risin'. The

sun air risin'. Foller the little silver fox over the prairie! She air runnin' fast — right inter the sun!

The curtain falls.

THE END

"What Price Glory?" By Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson. Copyright, 1924, by the authors.

Both Stallings and Anderson are newspaper men and were members of the staff of the *New York Morning World* the year they wrote "What Price Glory?" Stallings, as literary editor, conducted the column aptly headed "The First Reader" and Anderson wrote editorials. Stallings was born in Macon, Ga., in 1894, got his A.B. from Lake Forest, a North Carolina college. He was a reporter on the *Atlanta Journal* in 1917. Assigned to write a recruiting story about the Marines, he was so impressed by the facts presented that he enlisted the same afternoon, signing up for a full five-year term. He stood a competitive examination and was awarded his commission as a lieutenant ten months later. He went to France with the Fifth Marines as a "shave-tail," was a second lieutenant for ten months and a first lieutenant for one month. In command of his company in the first wave that went over the top in Belleau Wood, he was a captain five days before he knew it, the honor being officially conferred in hospital. He remained in hospital eight months in France and two years in America, losing a leg as the result of his wounds. Out of hospital he took a Master of Science degree at the graduate school of Georgetown University, served as instructor, drifted back into newspaper work on the *Washington Times* and went from there to the *World*, where his rise was rapid. He is the author of the war novel "Plumes" (Harcourt, Brace & Co.) Out of college he married Helen Purefoy

Poteat, the " unknown soldier " of his magazine stories.

Maxwell Anderson, born 1888, at Atlantic, Penn., is the son of a Baptist minister, the Rev. William Lincoln Anderson. The family moved to North Dakota when he was nineteen. Graduating from the State University he taught school for two years in North Dakota and later served on the faculties of Leland Stanford and Whittier College in California. Needing more money, and being naturally optimistic, he turned to newspaper work, wrote editorials for the *San Francisco Bulletin*, was fired for being too outspoken, went to the *Chronicle* and later came to the *New Republic* in New York. He went to the *New York Globe* as an editorial writer and later to the *World*. His first produced play was " White Desert," one of the distinguished failures of 1923. He wrote another called " The Feud " with George Abbott, which John Golden bought. He contemplates the publication of a volume of his verse. Soon after graduating he married Margaret Haskett. They have three children.

" They Knew What They Wanted." By Sidney Howard. Copyright, 1924, by the author. Copyright and published, 1925, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Sidney Howard was born in California, in San Francisco, to be exact, thirty years ago. As a boy he lived for some years in the Napa Valley, which is the scene of " They Knew What They Wanted," and at one time he had a job on just such a fruit ranch as he pictures in the play. He was a sort of assistant overseer of the Japs. After he left Harvard, and also Professor Baker's celebrated playwriting class, he devoted his early writing years to newspaper reporting, selecting such easy assignments as the Pennsylvania coal strike and a dope ring crusade in New York. He wrote " They Knew What They Wanted " in 1923 in Venice.

He is the author of a poetic drama called "Swords," produced in 1921. He wrote "Bewitched" in collaboration with Edward Sheldon, and adapted both "Casanova" and "S.S. Tenacity." He has a volume of short stories "Three Flights Up," and a novel, "The Labor Spy," to his credit. He hopes to write a play a year and a novel every two years. At the moment he is well along with the novel, which is called "Godhead," and he has the play mapped out. "Lucky Sam McCarver" will be the title and Mrs. Howard (Clare Eames) the star. Providing little Miss Howard, going on two, doesn't object too strenuously.

"The Firebrand." By Edwin Justus Mayer. Copyright, 1924, by the author. Copyright, 1924, and published by Boni & Liveright.

Edwin Justus Mayer, born twenty-eight years ago in New York, has always taken literature more seriously than literature was willing to take him until a matter of two years ago. He approached this favorite art by way of jobs as a salesman for bottled beer, a clerk in a store specializing in underwear, a blackboard boy in a Wall Street office, a reporter on the socialist daily, the *Call*, and later on the *Globe*, both papers being now defunct through no acknowledged fault of Mr. Mayer's. He got into playwriting by becoming a press agent for a moving picture concern, a writer of titles for pictures and a job with Arthur Hopkins the year John Barrymore first played "Hamlet." He later went with John Cromwell. Then he boldly gathered his savings together and sailed for Capri with the avowed intention of writing a play. He came back with "The Firebrand" which proved an overnight success. He is also the author of "A Preface to Life," published by Boni & Liveright.

"Dancing Mothers." By Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. Copyright, 1924, by the authors.

Edgar Selwyn is Canadian born, but was moved to Salem, Ala., so shortly thereafter that he considers himself more Southerner than Canadian. He was seventeen when he first invaded New York and a year older when he quit clerking in a haberdashery emporium to become an usher at the old Herald Square Theatre. He took to acting shortly after, making his début in "Secret Service" in 1896. He has many excellent characterizations to his credit, notably that of the vaquero, Tony, in "Arizona." He starred the western territory in "Strongheart." He is the author and co-author of some thirty plays, including "The Country Boy," "The Arab," "Rolling Stones," and "Nearly Married." He wrote "The Crowded Hour" with Channing Pollock. With his brother, Archie, he formed a playbroking firm which later included Crosby Gaige, and these three were the organizers of the producing firm of Selwyn & Co. Last year both Mr. Gaige and Mr. Selwyn became independent producers.

Edmund Goulding was born in London. He was eleven years old when he played the "King of Hearts" in a London production of "Alice in Wonderland" to the Alice of Ivy Sawyer (Mrs. Joseph Santley.) When the war broke out in 1914, Goulding, in London, wrote a one-act play, "God Save the King" and produced it the day after England issued her ultimatum. Shortly afterward he came to America and began writing scenarios for the moving picture producers, fitting his own novel, "Fury," to the screen, as well as the picture versions of "The Man Who Came Back," "The Fool," Dante's "Inferno" and many others. A new book, "Shadow Lane," has occupied his time recently.

"Desire Under the Elms." By Eugene G. O'Neill. Copyright, 1924, by the author. Copyright and published, 1924, by Boni & Liveright.

This is Mr. O'Neill's fourth appearance in these volumes in six years. His "Beyond the Horizon" was included in the first volume (1919–20), his "Emperor Jones" in the second, his "Anna Christie" in the third, and his "Desire Under the Elms" is a feature of the current issue. The son of James O'Neill, actor, he was born in Provincetown, Mass., and has written many short plays. He helped to organize the Provincetown Players on their native heath and to reorganize them later in New York. He is still their surest inspiration. Also he has formed a producing company in association with Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones.

"The Youngest." By Philip Barry. Copyright, 1923, 1924, by the author.

Mr. Barry joined the distinguished company whose playwriting achievements are annually recorded in these volumes in *The Best Plays of 1922–23*, in which excerpts from his prize-winning Harvard play "You and I" were included. He graduated from Yale in 1918, and took the playwriting course under Professor Baker at Harvard. He has a one-act play, "A Punch for Judy" to his credit. "The Youngest," first called "Poor Richard," is his second long play.

"Wild Birds." By Dan Totheroh. Copyright, 1924, by the author. Copyright and published, 1924, by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Dan Totheroh is also one of the younger playwriting set. He is just about to leave his twenties and start seriously upon his thirties. He is California born,

hailing from the immediate vicinity of what native sons call "the city," and he did his first successful writing for the theatre when he wrote a play for the senior class that proved so good it was afterward played through the one-night stand territory of the Pacific Coast. His talent for dramatic expression expanded when he took to writing exciting short stories for the adventure magazines, which he was doing while he was absorbing the technique of the theatre as a member of the Alcazar stock company in San Francisco. The success of these gave him confidence and he began writing long plays. He has nine of them in various trunks, but "Wild Birds" is the first to reach New York. He has written many vaudeville sketches, and acted in several of them. He is the author of two of California's favorite festival plays, one called "Tamalpa," a dramatization of the Indian legend of Mt. Tamalpais, and the other "Ersa of the Red Trees," a forest play which many eastern tourists to the redwood forests will remember. The idea for "Wild Birds" came to him while he was trouping in Nebraska.

"Minick." By Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman. Copyright, 1924, by the authors. Copyright, 1922–24, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

Edna Ferber, the author of numerous short stories and several full-length novels, of which her "So Big" (Doubleday, Page & Co.) was the winner of the Pulitzer Prize in 1924, has done comparatively little writing for the stage. She was co-author, with George V. Hobart, of a dramatization of her own story, "Our Mrs. McChesney." She hails from the Middle West, having been born in Kalamazoo, Mich., in 1887. She began her writing career as a reporter for the *Appleton*

Crescent, and later worked on both the *Milwaukee Journal* and the *Chicago Tribune*.

George Kaufman has been represented in three previous volumes of the *Best Plays* series, by "Dulcy" (1921–22), "Merton of the Movies" (1922–23) and "Beggar on Horseback" (1923–24), all of which he wrote in collaboration with Marc Connelly. He was born in Pittsburgh, Penn., began writing as a newspaper man and for some years has been assistant dramatic editor of the *New York Times*.

"The Fall Guy." By James Gleason and George Abbott. Copyright, 1924, by the authors.

James Gleason is a stage child and a New Yorker. His parents and grandparents followed the theatre in the days of the old Boston Museum. His mother, Mina Crolius, was a leading woman at fifteen and played in support of all the famous stars of her day. She is still playing, and was a member of last season's "Wild Birds" company. Gleason, before the success of his two comedies, "Is Zat So?" and "The Fall Guy," played around New York and the country at large for years. At one time he developed a positive genius for picking failures, having to his credit seven try-out appearances in Atlantic City in a single season. He has had much to do with the Western stock companies, notably the organization in Milwaukee which he founded and where his plays are first tried. He has twice been in the army, the last time with a first lieutenant's commission.

George Abbott is also an actor, but he does not come from a stage family. He was born in Hamburg, N. Y., which is near Buffalo. When he was nine his father was made a government land agent and the family moved to Cheyenne, Wy. Out there young George learned to shoot from the shoulder, if not from

the hip, and ride anything but outlaws. He came east, got a B.A. at the University of Rochester, studied playwriting with Professor Baker, and took naturally to his lessons. He wrote one play called "The Head of the Family," another, "Willie Turns Red," with Frank Craven, and another, "The Temperament," but no one of these has been produced. He read plays for John Golden one season, and when he met Gleason in the touring "Dulcy" company, of which they were both members, Gleason asked him to read and revise "The Fall Guy." The changes he suggested made him a collaborator and, Gleason insists, helped the play to success. Abbott has played leading rôles in "The Misleading Lady," "The White Desert," "Zander the Great," "Lazy Bones" and "Processional."

"Mrs. Partridge Presents ——" By Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. Copyright, 1924, by the authors.

Mary Kennedy is an earnest Lucy Stoner, but she doesn't mind having the fact known that "in private life," as the theatrical biographers quaintly phrase it, she is married to Deems Taylor, the gifted musical critic and composer. She has had some success as an actress, scoring notably last winter in "The Blue Peter." Other appearances have been in "Lombardi, Ltd.," "Not So Long Ago" and "In the Next Room." "Mrs. Partridge" is her first play.

Ruth Hawthorne also has had some stage experience, but most of her working life has been given over to writing of one kind or another and frequently both. She has done special stories and publicity, selling many of the stories to "Vanity Fair" and "Vogue." "Mrs. Partridge" is also her first play.

SO THIS IS POLITICS
(Strange Bedfellows)

A comedy in three acts by Barry Conners. Produced by Carl Reed at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, June 16, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Willie Marsden	Dwight Frye
Nina Buckmaster	Marjorie Gateson
Mrs. Cliff Collender	Lolita Robertson
Mrs. Lucretia Aswell	Florence Earle
Mrs. Amos Woodruff	Marion Dyer
Elizabeth Moore Madison	Alice Fleming
Mr. McKenna	Wm. C. Courtleigh
John Buckmaster	Glenn Anders
Brooks Cadwell	John S. Morrissey

Acts I, II and III.—Parlor of Buckmaster Bungalow in a Middle Western City.

Nina Buckmaster accepts the nomination for mayor on the woman's ticket in a mid-western town. Being practical, she also accepts the aid of the town's most notorious political boss, Butch McKenna, of the lower wards. Scandal results and a split, not only with her party but with her husband. But she comes through beautifully in the end.

THE LOCKED DOOR

A comedy in three acts by Martin Lawton. Produced by Jacob A. Weiser and Bélà Blau, at the Cort Theatre, New York, June 19, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Henri	John Davidson
Marie	Hortense Alden

Muriel Walling ..... Florence Shirley
Richard Walling ..... Charles Trowbridge
Julia Babbington ..... Eleanor Woodruff
Frank Babbington ..... Reginald Mason
Acts I, II and III.—Richard Walling's Lodge in the Mountains.
Staged by Priestly Morrison.

Richard. married that day to Muriel, is keen for "the locked door of romance." Let them tear up their marriage license, he suggests, throw away their wedding ring and continue to be sweethearts. Otherwise their marriage will soon become commonplace and dull. He wants to go on begging for her kisses and fighting for her favors. Muriel, somewhat disappointed, learns about husbands from an old friend and decides to cure Richard at once. So she locks her door on him that very night. After he spends the second act trying to pick the lock he acknowledges himself entirely reformed.

THE BLUE BANDANNA

A melodramatic comedy in three acts by Hubert Osborne. Produced by Charles L. Wagner at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, June 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Richard Haskell ..... Sydney Blackmer
"Gentleman Jim" Delano ..... Ray Collins
Pennington ..... Charles Hammond
Dugan ..... Charles Kennedy
Burke ..... Roy Walling
Maitre d' Hotel ..... Gustave Rolland
Policeman ..... John Ray
Another Policeman ..... John Roberts
Waiter ..... Kenneth Lawton
The Girl ..... Vivienne Osborne
Synopsis: Acts I and III.—Library in Richard Haskell's Country House. Act. II.—A Restaurant.

Haskell is a gentleman with an interest in crime and criminals. Home in the first act he catches a lady burglar robbing his safe and falls in love with her little dust-covered hand. She mistakes him for Gentleman

Jim Delano, a crook who looks even more like Haskell than Haskell looks like himself. Which makes for many complications later when Delano knocks Haskell out and impersonates him at dinner with The Girl. In the end everything is saved, Haskell, Delano, The Girl and The Pearls.

HER WAY OUT

A drama in four acts by Edwin Milton Royle. Produced by the Associated Players at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, June 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Hilda Washburn	Daisy Atherton
Lalu	Maud Durand
Miss Larner	Grace Perkins
Hannibal Williams	Purnel Pratt
Colonel Alonzo Burk	Henry Mortimer
Mrs. Hamilton (Delphine, Therese)	Beatrice Terry
Senator Daniel Norcross	Edward Arnold
Senator Cordwood	Frederick Burton
Manny	Jay Wilson
Sidney Carfax	Stanley Ridges
Mrs. Sidney Carfax	Josephine Royle
Fred, a Policeman	Fred Manatt
Hal	Rudolph Cameron
Solaro	Edouard Durand
Este	Hobart Cavanaugh

Acts I, II and IV.—Library in Mrs. Hamilton's Home, Washington, D. C. Act III.—A Reception Room in a House in New Orleans. Staged by Walter Wilson.

Mrs. Hamilton, the cleverest woman and the most brilliant in Washington, is engaged by political leaders to tame Senator Norcross, who has come from the West full of pep and reforms. She falls in love with Norcross, and he with her. She will not help his enemies, but when he asks her to marry him she refuses him, too. She has had a past. As she tells him about it the scene flashes back to her experience as the landlady of a bawdy house in New Orleans. She had fought her way honorably out of that situation, however, and the senator is still eager to marry her at the curtain.

TRY IT WITH ALICE

A farce comedy in three acts by Allen Leiber. Produced by A. J. Malby at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, June 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Billy Kirkwood ..... Teddy Gibson
Sam Ashton ..... Benedict McQuarrie
Harry Mattox ..... W. L. Thorne
Jack Carlton ..... Maurice Brierre
Rev. Applegate ..... Jack Watson
Alice Mattox ..... Joan Storm
Mabel Hamilton ..... Beatrice Maude
Betty Carlton ..... Lucette Parker

Synopsis: Acts I, II and III.—Sam's Bachelor Apartment. Staged by Claude E. Archer.

A farce comedy of the future when a twenty-fourth amendment to the Constitution shall make marriage compulsory with all bachelors between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five. Two young men try to keep their liberty by having a chum, who was good at impersonating women in college, try it on the authorities. Thus they hope to escape the draft. But it doesn't work.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES

A musical revue. Lyrics by Gene Buck and Joseph J. McCarthy; music by Victor Herbert, Raymond Hubbell, Dave Stamper, Harry Tierney and Dr. Albert Szirmai. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld at the New Amsterdam Theatre, New York, June 24, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Will Rogers
Brandon Tynan
Irving Fisher
Lupino Lane
Tom Lewis
Phil Ryley
Alf James
Vivienne Segal
Ann Pennington
Edna Leedom
Mae Daw
Gloria Dawn
Lina Basquette
Evelyn Law

Kelo Brothers
George Olsen's Band
Martha Lorber
Hilda Ferguson
Staged by Julian Mitchell.

Imogene Wilson
Tiller Girls
Berenice Ackerman

Mitty and Tillio, French dancers, and the Russian Lilliputians were added to the cast in the fall edition, and W. C. Fields and Ray Dooley came over from the abandoned "Comic Supplement" in the spring.

SHOOTING SHADOWS

A melo-mystery farce by Henry Fisk Carlton and William Ford Manley. Produced by Forrest and Vidor at the Ritz Theatre, New York, June 26, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Dana Ellsworth ..... Howard Miller
Claire Kirkland ..... Ann Reader
Phyllis Hemingway ..... Ellwyn Harvey
Noah ..... Edward N. Favor
The Chief ..... E. J. Blunkall
Deputy Sheriff ..... Kevitt Manton
The Shadow ..... Emery Blunkall
The Dead Man ..... Knox Herold
Dr. Hemingway ..... Mulford Maddox

Scene—The Living Hall of an Old Farm House in the Berkshires.
Time—The Present.

Summer vacationists in the Berkshires are taken by a native guide to visit a haunted house. The place has been tricked out with ghosts and traps to keep the graft working, and a clever blackmailer also sets his wife to trapping unsuspecting young men of the party. This time she falls in love with her appointed victim, warns him of the scheme and he shoots holes through an important ghost. Investigation, thrills, exposure and wedding banns.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS

A musical revue. Book by William K. Wells and George White; lyrics by B. G. DeSylva; music by George Gershwin, produced by George White at the Apollo Theatre, New York, June 30, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Lester Allen
Tom Patricola
Richard Bold
Will Mahony
Tom Ross
Newton Alexander
Fred Lyons
Elm City Four
The De Marcos
Winnie Lightner
Olive Vaughan
Helen Hudson
Alice Weaver
Peggy Dolan
Thea Lightner
Sally Starr
Williams Sisters

Staged by George White.

SWEENEY TODD

An English melodrama in two acts and seven scenes by George Dibdin Pitt. Produced by Wendell Phillips Dodge at the Frazee Theatre, New York, July 16, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Colonel Jeffery ..... Percy Baverstock
Jasper Oakley ..... Frank Hubert
Mark Ingestrie ..... Charles Penman
Sweeney Todd ..... Robert Vivian
Dr. Aminadab Lupin ..... Elwyn Eaton
Jarvis Williams ..... Edward Jephson
Jonas Fogg ..... George Sydenham
Attendants in Jonas Fogg's Madhouse,
Herbert Radus, Frank Hubert
Jean Parmine ..... William A. Evans
Tobias Ragg ..... Jeanie Beggs
Mrs. Oakley ..... Venie Atherton
Johanna ..... Mercedes Desmore
Mrs. Lovett ..... Raphaella Ottiano
A Lamplighter ..... Rina Cavalli
Sir William Brandon ..... George Sydenham
Clerk ..... Frank Hubert
Attendant ..... Herbert Radus

Scenes in Sweeney Todd's Barber Shop, Parlor in the house of Jasper Oakley, Mrs. Lovett's Pieshop, the Bakehouse, Chamber in the Madhouse at Bedlam, Blackfriar's Bridge, and "Old Bailey's."

A relic of the English theatres of 1842; a bold, bad, "mellerdrama" in which the barber of Fleet Street slits

the throats of selected patrons and lowers them through a trap door into the cellar, where, it is delicately hinted, veal pies come from.

DANCING MOTHERS

A play in four acts by Edgar Selwyn and Edmund Goulding. Produced by Edgar Selwyn at the Booth Theatre, New York, August 11, 1924.

Andrew	Lewis Waller
Mrs. Zola Massarene	Norma Mitchell
Ethel Westcourt	Mary Young
Catherine (Kittens) Westcourt	Helen Hayes
Kenneth Cobb	Michael Dawn
Hugh Westcourt	Henry Stephenson
Marie	Helen Eby Rock
A Young Woman	Alison Bradshaw
A Young Man	Edward Brooks
McGuire	Adin Wilson
Blondy	Joan Cockram
Irma Raymond	Elsie Lawson
Charley	Rodolfo Badaloni
Mrs. Barnes	Grace Burgess
Escort	Alven Dexter
Second Waiter	Albert Marsh
Mr. Williams	George Harcourt
Gerald Naughton	John Halliday
Second Young Man	Hugh Brooke
Second Young Woman	Ella Peroff
Clarence Houston	Timothy Thomas
Davis	Arthur Metcalfe

Synopsis: Acts I and IV.—The Westcourt Home, Westbury, L. I. Act II.—The Roof Club, New York. Act III.—Gerald Naughton's Apartment. Staged by Edgar Selwyn.

(See page 175.)

MARJORIE

A musical comedy in three acts by Fred Thompson, Clifford Grey and Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg, Herbert Stothart, Philip Kulkin and Stephen Jones. Produced by the Embassy Productions, Inc., at the Shubert Theatre, New York, August 11, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Luke Calvert	Edwin Forsberg
Howard Brindle	Jack Squires

Henry ..... Donat Gauthier
Eph Daw ..... Richard (Skeet) Gallagher
Marjorie Daw ..... Elizabeth Hines
Brian Valcourt ..... Roy Royston
Juliette Loti ..... Nan Crawford
Molly Daly ..... Ethel Shutta
Garcia Pindora ..... Andrew Tombes
Hotel Clerk ..... Joe Tinsley
Biggs ..... Cliff Heckinger
Bell Boy ..... Edward Allen
Act I.—Calvert's Estate. Act II.—The Tavern Inn. Act III.—Roof Garden of Valcourt's Residence, New York.

Marjorie Daw assumes the authorship of a play written by her brother, Eph. Then she vamps Brian Valcourt, the well-known theatrical manager, until he agrees to produce it. Which he does after he and Marjorie are engaged.

NO OTHER GIRL

A musical comedy in three acts by Aaron Hoffman; lyrics and music by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Produced by A. L. Jones and Morris Green in association with A. H. Woods at the Morosco Theatre, New York, August 13, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Joshua Franklin ..... Earle Craddock
Miss Smith ..... Aileen Meehan
Miss Jones ..... Ruth Conley
Amos Trott ..... Francis X. Donegan
Obadiah Bingle ..... Henry Hicks
Molly Lane ..... Doris Eaton
William Frawley ..... William Sully
Hope Franklin ..... Helen Ford
Ananias Jones ..... Eddie Buzzell
Thomas Lord ..... Henry Mortimer
Mary Herrington ..... Jane Carroll
Bryan ..... John Sheehan
Butler ..... Eddie Gerard
Mr. Van Etten ..... Francis X. Donegan
Belles and Beaux of Quakertown—Dorothy Martin, Ruth Conley, Nonnie George, Vera Trett, Rose Stone, Billie Blythe, Helen Blair, Trix Taylor, Dorothy Kane, Aileen Meehan, Zita Mae, Sylvia Shawn, Helen Wilson, Jack Grieves, Fred Cowhick, William Hale, Frank Parker, David Brown, Richard Powell, Albert White.
Acts I and III.—Quakertown, N. J. Act II.—Ananias Jones' Office, New York City. Thomas Lord's Home, Long Island.

Ananias Jones is the village orphan of Quakertown. He has ideas. He wants to build a concrete roadway

lined with advertisements to put the Quakers in touch with the outside world. They can't see it, and throw Ananias out. He goes to New York, sees his scheme put over by others, but finally wins out and returns for Hope Franklin, his singing affinity.

DR. DAVID'S DAD

A comedy in three acts by Armin Friedman and Louis Nerz; adapted by Carrington North and Joseph J. Garren. Produced by Feldon Productions, Inc., at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, August 13, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Eric ..... Jonathan Hole
Lizzie ..... Eleanor Ladd
Moritz Koppler ..... Edwin Maxwell
Doris Koppler ..... Mona Kingsley
Dr. David Stieglitz ..... Bruce Elmore
Mrs. Koppler ..... Maida Reade
The Old Stieglitz ..... Egon Brecher
Leo Vriess Von Vriessheim ..... Cliff Worman
Mrs. Novak ..... Edmonia Nolley
Mrs. Malone ..... Margaret Lee
Bill ..... Jack Raymond
Mrs. Blau ..... Marie Reichardt
Mr. Raffinger ..... Arthur Villars

Act I.—Moritz Koppler's Home. Act. II.—Dr. David Stieglitz's Office, Bronx. Act III.—The old Stieglitz Home.

The efforts of an irascible father to shape and direct the career of his equally stubborn son.

EASY STREET

A play in four episodes by Ralph Thomas Kettering. Produced by the Kettering Productions, Inc., at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, August 14, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Agnes Sheridan ..... Mary Newcomb
Morgan Carr ..... Harry Minturn
Margie Patch ..... Nan Sunderland
The Stranger ..... Dwight A. Meade

John Sheridan ..... Ralph Kellard
Jim Fischer ..... Eugene McGillian
Bill Patch ..... Bob Jones
Living Room of the Sheridan Bungalow, two hours from Times Square.

Agnes Sheridan, because she needs money to buy her expected baby a layette and hesitates to confess the news to her somewhat penurious husband, accepts work in town. Her evident friendship for one of her husband's slick friends excites husband's suspicions of what Agnes is doing with her time. He accuses her of everything, casts her out of his heart and home, and then learns what a darn fool the author has made of him.

THE BEST PEOPLE

A comedy in three acts by David Gray and Avery Hopwood. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, August 19, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Bronson Lenox ..... Margaret Dale
Bronson Lenox ..... Charles Richman
Marion Lenox ..... Frances Howard
Butler ..... Roy Cochrane
Lord Rockmere ..... William Valentine
Henry ..... James Rennie
Miss Tate ..... Eva Condon
George Grafton ..... George Graham
Footman ..... Charles Adams
Bertie Lenox ..... Gavin Muir
A Waiter ..... Joseph Burton
Millie ..... Florence Johns
Alice O'Neill ..... Hope Drown
Another Waiter ..... Lichfield Owen
Acts I and III.—The Library in the Home of Bronson Lenox, New York. Act. II.—Private Dining Rooms in a Broadway Restaurant.

The Bronson Lenoxes have let their children get away from them. Marion, the daughter, bored with life, plans a midnight marriage with Henry the chauffeur. Bertie the son is in love with and determined to

marry Alice O'Neill of the chorus. And, despite the threatened scandal, the children effect these alliances. The very idea crushes their mother, but their father is inclined to think new blood is what the Bronson Lenoxes need.

THE DREAM GIRL

A musical play in three acts by Rida Johnson Young and Harold Atteridge; music by Victor Herbert. Produced by the Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, August 20, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Elspeth	Fay Bainter
Malena	Vivara
Dolly Follis	Wyn Richmond
Wilson Addison	George Lemaire
Aunt Harriet	Maude Odell
Jimmie Van Dyke	Billie B. Van
Elinor Levison	Alice Moffat
Nora	Clara Palmer
Jack Warren	Walter Woolf
Will Levison	John Clarke
Bobby Thompkins	Frank Masters
Mr. Gillette	William Oneal
Ken Paulton	Edward Basse
Antonio	William Oneal
Cristoforo	Edmund Fitzpatrick

Act I.—Will Levison's Studio and the Road to Long Ago. Act II.—The Red Swan Inn, a Green Before the Castle, and a Room in the Castle of Lord Strangevon. Act. III.—Will Levison's Studio.

Elspeth, after a day of shopping for antiques, wonders again, as she so often does, if there isn't something in the reincarnation idea. Have we lived before, and, if so, did we know the friends we know in this life? At the end of the first act she dreams herself back into the fifteenth century. Here she is a beautiful young lady kidnapped by a rough but handsome ruffian of the road. And all her friends are exactly the sort of ancestors she expected them to spring from. Awaking she recognizes her rough lover as a good-looking youth who has been posing as a bandit for her artist friend.

THE WEREWOLF

A comedy in three acts by Gladys Unger, from the original of Rudolph Lothar. Produced by George B. McLellan at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, August 25, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Caterina ..... Ruth Mitchell
Nina ..... Gaby Fleury
Vincente ..... Vincent Serrano
Florencio De Viana ..... Edwin Nicander
The Priest ..... Sydney Paxton
Duchess of Capablanca ..... Laura Hope Crews
Camilla ..... Marion Coakley
Paolo Moreira ..... Leslie Howard
Eliphas Leone ..... Lennox Pawle

Acts I, II and III.—The Castle Drawing Room of the Duchess of Capablanca in Spain.

The Duchess of Capablanca is disturbed by the thought that the spirit of the late Don Juan may be roaming her castle grounds, where formerly the great lover lived and played around. Reports from the peasantry that three pretty girls have been attacked within the grounds without exciting the watchdogs also worries her. She invites a psychic from Barcelona to investigate. The psychic is convinced the astral body of Professor Moreira is responsible. Whereupon the professor becomes suddenly popular. That night the Duchess herself appoints a rendezvous with him. And discovers next morning her handsome butler was the prowler. He is not discharged.

BYE, BYE, BARBARA

A musical comedy in two acts by Sidney Toler and Alonzo Price; music by Carlo and Sanders. Produced by Adolphe Mayer and Theodore Hammerstein, Inc., at the National Theater, New York, August 25, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Chin Lee ..... Billy B. Greene
Marjorie Palmer ..... Mildred Keats

John Palmer ..... Albert Sackett
Barbara Palmer ..... Janet Velie
Stanley Howard ..... Arthur Burckly
Paulette ..... Lillian Fitzgerald
Fay ..... Fay West
Phillip Graham ..... Stanley Ridges
Capt. Hal Cuttle ..... Matt Hanley
Tom Wiggins ..... George Lynch
The Great Karloff ..... Jack Hazzard
Sheriff Bisbee ..... Dan Marble
George Frothingham ..... Colin Campbell
Sparks ..... Charlotte Davis
Phyllis ..... Phyllis Pearce
Ann ..... Ann Nita

Visitors and Guests at the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara—Agnes O'Loughlin, Jean Benton, Charlotte Davis, Marian Squire, Marian Dale, Neida Snow, Bernetice Hampshire, Mary Mellinger, Lucille Prior, Rita Adams, Madeline Dare, Ruth Jewell, Lillian Day, Hope Minor, Peggy Ellis, May Johnson, Charles Mantia, Louis Brown, Harold Spinelli, Jack Spinelly, William Jay Spencer, Joe Bernella. Act I.—Grounds of the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara. Act II.—The Ball Room.

The Great Karloff takes to ballooning and parachute jumping to escape paying his former wife alimony. Being persistently pursued he is forced to don many comic disguises to elude the law.

THE EASY MARK

A comedy in three acts by Jack Larrie. Produced by the Independent Theatre, Inc., at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, August 26, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Crane ..... Kate Morgan
Hattie Crane ..... Lulu Mae Hubbard
Amos ..... Joseph Dailey
Mary Jordan ..... Pauline Armitage
Sam Crane ..... William Huston
Joe Page ..... G. Pat Collins
Billy Coleman ..... W. J. Brady
Joel Barton ..... Worthington L. Romaine
Charlie Hatfield ..... Ted W. Gibson
Payton Clews ..... John W. Flynn

Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of the Cranes, in a Small Town in the Middle West.

Sam Crane, the village optimist, likewise the village boob, puts his last $6,000 in swamp land because the

village sharpers have poured oil on it. Soon after he loses everything, his friend the engineer strikes a gusher. The fact that it gushes nothing but salt water doesn't prevent Sam's selling the land back to the sharpers for a lot of money before they learn the truth.

HAVOC

A play in four acts by Harry Wall. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mr. Stephens	Cosmo Bellew
Bennett	Ruth Raymonde
Alice Derring	Ethel Griffies
Violet Derring	Joyce Barbour
Tessie Dunton	Mollie Johnson
Dick Chappell	Ralph Forbes
Smithy	William Kershaw
Biddie	Forrester Harvey
Sergt.-Major Paley	Vincent Holman
The Babe	Richard Bird
Roddy Dunton	Leo G. Carroll
Lance-Corporal Higgins	Donovan Maule
Private Jones	Denis Gurney
Captain Taylor	Claude Allister
Hospital Orderly	Jack Esmond

Acts I and IV.—Violet Derring's Flat in London. Act II.—An Army Hut, France. Act III.—Cellar of La Ferme de Dame Alice, France, and Room in a House in Villers le Petit, France. Staged by Leo G. Carroll.

Violet Derring, engaged to marry Roddy Dunton, sends him away to the war happy. Weeks later Roddy's best friend, Dick Chappell, is home on leave and Violet transfers her affections to him. Dick, deeply in love with the girl, agrees to carry Roddy's ring back to him and tell him the sad news. Roddy is hard hit, and feeling that Dick has played him a dirty trick, revenges himself by falsifying an order for Dick's platoon to retire and leaves him in the front line to be killed. Chappell loses his eyesight but escapes. Suffering remorse, Dunton kills himself. Chappell, back home after the war, discovers Violet's love for him has also cooled.

TOP-HOLE

A musical comedy in three acts by Eugene Conrad and George Dill, revised by Gladys Unger; music by Jay Gorney; lyrics by Owen Murphey. Produced by William Caryl at the Fulton Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Peggy Corcoran ..... Nina Penn
Dobson ..... Richard Temple
Marcia Willoughby ..... Clare Stratton
Mrs. John Corcoran ..... Leah Winslow
Mrs. Blunt ..... Nellie Graham-Dent
Irving Naith ..... Brandon Peters
Judge John Corcoran ..... Walter Walker
Algernon Van Hooten ..... Charles Brown
Al Smith ..... Earl Redding
Robert Corcoran (Bob) ..... Ernest Glendinning
Aloysious Blunt ..... John Daly Murphy
Theodore Willoughby ..... John Park
A Caddy ..... Billy Kelly
Maureen ..... Ann Milburn
Friends of Peggy and Marcia—Madeline Calkins, Lillian Carmody, Sylvia Carol, Teddy Dauer, Frieda Dixon, Lila Dixon, Mary Grace, Eva Marie Gray, Mildred Morgan, Mabel Olsen, Jean Watson, Betty Wright.

Act I.—Living Room of Judge Corcoran's Home, Suburban New York. Act II.—Top Hole Golf Course, California. Act III.—Reception Hall of the Club.

Robert Corcoran, a rich man's son, plays a good game of golf and is pretty handy with the Scotch and soda. Father throws him out and tells him he can't come home until he earns a thousand dollars. Robert becomes a golf instructor in California and wins the thousand playing the champion between acts. Whereupon Marcia agrees to marry him.

PIGS

A comedy in three acts by Anne Morrison and Patterson McNutt. Produced by John Golden at the Little Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Thomas H. Atkins, Sr. ..... George Henry Trader
Thomas Atkins, Jr. ..... Wallace Ford

Hector Spencer ..... Philip Barrison
Grandma Spencer ..... Maude Granger
Ellen Atkins ..... May Buckley
Spencer Atkins ..... Alan Bunce
Mildred Cushing ..... Nydia Westman
Lenore Hastings ..... Rosemary Hilton
Smith Hastings ..... James Kearney
Dr. Springer ..... Fred Malcolm

Synopsis: Acts I and II.—The Atkins Living Room. Act III.—At the Hendricks Farm.

Tommy Atkins, Jr., is convinced that if his father will loan him $250 he can make a small fortune by buying fifty pigs reported stricken with hog cholera, cure them and sell them at a profit. Mildred Cushing, his schoolgirl sweetheart, helps him raise the money by blackmailing a village vamp and the pork investment turns out a complete success.

NERVES

A play in three acts by John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benet. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr., at the Comedy Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Hill ..... Marie Curtis
Jack Coates ..... Kenneth MacKenna
Ted Hill ..... Paul Kelly
Peggy Thatch ..... Winifred Lenihan
Paul Overman ..... Reed Brown
Frank Smith ..... Henry Whittemore
Arthur Green ..... John McCauley
Bob Thatch ..... Humphrey Bogart
Mary ..... Barbara Kitson
Jane ..... Mary Phillips
Carter ..... John Gray
Janet ..... Cynthia Hyde
Rook ..... Walter Baldwin
Jean ..... Kyra Alanova
Mathew Anderson ..... Edward H. Wever
Orderly ..... T. C. Durham, Jr.

Acts I and III.—Living Room, Mrs. Hill's Long Island Home, April, 1917. Act II.—Mess Room of the Tiger Squadron, France, 1918. Staged by William A. Brady, Jr.

Jack Coates and Ted Hill are both in love with Peggy Thatch. When the war breaks, Ted is made captain of a Yale flying unit and gets Jack in, despite the fact that

Jack always has had difficulty controlling his nerves. At the front Jack's nerve fails him. Goaded to action by Ted's sneers he rises heroically to an emergency test and suffers the loss of his legs. This so appeals to the sympathy of Peggy that she throws Ted over and agrees to marry Jack. A year later, however, realizing the sacrifice his two best friends are making for him, Jack refuses to accept it and a happy compromise is effected.

THE CHOCOLATE DANDIES

A musical comedy in two acts by Noble Sissle and Lew Payton; music and lyrics by Sissle and Blake. Produced by B. C. Whitney at the Colonial Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

At the Piano	Eubie Blake
Mandy Green	Amanda Randolph
Sammy	Gwendolyn Feaster
Black Joe, Jr.	Addison Carey
That Comedy Chorus Girl	Josephine Baker
Struttin' Drum Major	J. Mardo Brown
Bill Splivens	W. A. Hann
Mr. Hez Brown	William Grundy
Mrs. Hez Brown	Inez Clough
Angeline Brown	Lottie Gee
Jessie Johnson	Elizabeth Welsh
Manda	Valada Snow
Uncle Eph	Fred Jennings
Dobby Hicks	Noble Sissle
Dan Jackson	Ivan H. Browning
Shorty	Ferdie Robinson
Johnnie Wise	Russell Smith
Mose Washington	Lew Payton
Joe Dolks	Johnny Hudgins
Silas Green	Lee J. Randall
Bookmaker	George Jones, Jr.
Snappy	Charlie Davis
Sandy Scarecrow's Jockey	Curtis Carpentier
Jump Steady	John Alexander, Chic Fisher
Cashier	Richard Cooper
Bookkeeper	Percy Colston
Draft Clerk	Claude Lawson
Mischief	Mildred Smallwood
Her Bunco Attorney	Lloyd Keyes

A colored revue by the authors and composers of "Shuffle Along."

RAIN

A revival of the play in three acts by John Colton and Clemence Randolph. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Native Girl	Kathryne Kennedy
Native Policeman	Oka Bunda
Natives	Howa—Owa—Llano Paulo
Ameena	Emma Willcox
Private Griggs, U. S. M. C.	Jack McKee
Corporal Hodgeson, U. S. M. C.	Harold Healy
Sergeant O'Hara, U. S. M. C.	Robert Elliott
Joe Horn	Rapley Holmes
Dr. McPhail	Fritz Williams
Mrs. McPhail	Shirley King
Mrs. Davidson	Catherine Brooke
Quartermaster Bates of "The Orduna"	John Rogers
Sadie Thompson	Jeanne Eagels
Rev. Alfred Davidson	Robert Kelly

Acts I, II and III.—The Hotel Store of Trader Joe Horn, on the Island of Tutuila, Port of Pago Pago, South Seas. Staged by John D. Williams.

See "Best Plays of 1922–1923."

STEPPING STONES

A revival of the musical play of two acts. Music by Jerome Kern; lyrics by Anne Caldwell; book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theatre, New York, September 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Peter Plug	Fred Stone
Prince Silvio	Roy Hoyer
Otto DeWolfe.	Oscar Ragland
Remus	John Lambert
Richard	Cynthia Foley
Captain Paul	Frederic Tozere
Antoine	William Murray
Gypsy Jan	Bert Jordan
Eddie	Willie Torpey
The Landlord	George Herman

Rougette Hood ..... Dorothy Stone
Widow Hood ..... Allen Stone
Lupina ..... Hazel Glen
Radiola ..... Primrose Caryll
Mary ..... Lucille Elmore
Nurse Marjorie ..... Lydia Scott
Charlotte ..... Francetta Malloy
Eclaire ..... Jet Stanley

Tiller Sunshine Girls

Staged by R. H. Burnside.

See "Best Plays of 1923–1924."

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

A farce in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Lewis and Gordon at the George M. Cohan Theatre, New York, September 2, 1924.

Cast of characters —

The Tramp ..... John Irwin
The Bride ..... Flora Sheffield
The Groom ..... Saxon Kling
The Chauffeur ..... Leslie Adams
The Wife ..... Isabel Withers
The Novelist ..... Wallace Edinger
The Girl ..... Isabel Leighton
The Sheriff ..... Denman Maley
The Milkman ..... Arthur Aylsworth
The Detective ..... Dudley Clements
The Father ..... Frank Monroe

Acts I, II and III.—The Interior of a Summer Cottage at Cedar Point, Conn. Staged by Howard Lindsay.

The Novelist has a habit of acting out his own plots. If he is writing a love story he is more or less mushy around the house. If it is a melodrama he is quite mysterious. Working out the plot of a haunted house yarn he mystifies, thrills, amuses and finally exposes most of the cast.

THE GREEN BEETLE

A drama in three acts by John Willard. Produced by Kilbourn Gordon at the Klaw Theatre, New York, September 2, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Chang Hong	Ian Maclaren
Moy Gow	Stephen Wright
Chi Li	Blanche Friderici
Helen Chandos	Florence Fair
Robert Chandos	Percy Moore
Casey	Thomas Gunn
Tom Baxter	Louis Kimball
Bellboy	Conrad Cantzen
Cyrus Baxter	Edmund Elton
Elsie Chandos	Lee Patrick

Acts I and III.—Curio Shop of Chang Hong, San Francisco. Act II.—Bedroom in a Hotel Near Chinatown.

Chang Hong, running a curio shop in San Francisco's Chinatown, has been on the trail of Robert Chandos for years—ever since he (Chandos) betrayed and deserted Chang's sweetheart in a Tokio garden. Now Chandos is in Chinatown with his wife. In Chang's shop Mrs. Chandos is drugged and Mr. Chandos made to collapse from a heart attack. Not content with this revenge Chang plans to ruin Chandos' daughter. Fifteen years later she is in his power, but escapes through the intervention of Tom Baxter.

ROSE-MARIE

A musical comedy in two acts by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein, 2d; music by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart. Produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Imperial Theatre, New York, September 2, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Sergeant Malone	Arthur Deagon
Lady Jane	Dorothy Mackaye
Black Eagle	Arthur Ludwig

Edward Hawley ..... Frank Greene
Emile La Flamme ..... Edward Ciannelli
Wanda ..... Pearl Regay
Hard-Boiled Herman ..... William Kent
Jim Kenyon ..... Dennis King
Rose-Marie La Flamme ..... Mary Ellis
Ethel Brander ..... Lela Bliss

Act I.—Scenes include Lady Jane's Hotel, Fond du Lac, Saskatchewan, Canada; a Campfire in the Hills; a Pantomimic Vision of an Incident in Black Eagle's Cabin; Totem Pole Lodge. Act II.—A Novelty Shop in Quebec; Grand Ballroom, Chateau Frontenac, Quebec; A Café on the River Front, Quebec; the Cellar of the Same Building, and "The Castle."

Rose-Marie La Flamme would a lot rather marry Jim Kenyon, who sings baritone, than Edward Hawley, who doesn't sing much of anything, but sneers a good deal. But when it is made to appear that Jim has killed Black Eagle, and Rose-Marie either has to give him up to the law or promise to marry Hawley, she saves Jim. Later there is a satisfactory adjustment.

THE PASSING SHOW OF 1924

A musical revue. Book and lyrics by Harold Atteridge; music by Sigmund Romberg and Jean Schwartz. Produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Winter Garden, New York, September 3, 1924.

Principals engaged —

James Barton
George Hassell
Allan Prior
Jack Rose
Harry McNaughton
Trado Twins
The Lockfords
Herbert Ashton
Tracy and Hay
Lulu McConnell
Olga Cook
Dorothy Janice
Eleanor Willems
Joyce White
Catherine Healy
Barbette
Harrington Sisters
Mary Saxon

Staged by J. C. Huffman. Supervised by J. J. Shubert.

BE YOURSELF

A musical comedy in two acts by George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. Music by Lewis Gensler and Milton Schwarzwald. Produced by Wilmer and Vincent at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, September 3, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Marjorie Brennan ..... Dorothy Whitmore
Grandma Sarah Brennan ..... Georgia Caine
Joseph Peabody Prescott ..... G. P. Huntley
David Robinson ..... Barrett Greenwood
Matt McLean ..... Jack Donahue
Tony Robinson ..... Queenie Smith
Eustace Brennan ..... Jack Kearney
Mordecai Brennan ..... Jay Wilson
Cyrus Brennan ..... Ted Weller
Hemp McLean ..... John Kearney
Bull McLean ..... Ralph Brainard
Betty ..... Teddy Hudson
Adam McLean ..... James R. McCann
Marjorie's Girl Friends—Peggy Gillespie, Romona Kogan, Faith Cullen, Mabel Stanford, Ann Summers, Ruth Trott, Louise Wright, Edith Talbot, Christine Bernsman, Gladys Harris, Mollie Christie, Ray Smith, Helen Evans, Gladys Smith, Eleanor Dana, Florence Murphy, Peggy Anderson, Cleo Lombard, Mildred Brown.
Acts I and II.—The Brennan Cottage in the Tennessee Mountains. Staged by William Collier.

Matt McLean, travelling south through the Brennan country, discovers that there had been, some years before, a Brennan-McLean feud and that he is far from popular. He manages, with the help of Tony Robinson, to sing and dance his way out of trouble.

THE TANTRUM

A comedy in three acts by William F. Dugan and John Meehan. Produced by A. L. Jones and Morris Green at the Cort Theatre, New York, September 4, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mary ..... Corone Paynter
Harry ..... Elmer Cornell
Abe ..... Phil White

Donnelly ..... Frank Miller
Mrs. De Piper ..... Roberta Arnold
Mr. De Piper ..... Joe King
Al ..... Charles Kennedy
Nora ..... Hazele Burgess
Barry Slavin ..... Roy Gordon
Marian ..... Viola Leach
Lew ..... Will Deming
Rose ..... Dana Desboro
Helen ..... Bobby Perkins
Dorothy ..... Helen Fowble
Whalen ..... F.S. Merlin

Act I.—At the Theatre and De Piper's Home. Act II.—De Piper's Home. Act III.—Lew's Apartment. Staged by John Meehan.

The De Pipers quarrel so much at home Mr. De Piper decides to invite his wife to the theatre the night he has reason to fear her wrath. She rounds on him there and threatens to do all sorts of things to him when she gets him home. But the play they see—which is a play within a play—is so much like their own home life, and teaches Mrs. De Piper such a lesson, that when the curtain falls she is in tears and willing to forgive Mr. De Piper practically everything.

WHAT PRICE GLORY?

A drama in three acts by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Plymouth Theatre, New York, September 3, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Corporal Gowdy ..... Brian Donlevy
Corporal Kiper ..... Fuller Mellish, Jr.
Corporal Lipinsky ..... George Tobias
First Sergeant Quirt ..... William Boyd
Captain Flagg ..... Louis Wolheim
Charmaine de la Cognac ..... Leyla Georgie
Private Lewisohn ..... Sidney Elliott
Lieutenant Aldrich ..... Fay Roope
Lieutenant Moore ..... Clyde North
Lieutenant Schmidt ..... Charles Costigan
Gunnery Sergeant Sockkel ..... Henry G. Shelvey
Private Mulcahy ..... Jack MacGraw
Sergeant Ferguson ..... James A. Devine
A Brigade Runner ..... John J. Cavanaugh

Monsieur Pete de la Cognac ..... Luis Alberni
Another Brigade Runner ..... Arthur Campbell
Brigadier General Cokeley ..... Roy LaRue
A Colonel ..... Keane Waters
A Captain ..... William B. Smith
A Lieutenant ..... Fred Brophy
Another Lieutenant ..... Thomas Buckley
A Chaplain ..... John C. Davis
Town Mayor ..... Alfred Renaud
Spike ..... Keane Waters
Pharmacist's Mate ..... Thomas Sullivan
Lieutenant Cunningham ..... J. Merrill Holmes
Lieutenant Lundstrom ..... Robert Warner

Act I.—Company Headquarters in a French Village in the Zone of Advance. Act II.—A Cellar in a Disputed Town. Act III.—The Bar at Cognac Pete's.

(See page 30.)

THOROUGHBREDS

A play in three acts by Lewis B. Ely and Sam Forrest. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, September 8, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Sheriff Tom Bourbon ..... J K. Hutchinson
Bob Kitchell ..... John Litel
Sue ..... Ann Harding
Miss Winchester ..... Katherine Emmett
Mr. Barbee ..... Calvin Thomas
Judge Busby ..... William Corbett
"Doc" Pusey ..... George Marion
A Maid ..... Kathleen Graham

Act I.—Sue's Law Office at Tuckytown. Act II.—Judge Busby's Library. Act III.—Miss Winchester's Living Room.

Sue Wynne, pretty and proud, takes up the practice of law in Tuckytown, Ky. Her first case is the defense of a shiftless old veterinary accused of horse stealing. As he tells his story, guardedly, the knowledge is forced upon Sue that the old fellow is her father. She had always known there was something wrong with her background. Her client tries his best to keep Sue in ignorance of their relationship, but she uncovers the truth and there is happiness at the curtain.

HIGH STAKES

A melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Hudson Theatre, New York, September 9, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Richard Lennon ..... Wilton Lackaye
Murray ..... Robert Vivian
Dolly Lennon ..... Phœbe Foster
Louis de Salde ..... Fleming Ward
Joe Lennon ..... Lowell Sherman
Anne Cornwall ..... Sue MacManamy

Acts I, II and III.—The Library of Richard Lennon's Home on Madison Avenue, New York.

Richard Lennon, twelve years a widower, sixty-five and lonely, marries Dolly, young, blonde and pleasantly vampish. Joe Lennon, Richard's younger brother, a writing person given to irresolute ways and much alcoholic indulgence, suspects Dolly of being a cheater and a blackmailer. Before the evening is over he has proved both charges and cleared the house of rascals.

THE MASK AND THE FACE

A comedy in three acts by Chester Baily Fernald, adapted from the Italian, "La Maschera E Il Volto," by Luigi Chiarelli. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 10, 1924.

Cast of characters —

A Girl ..... Adele Thatcher-Shreve
A Boy ..... John Robert
Pier Zanotti ..... Lumsden Hare
Judge Ugo Praga ..... Charles Hampden
Wanda Borelli ..... Beatrice Miles
Luigi Bunghi ..... Frederic Monti
Nina Zanotti ..... Ann Winston
Georges Almaire ..... Horace Braham
Delia Fambri ..... Edith Campbell Walker
Franco Spina ..... Austin Fairman

Savina Grazia ..... Catherine Willard
Count Mario Grazia ..... William Faversham
Andrea ..... Ashton Tonge
Teresa ..... Maud Durand
Tito ..... Robert Montgomery

Acts I, II and III.—A Great Room in the House of Count Mario Grazia on the shore of Lake Como.

Having sworn that he would kill any wife who deceived him, the Count Grazia is forced to make good when he discovers the Countess entertaining a gentleman friend in her rooms. The Count attempts to strangle the Countess, but thinks better of it and sends her away. He tells his friends, however, that he has killed her and thrown her body in the lake. Which leads to a comic funeral and the wife's return, veiled, to watch herself buried. After which she proves her innocence and wins back the Count.

EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES

A musical revue in two acts; lyrics and music by Earl Carroll. Produced by Earl Carroll at the Music Box Theatre, New York, September 10, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Joe Cook
Bert Rome
Henry Dunn
John Miller
James Mack
Frank Leslie
Eddie Leslie
Albert Hawthorne
Sophie Tucker
Desiree Taylor
Margaret Davies
Agnes Leonard
Thelma Harvey
Kathryn Ray
Johnny Cooke
Leo Conway

Staged by Earl Carroll.

CONSCIENCE

A drama in two acts by Don Mullally. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Belmont Theatre, New York, September 11, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Jeff Stewart	Ray B. Collins
"Doc" Saunders	Robert Robson
Madeline	Lillian Foster
May Fallow	Rosemary King
Expressman	Edward Power
Claude	Dan McCarthy

Prologue and Epilogue—Jeff Stewart's Cabin in the Yukon. Acts I and II.—Jeff's Cottage in Anacordes, Washington, 1921.

Jeff Stewart, hiding in the solitudes of the North, is haunted by shapes out of his past. They crowd in on him until in his delirium he lives again through his marriage with Madeline, his leaving her when he goes to look for work, his return to find her a prostitute, and his murder of her. He wakes from his vision, but as it recurs he follows the shape of Madeline into the snows to freeze.

SCHEMERS

A comedy in a prologue, three acts, and an epilogue by Dr. William Irving Sirovich. Produced by Herman Timberg at the Bayes Theatre, New York, September 15, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Phil Jackson	William Barrows
Ruth Clifford	Virginia Smith
Marty Evans	Ralph Sipperly
James Darlington	William Harrigan
Alexander Gale	John Saunders
Alan Olcott	J. Moy Bennett
Perry Ammond	John Costello
A. Wood Brown	Leo Curley
Alice Cooper	Marie Carroll
Jane Richards	Peggy Allenby
Miss O'Shaughnessy	Merle Stanton
Violet Rae	Betty Loft
William Howard	Paul Harvey

Props ..... George J. Williams
Mrs. Cooper ..... Blanche Chapman

Prologue and Epilogue—Offices of James Darlington, a Theatrical Producer. Acts I and III.—Same as Prologue. Act II.—Green Room Adjoining Leading Lady's Dressing Room.

Marty Evans, press agent for James Darlington, theatrical producer, tricks four dramatic critics into meeting at Darlington's office to discuss a play. Once there he induces them to sit through a dress rehearsal of the play, the story of a young girl's efforts to get a job in the Darlington production. At the end the critics insist it is a poor play. Which it is.

IZZY

A comedy in three acts by Mrs. Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst. Produced by George Broadhurst at The Broahdurst Theatre, New York, September 16, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Solomon Iskovitch ..... Ralph Locke
Isaac Iskovitch ..... Robert Leonard
Eli Iskovitch ..... Sam Jaffe
Abraham Iskovitch ..... Jacob Kingsberry
Moche Iskovitch ..... Ralph Belmont
Izzy Iskovitch ..... Jimmy Hussey
Jacob Steinberg ..... Robert Middlemass
Jackson ..... Alfred Rigali
Rawlins Thayer ..... Kenneth Hunter
Arthur Simmons ..... Fred Irving Lewis
Prudence Joy ..... Isabelle Lowe
David Schussel ..... Dodson Mitchell
Mary Byrd ..... Helene Lackaye
Paul Thomas ..... Richard Martin

Prologue—Living Room in the Home of Solomon Iskovitch, Los Angeles, Cal. Act I.—Outside the Office of the President of The Magnificent Pictures Corporation. Acts II and III.—Mary Byrd's apartment, Hotel Majestic, and Office of The Magnificent Pictures Corporation. Staged by Mrs. Trimble Bradley.

Izzy Iskovitch, eighteen and ambitious, induces his five uncles to stake him for six months while he lands himself a job in Hollywood. He expects to become a great film magnate. He finally worms himself into the business, meets and assists Prudence Joy (born Rosenblum) and showers happiness and success upon all his relatives.

GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES

A musical revue in two parts; lyrics by Cole Porter, Irving Cæsar and John Murray Anderson; music by Cole Porter. Produced by The Bohemians, Inc., A. L. Jones and Morris Green, managing directors, at the Shubert Theatre, New York, September 16, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Vincent Lopez
George Moran
Charles Mack
George Rasely
Don Barclay
George Christie
Bobbe Arnst
James Clemons
James Naulty
John Sheehan
Robert Alton

Rosie Dolly
Jennie Dolly
Dorothy Neville
Julia Silvers
Billie de Rex
Maisie Clifton
Roshanara
Ludmilla
Ethel Davies
America Chedister
Georgie Hale

Staged by John Murray Anderson

HASSARD SHORT'S RITZ REVUE

A musical revue in two acts, produced at the Ritz Theatre, New York, September 17, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Raymond Hitchcock
Tom Burke
Hal Ford
William Ladd
Stanley Rogers
Jay Brennan
Eddie Conrad
Chester Hale
William Simpson

Charlotte Greenwood
Myrtle Schaaf
Madeline Fairbanks
Albertina Vitak
Leila Ricard
Jackie Hurlbut
Dorothy Brown
Adele McHatton
Elmer Brown

Staged by Hassard Short.

MY SON

A drama in three acts by Martha Stanley. Produced by Gustav Blum, Inc., at the Princess Theatre, New York, September 17, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Gilda Shay ..... Marguerite Stuart
Ezra Baker ..... Frederic Clayton
Ellery Parker ..... George MacQuarrie
Brauglio Silva ..... Herbert Clark
Captain Joe Bamby ..... Claude Cooper
Betty Smith ..... Martha Madison
Ana Silva ..... Joan Gordon
Rosa Pina ..... Margaret Shackelford
Hattie Smith ..... Sarah Truax
Felipe Vargas ..... E. L. Fernandez
Bathers—Billee Rudell, Vi Hill, William Hackett and Victor Kroetch
Acts I, II and II.—Living Quarters and store of Ana Silva in a Seacoast Town of Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Ana Silver, Portuguese, keeper of a shop in a small seacoast town in Massachusetts, worships her son, Brauglio. But Brauglio, enamored of a fresh and enticing little flapper, Betty Smith, daughter of one of the richer summer visitors, steals jewels to finance a trip to New York, where he and Betty hope to become professional dancers. Convinced finally that her boy is the thief, Ana manages to have him shanghaied on a friendly whaler to serve two years before the mast, which she hopes will make a man of him.

HASSAN

A spectacle drama in four acts by James Elroy Flecker. Produced by A. L. Erlanger at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, September 22, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Hassan ..... Randal Ayrton
Selim ..... Deering Wells
Yasmin ..... Mary Nash
A Porter ..... B. Arthur
The Caliph, Haroun Al Raschid ..... James Dale
Ishak ..... Murray Kinnell

Jafar ..... Arnold Lucy
Masrur ..... Denis Hoey
Rafi ..... Douglas Burbidge
Alder ..... Virginia Lloyd
Willow ..... Pearl Bennett
Juniper ..... Zelie Porter
Tamarisk ..... Maureen Dilon
Beggar Leaders ..... Alois Havrilla, John T. Holding
Ali ..... Arthur Bowyer
Abdu ..... John Regan
The Chief of the Police ..... Henry Morrell
The Captain of the Military ..... Victor Tandy
A Herald ..... John T. Holding
Pervaneh ..... Violet Kemble Cooper

CHARACTERS AT THE CALIPH'S COURT

The Prince of Basra ..... James Mace
The Prince of Damascus ..... Raymond O'Brien
The Prince of Koniah ..... Richard Abbott
The Governor of Khorasan ..... Bernard Savage
A Caligraphist ..... Carl Rosa
A Wrestler ..... Herbert Borstwick
Abu Nowas ..... Dennis Esmonde
The Rajah of the Upper Ganges ..... Paul Dasher
The Chinese Philosopher ..... John A. Regan
A Dervish ..... William Rodney
The Ambassador of the Empress Irene ..... William Marr

Acts I, II, III and IV.—Scenes in and around Old Bagdad.
Staged by Basil Dean.

Hassan, a poor, portly and middle-aged confectioner with the soul of a poet, seeks the favor of Yasmin, a gorgeous wanton. Repulsed, he sleeps on the steps of her house, is taken up by a fellow poet in the train of Haroun Al Raschid, the caliph, and thereafter started upon a midnight adventure which lands him finally in the palace the accepted friend of the caliph. He is later disillusioned, finding Haroun a cruel ruler. Hassan renounces pleasure seeking and goes in search of peace for his soul on the pilgrimage to Samarkand.

LAZYBONES

A play in three acts by Owen Davis. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, September 22, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Martha Tuttle ..... Amelia Gardner
Lew Sisler ..... Willard Robertson
Agnes Fanning ..... Beth Merrill

Elmer Ballister ..... Charles C. Wilson
Rebecca Fanning ..... Elizabeth Patterson
Steve Tuttle ..... George Abbott
Ruth Fanning ..... Leona Hogarth
Kit ..... Martha Bryan-Allen
Jessie Mary Sisler ..... Jean May
Dick Ritchie ..... Allen H. Moore
Acts I, II and III.—Exterior of the Tuttle Home at Milo, Maine. Spring, 1904

Steve Tuttle, abnormally weary and a little shiftless from birth, comes home from a fishing trip with a month-old baby in a market basket. He found it, he says, up White Creek way and allows he and his mother will keep it. The neighbors are shocked and Steve's sweetheart breaks their engagement, believing the baby has something to do with Steve's recent past. Eighteen years later, with the baby grown into Kit, a pretty and lovable orphan, Steve discovers that he loves his ward and is much surprised that she loves him. When her true parentage is revealed it is discovered her mother was the older sister of Steve's distrusting sweetheart. She had gone to Boston to study music and learned about men from a handsome fellow who deserted her.

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

A play in three acts adapted by Guy Bolton from the Hungarian of Ernest Vajda. Produced by Henry Miller at the Empire Theatre, New York, September 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Marte ..... Gladys Burgess
Felix Roget ..... H. Reeves-Smith
Marianne Regnault ..... Cora Witherspoon
Denise Sorbier ..... Ina Claire
Labelle ..... Edward Reese
Maurice Sorbier ..... Philip Merivale
Marie Roget ..... Gladys Wilson
Henriette Deschamps ..... Bertha Belmore
Marquis Guido Longoni ..... Georges Renavent
Acts I and III.—The Salon of the Sorbiers' Apartment, Paris. Act II.—Maurice Sorbier's Study.

Denise Sorbier is much in love with her husband, Maurice, the handsomest and most successful divorce

lawyer in Paris. But she rebels at his neglect of her and when her temper boils, throws an inkwell at him, misses and leaves. Later she takes the advice he has given other clients and applies for a divorce. A year later Maurice is about to marry Marianne. Denise, hearing this, literally flies back from Rome, reawakens Maurice's desire for her and reëstablishes her romance.

DEAR SIR

A musical comedy in two acts by Edgar Selwyn; music by Jerome Kern; lyrics by Howard Dietz. Produced by Philip Goodman at the Times Square Theatre, New York, September 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Oliver Russell	George Sweet
Louis, Maitre d'Hotel at Sherry's	Arthur Lipson
Laddie Munn	Oscar Shaw
Dorothy Fair	Genevieve Tobin
Andrew Bloxom	Walter Catlett
A Waiter	Francis Murphy
Sukie Sewell	Kathlene Martyn
Peters	Joseph Allen
Gladys Barclay	Helen Carrington
Clair	Clair Luce
Pierrot	Ritchy Craig

Act I.—Sherry's and the Park Avenue Street Fair. Act II.—Laddie Munn's Long Island Residence.

Laddie Munn, socially smart and an acknowledged beau, is repulsed by Dorothy Fair, a sweetly proper debutante. At a Park Avenue fair, Laddie bids in Dorothy's services for a week at a society auction. She goes to his country house as a maid, sings and dances with him for an act, and is ready to marry him at the finale.

MINICK

A comedy in three acts by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by Winthrop Ames at the Booth Theatre, New York, September 24, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Lil Corey	Antoinette Perry
Nettie Minick	Phyllis Povah
Annie	Beatrice Moreland
Jim Corey	Sydney Booth
Fred Minick	Frederic Burt
Old Man Minick	O. P. Heggie
Al Diamond	Ralph Bunker
Marge Diamond	Myra Hampton
Lula	Emma Wise
Mr. Dietenhofer	Charles R. Burrows
Mr. Price	Thomas Meegan
Mrs. Smallridge	Lavinia Shannon
Miss Crackenwald	Mary Hubbard
Mrs. Lippincott	Jessie Graham
Miss Stack	Ann Winslow

Synopsis: Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of Fred and Nettie Minick's Apartment, 5218 South Park Avenue, Chicago.

(See page 342.)

THE LITTLE ANGEL

A comedy in three acts by Ernest Vajda; adapted from the Hungarian of J. Jacobus. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Frazee Theatre, New York, September 27, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Sarah Bornemissza	Clare Eames
Stephen Toth	Edward Emery
Anita	Mildred Macleod
Doctor John Bornemissza	Moffat Johnston
A Peasant Girl	Elizabeth Taylor
A Lawyer	C. H. Croker-King
Baron Pompeius Pereny	John H. Brewer
Baron Pompeius Pereny, Jr.	Edward Crandall

Acts I, II and III—The Living Room in Sarah Bornemissza's Farmhouse. Near Budapest, Hungary.

Brought up in complete ignorance of the laws of life and the ways of handsome young barons, Anita, attend-

ing her first ball, faints in the arms of Baron Pompeius Pereny, Jr., when he takes her to an ante-room to recover from a spell of dizziness. She can remember nothing more of the incident. Eight weeks later the family doctor discovers her condition to be at least interesting. An attempt to force the young baron to make good his wrong finds him claiming to be the victim of Anita's assumed innocence, but when he discovers how sweetly pure she really is he readily agrees to marry her.

THAT AWFUL MRS. EATON

A drama in three acts by John Farrar and Stephen Vincent Benet. Produced by William A. Brady at the Morosco Theatre, New York, September 29, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Colonel Towson ..... Henry Crosby
Richard Hibson ..... Franklyn Fox
Street Fiddler ..... Virginia Howell
Major William B. Taylor ..... Minor Watson
Mordecai Noah ..... Frank Andrews
Andrew Jackson ..... Frank McGlynn
Jim ..... Walter Young
Duff Green ..... Ulric B. Collins
Emily Donelson ..... Joyce Borden
John C. Calhoun ..... Elmer Grandin
Peggy O'Neal Eaton ..... Katherine Alexander
Martin Van Buren, Secretary of State..... Robert Wayne
John Henry Eaton, Secretary of War.....William R. Randall
Mrs. Hibson ..... Mary Ellen Ryan
Mrs. Sprague ..... Virginia Howell
Mrs. Berrien ..... Mary Tayloe
Mrs. Everett ..... Margaret Armstrong
Mrs. Branch ..... Lota Sanders
Mrs. Ingham ..... Clifford Sellers
Mrs. John C. Calhoun ..... Isabel O'Madigan
Mary Vaughan ..... Margot Lester
John McPherson Berrien, Attorney General.....E. E. Pollock
John Branch, Secretary of the Navy.....Frank Andrews
Samuel D. Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury.....H. G. Emerson
William Taylor Barry, Postmaster General ..... Lou Turner
Sir Charles Vaughan, British Ambassador ..... Herbert Bunston
Dr. Campbell ..... William Wolcott
U. S. Senator Peleg Sprague ..... James Bliss
Major-General Alexander Macomb ..... Harry Davies
Commodore John Rodgers ..... Thomas H. Wenning
Mrs. John Quincy Adams ..... Cordelia Howard Aiken

Mrs. Henry Clay ..... Laura Brittan
Daniel Webster ..... Lee Begg
Mrs. Daniel Webster ..... Kirah Markham
Dolly Madison ..... Mary Allen
Act I.—Public Room of the Indian Queen Tavern, Jackson's Room, and Terrace of Mrs. John C. Calhoun's Residence. Act II.—The President's Study in the White House. Act III.—Blue Room at the White House. During Andrew Jackson's First Presidential Term.

An historical drama embracing the principal incidents of President Andrew Jackson's determined campaign to force the wives of his cabinet ministers to accept Peggy O'Neal Eaton as their social equal, even though she had been the daughter of a tavern keeper. It begins with a duel in which Major Taylor defends Peg's name against the slurs of Hibson, and ends with the White House reception at which Old Hickory presents Peg as the hostess of the occasion.

THE BUSYBODY

A comedy in three acts by Dorrance Davis. Produced by George Choos at the Bijou Theatre, New York, September 29, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Sally Culpepper ..... Helen Stewart
Archibald Stubbs ..... William Leonard
Hilda ..... Florence Denman
Mrs. Cornelia Culpepper ..... Ada Lewis
Edward Culpepper ..... Nelan H. Japp
Rosamond Rossmore ..... Josephine Whittell
Minerva Culpepper ..... Mildred Florence
Miss Hammer ..... Lisle Leigh
Professor Kelp ..... Basil West
Ernest Cadman ..... Harry C. Bannister
The Lady Across the Hall ..... Josephine Drake
The Janitor ..... Joseph Guthrie
Ignatius J. Cassidy ..... Edward Keane
The Woman Downstairs ..... Minnie Stanley
A Detective ..... Dan Marlowe
Another Detective ..... Fred Richards
Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of Mrs. Culpepper's Riverside Drive Apartment. Staged by Clarke Silvernail.

Mrs. Cornelia Culpepper resents her daughter Minerva's cultural ambitions and interferes with her friendships and love affair. She also messes in the affairs of

her other more normal children. Which brings on complications the day there are guests present and the cook drops a tray of dishes on the head of the janitor. The neighbors decide there is a liquor party on and the police interfere. Explanations and love clinches follow.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

A comedy in three acts by John Clements and L. Westervelt. Produced by Upson Rose at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, September 29, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Wheaton ..... Maida Reade
Fannie May Carroll ..... Anita Walton
Patricia Wheaton ..... "Boots" Wooster
Ray Crosby ..... Richard Farrell
Gideon Wheaton ..... Aubrie Beattie
Charlie Billings ..... Upson Rose
Reggie Hawkins ..... Francis M. Casey
Tom Sterling ..... Richard Harraday
George ..... Frank I. Frayne
Betty Hallowell (Girl Thief) ..... Helene Sinnott
First Officer ..... Frank Hilton
Bab Gillman ..... Faith Gage

Acts I and II.—Wheaton's Home on the Hudson. Act III.—Crosby's Studio in New York

The adventures of a bridegroom-to-be who is shanghaied by his rival the night of the wedding. Trying to lie his way out of his difficulties, he sinks deeper and deeper until released at curtain time.

THE FAR CRY

A drama in three acts by Arthur Richman. Produced by Robert Milton at the Cort Theatre, New York, September 30, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Louise Marsh ..... Winifred Harris
Natalie Perry ..... Leonore Harris
Caroline ..... Alice John
Max Fraisier ..... Jose Alessandro

Eric Lancefield	George Thorpe
Claire Marsh	Margalo Gillmore
Dick Clayton	Kenneth MacKenna
Julian Marsh	Claude King
Helen Layton	Lucille Watson
Margaretta	Michelette Burani
Count Filippo Sturani	Frederick Worlock

Acts I and III.—A hotel in Paris. Act II.—A villa near Florence.

Louise Marsh and her daughter Claire, living in Paris for several years to give Claire the advantages of the foreign contacts, have only a remittance interest in Julian Marsh, the husband and father. Mrs. Marsh has acquired a French lover and Claire, having married the worthless Max Fraisier, has divorced him. Claire threatens to try for complete freedom by taking up with whatever man she happens to admire, including young Dick Clayton, American art student, who has been neglecting his work for her. The arrival of Julian Marsh and his attempts to save his daughter drive the girl to fly with Dick to Florence, and later to quit Dick to meet an attractive Italian count. She is found by her father and convinced of her foolish wrongheadedness before it is too late.

BEWITCHED

A play in three acts by Edward Sheldon and Sidney Howard. Produced by John Cromwell, Inc., at the National Theatre, New York, October 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

The Aviator	Glenn Anders
The Marquis	Jose Ruben
A Native of the Enchanted Forest	Albert Hall
Another	Robert Forsythe
Still Another	William Griffith
One More	Willard Collins
The Girl	Florence Eldridge
A Butler	Willard Collins
A Butler	Joseph Bingham
The Husband	Joseph Sweeney
A Victim of the Cosmic Urge	William Griffith

Another ..... George Williams
Still Another ..... Stanley Landahl
One More ..... Edwin Caldwell
A Nurse ..... Carol Benezet
A Doctor ..... Herbert Westman

Prologue and Epilogue—The Salle des Gardes of the Chateau de Magny. Act I.—The Enchanted Forest. Act II.—The Sorcerer's House. Act III.—On the Mountain Top.

A Boston aviator, crashing through a French forest. takes refuge in a strange castle, hears a weird story of the enchanted forest and the beautiful sorceress who lives there awaiting the coming of her lover. When he sleeps he dreams of meeting the sorceress, and of her leading him to the castle, where her grandfather, a greater sorcerer than she, imprisons all daring young men who come in search of the girl. Next morning he awakes and recognizes in the beautiful girl who serves his breakfast the heroine of his dreams.

GREAT MUSIC

A melodrama by Martin Brown. Produced by George Backer at the Earl Carroll Theatre, New York, October 4, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Erik Fane ..... Tom Powers
Rhea de Lorme ..... Christine Norman
Mrs. Fane ..... Florence Johnstone
Rhoda Vansittart ..... Olga Lee
Footman ..... William Janney
Mr. Fane ..... Hugh Chilvers
Carita Zell ..... Leonore Sorsby
Andre Perault ..... Benjamin Lovett
Fleurette ..... Stephane De Leger
Prudence Badet ..... Adelaide Wilson
Diane ..... Lage Monif
Marcel ..... Marcel Rousseau
A Gentleman ..... Alfred Hesse
Louis ..... Edward La Roche
Simone Berg ..... Betty Alden
Simpson ..... John Lott
Fatima ..... Leah La Roux
Marie ..... Josephine Wehn
San Francisco Sal ..... Helen Ware

Herbert Jones ..... Herbert Belmore
Teita Hakaina ..... Suzanne Powers
Doctor Travers ..... B. N. Lewin
Tihuti ..... Harriet Steeling
Coquina ..... Dorothy Day
O Muku ..... Harry Gresham

Theme—A Suite in the Piazza Pollazzi in Rome. Scherzo—"Le Cocon" in Paris. Largo—The White Street of Pleasure in Port Said. Rhapsodie and Finale—A House on Nuha-Hiva in the Marquesas Islands.

Erik Fane, a youthful composer, has been granted a year in Rome to justify his belief that he is capable of composing great music. The year up, his father comes for him, but Erik runs away to Paris with Rhea de Lorme, hoping there to achieve his aspirations. Rhea, worldly and erotic, disappoints him, they quarrel and dissipation leads him through many gutters to the Marquesas islands. There he discovers that he is leprous and doomed to a lingering death. His last prayer for a chance to set down the great music he has heard so faintly all his life is answered in the hour of his final physical defeat.

JUDY DROPS IN

A comedy in three acts by Mark Swan. Produced by John Henry Mears at the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, October 4, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Tom Danforth ..... George Meeker
Dick Weatherby ..... Edward H. Wever
Harry Stanton ..... Frank Beaston
Bridget Maguire ..... Lida Kane
Jack Lethbridge ..... Donald Gallaher
Judy Drummond ..... Marian Mears
Nathan Cridley ..... Walter Soderling
Lucia Hunter-Madison ..... Hazele Burgess
Mathew Lethbridge ..... Theodore Babcock

Acts I, II and III.—A Studio Apartment Known as The Rookery in Greenwich Village, New York.

Judy Drummond, staying out later than her stepfather approves, is afraid to go home. Seeking shelter

at the Greenwich Village studio of Tom, Dick and Harry, the boys retire and let her make herself at home. Next day, chaperoned by the housekeeper, she stays on and takes care of them, falling in love, finally with a fourth chum, Jack Lethbridge, who is rich and socially prominent, but keen to marry her.

THE FAKE

A drama in four acts by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced by A. H. Woods at the Hudson Theatre, New York, October 6, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Dr. Hesketh Pointer, M. P. ..... Harry Neville
Sir Thomas Moorgate, M.D. ..... Reynolds Denniston
Ernest Stanton, M. P. ..... Orlando Daly
Clifford Hope ..... John Williams
Mrs. Hesketh Pointer ..... Pauline Whitson
Mavis Stanton ..... Frieda Inescort
Watkins ..... Boyd Davis
Mrs. Stanton ..... Evelyn Walsh Hall
The Hon. Gerrard Pillick ..... Frank Conroy
Geoffrey Sands ..... Godfrey Tearle
A Parlormaid ..... Marion Allen
A Waitress ..... Una O'Connor

Acts I and IV.—Ernest Stanton's Home in London. Act II.—Gerrard Pillick's Home in the Country. Act III.—A Sitting Room in a Hotel at St. Margaret's Bay. Staged by Frank Reicher.

Ernest Stanton, M. P., socially and politically ambitious, insists his daughter, Mavis Stanton, shall marry Sir Gerrard Pillick, even though he knows Sir Gerrard is a rotter, addicted to both drugs and liquor. Geoffrey Sands, disgusted with Stanton, "the fake," and made unhappy by Mavis Stanton's tragedy, deliberately tries to get Pillick to make way with himself. Failing in this he puts poison in his drink after establishing a perfect alibi for himself.

THE GRAB BAG

A musical revue in two acts. Book, lyrics and music by Ed Wynn. Produced by Ed Wynn at the Globe Theatre, New York, October 6, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Ed Wynn
Jay Velie
Ralph Riggs
Albert Shaw
Samuel Lee
William Earl
Francis Bell
The Le Grohs
Jos. Schrode
Janet Velie
Katherine Witchie
Marian Fairbanks
Janet Adair
Aileen Hamilton
Ormond Sisters
Tom Nip
Volga Boys

Staged by Ed Wynn.

THE RED FALCON

A drama in three acts by Mrs. Trimble Bradley and George Broadhurst. Produced by George Broadhurst at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, October 7, 1924.

Cast of characters —

IN THE PROLOGUE

The Mother Superior	Thais Lawton
Sister Maria	Zeffie Tilbury
Sister Francesca	Ilka Chase
The Gardener	Andrew Moloney
The Novice	Phyllis Blake
The Red Falcon	McKay Morris
An Officer	Stanley Kalkhurst
Another Officer	Marshall Hale

IN THE PLAY

Guido	Andrew Moloney
The Bishop	Walter Ringham
Contessa Felicia	Thais Lawton
Conte di Peralta	Albert Bruning
Clarina Orioni	Carlotta Monterey
Adriano	McKay Morris
Capitano Bernardo Montrosali	Kenneth Hunter
Grifonetto	Dodson Mitchell
A Maid	Ilka Chase
A Monk	Dan E. Hanlon

Prologue—A Room in a Badia, a Small Convent Exclusively for Women of the Aristocracy. Acts I, II and III.—A Room in the Home of the Conte di Peralta. Twenty-eight Years Later. Sicily During the Fifteenth Century.

The Red Falcon, at the head of a bandit gang in sixteenth century Sicily, burns the city of Badia but agrees

to spare the nuns of a neighboring convent if the Mother Superior, an old flame of his, will spend the night with him in his camp. . . . Twenty-eight years later the son born of that unholy meeting is Adriano, a gentle priest and greatly beloved of his mother, the Contessa Felicia. Adriano, however, has his moments of struggle when the hot blood of his unknown father surges through his veins. At such times he becomes another person, a wild, rioting leader of the rebellious peasants. Finally, after a murder or two, he realizes his dual personality and forswears the world, becoming a Trappist monk.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

A comedy in three acts by Eden Phillpotts. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Comedy Theatre, New York, October 9, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Churdles Ash	Walter Edwin
Araminta Dench	Mrs. Coburn
Thirza Tapper	Cecilia Radclyffe
Samuel Sweetland	Charles Coburn
Libley Sweetland	Rosalind Fuller
George Smerdon	James Jolly
Petronel Sweetland	Violet Blythe
Richard Coaker	Leslie Barrie
Louisa Windeatt	Ethel Morrison
Susan Maine	Ruth Vivian
Sarah Smerdon	Katharine Stewart
Sophie Smerdon	Odette Kellerman
Teddy Smerdon	Edwin Phillips
Valiant Dunnybrig	Pacie Ripple
Dr. Rundle	Lawrence Sterner
Mrs. Rundle	Frances Clarke
Henry Croaker	Etienne Girardot
Mr. Gregson	H. R. Hoffman
Mary Hearn	Barbara Allen
The Rev. Septimus Tudor	Leonard Carey
The Hon. Mrs. Tudor	Shirley Gale
Nurse	Germaine Morencey

Acts I and III.—Applegarth Farm, Little Silver. Act II.—The Villa Residence of Miss Thirza Tapper. Staged by Charles Coburn and Walter Edwin.

Samuel Sweetland, a Devonshire farmer, after a year's widowhood, decides to remarry. With the aid of his

comely housekeeper, Araminta Dench, he prepares a list of the county's eligibles and goes courting. They all turn him down, whereupon he discovers it is Araminta, after all, he really wants.

THE SAINT

A drama in three acts by Stark Young. Produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, October 11, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Valdez ..... Leo Carrillo
Pacho ..... Charles Ellis
Students ..... Barry Kenton, William Stahl
Marietta ..... Helen Freeman
Dedaux ..... C. Henry Gordon
Tip Thompson ..... Louis Casavant
Paris Pigeons ..... Marie Ouspenskaya
Old Doctor ..... Stanley Howlett
Daughters ..... Norma Millay, Marion Moorehouse
Suitors ..... James Meighan, John Taylor

Acts I and III.—Portico of Franciscan Seminary, on the Texas Border. Act II.—Interior of Tip Thompson's Variety Show, Aguascaliente.

Valdez, Texan cowboy, leaves the range to take orders at a Franciscan seminary near the border. Fascinated by Marietta, a showgirl passing through the town, he flees the convent and joins the troupe. Months after, finding him an unsatisfactory pal and resenting his still evident saintliness, Marietta runs away with a French knife thrower. Valdez goes back to the range.

THE CRIME IN THE WHISTLER ROOM

A drama in three acts by Edmund Wilson. Produced by the Provincetown Players at the Provincetown Playhouse, New York, October 12, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Bill ..... Mary Blair
Miss Streetfield ..... Mary Morris

Anna ..... Wilma Henderson
Cousin Serena ..... Judith Lowry
Mr. Streetfield ..... Edgar Stehli
Juliet ..... Lucy Currier
McGee ..... Perry Ivins
Simon Delacy ..... E. J. Ballantine
Guard ..... Allen Nagle
Ted ..... Walter Abel
Tutor ..... Romeyn Benjamin
First Policeman ..... Allen Nagle
Second Policeman ..... Fred Miller
Maud ..... Dorothée Nolan
Nurse ..... Lucy Shreve
Gentlemen .....Feltin Elkins, James Shute

Acts I, II and III.—Mr. Streetfield's House on Long Island.
Staged by Harold McGee.

"Bill" McGee, a sort of orphan, picked up by a conscientious social worker, Miss Streetfield, is transferred to the New York home of her benefactress, who hopes not only to reclaim her socially but also to send her to Vassar. "Bill" feels the oppression of the New England Puritanism with which she is surrounded, and when she discovers that she is going to have a baby by the young radical with whom she has been stepping out she bolts and goes again on her own.

THE GUARDSMAN

A comedy in three acts by Ferenc Molnar. Produced by the Theatre Guild, at the Garrick Theatre, New York, October 13, 1924.

Cast of characters —

The Actor ..... Alfred Lunt
The Actress, His Wife ..... Lynn Fontanne
The Critic ..... Dudley Digges
"Mama" ..... Helen Westley
Liesl ..... Edith Meiser
Creditor ..... Philip Loeb
An Usher ..... Kathryn Wilson

Acts I and III.—Viennese Home of Actor and Actress. Act II.—Anteroom to the Box at the Opera.

The Actor grows suspicious of the Actress who is his wife. They have been married six months and she

seldom has been true to any of her lovers more than six months. To test her he writes mash notes and sends flowers in the name of a Russian guardsman. When she appoints a rendezvous the Actor impersonates the Guardsman, and when the Actress is about to yield he reveals himself. She knew him all the time, she insists. But did she?

IN HIS ARMS

A comedy in three acts by Lynn Starling. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Fulton Theatre, New York, October 13, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Fannie	Mary Perry
Francis Bedell	Cornelia Otis Skinner
Joe Cartwright	Elliot Cabot
Lily Cartwright	Sallie Sanford
Mrs. John Clarendon	Edna May Oliver
Elise Clarendon	Margaret Lawrence
Ernest Fairleigh	Geoffrey Kerr
John Clarendon	Grant Stewart
Mrs. Arthur Fairleigh	Effie Shannon
Tom van Ruysen	Vernon Steele

Acts I and III.—The Living Room Upstairs of the Clarendons' Home in Jersey. Act II.—The Drawing Room Downstairs.

Elise Clarendon, engaged to but not particularly in love with Ernest Fairleigh, indulges in an active flirtation with a romantic young Hollander, Tom van Ruysen, at a dance. Next day Van Ruysen, refusing to be sent away, follows up his advantage. He is kissing Elise just as the family and Ernest drive up in a motor car and the headlights shining through the window reveal her in his arms. Ernest finally overlooks this, but flares up again the day of the wedding and Elise runs away with Tom.

COCK O' THE ROOST

A comedy in three acts by Rida Johnson Young. Produced by the Dramatists' Theatre, Inc., at the Liberty Theatre, New York, October 13, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Phyllis Dawn	Katherine Wilson
Mrs. Dawn	Elisabeth Risdon
Pierce Dawn	Harry Davenport
Kitson	Allen Lee
Jerry Hayward	Donald Foster
Mildred	Agnes Roslyn
Henry Barron	Purnel Pratt
Clare Clarke	Sylvia Field
Paul Sterling	Desmond Gallagher
Sam Clarke	Edward Donnelly
Mrs. Clarke	Tracy L'Engle
The Rev. Charles Anderson	Lionel Bevans

Act I.—The Drawing Room of the Dawn Residence in New York. Act II.—The Library of the Dawn Residence, and Barron's House at the Thousand Islands. Act III.—Dawn's Flat in the Sheridan Model Tenements, New York.

Jerry Hayward, a cocky young show-off, having banished fear from his consciousness, is confident that he is going to be a success and marry Phyllis Dawn, daughter of Pierce Dawn, a writer of cheap fiction. Mrs. Dawn is equally determined that Phyllis shall marry the rich bounder, Henry Barron. With Phyllis and her mother visiting Barron at his summer home, Jerry induces Dawn to rent his Park Avenue apartment and move into a model tenement, where he can live within his income and write what he wants to. Then Jerry brings the Dawns home and convinces Phyllis that he is the boy for her.

CLUBS ARE TRUMPS

A comedy in three acts by Leslie Hickson and W. Lee Dickson. Produced by Walter Hast at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 14, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Miss Reynolds	Sarah Elizabeth Reynolds
Mark Gleason	James Burtis

Malcolm Pratt ..... John Davidson
William Augustus Jones ..... Harry Green
Violet Walters ..... Margery Meadows
Andrew Wilson ..... James S. Barrett
Mr. Neff ..... Arthur R. Vinton
Dorothy Wilson ..... May Collins
Johnson ..... David Urquhardt
Mrs. Trumbull ..... Josephine Deffry
Mr. Prescott ..... Walter Allen

Act I.—Office of the Carver Advertising Agency. Act II.—The Wilson Home in Connecticut. Act III.—The Tutley Country Club.

THE FIREBRAND

A comedy in three acts by Edwin Justus Mayer. Produced by Schwab, Liveright and Mandel at the Morosco Theatre, New York, October 15, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Emelia ..... Hortense Alden
Ascanio ..... Charles McCarthy
Beatrice ..... Marie Haynes
Angela ..... Florence Mason
Benvenuto Cellini ..... Joseph Schildkraut
Pier Landi ..... George Drury Hart
Alessandro, the Duke of Florence ..... Frank Morgan
Ottaviano ..... E. G. Robinson
Polverino ..... Allyn Joslyn
The Duchess ..... Nana Bryant
A Soldier ..... Wallace Fortune
A Page ..... Edward Quinn
Ladies ofthe Court ..... Dorothy Bicknell, Eleanor Ewing
Gentlemen of the Court and Soldiers of the Duchy of Florence—J. Ellis Kirkman, Kenneth Dana, Wilbert Shields, Scott Hirschberg, Roland Winters, Philip Niblette.

Acts I and III.—The Workshop of Benvenuto Cellini in Florence. Act II.—Garden of the Summer Palace of the Duke of Florence, and Balcony Outside the Bedroom Window of the Duke and Duchess.

(See page 144.)

ARTISTS AND MODELS

A musical revue by Harry Wagstaff Gribble; music by Sigmund Romberg and J. Fred Coots; lyrics by Clifford Grey and Sam Coslow. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Astor Theatre, New York, October 15, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Barnett Parker	Trini
Frank Gaby	Mabel Withee
Charles Massinger	Marie Stoddard
Charles Cannefax	Nancy Gibbs
Joseph Spree	Flo Campbell
Jack Hines	Lucita Corvera
Valadia Vestoff	Flora Lea

Staged and supervised by J. J. Shubert.

L'AIGLON

A drama in four acts by Edmond Rostand. Presented by Anne Nichols at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, October 20, 1924.

Cast of characters —

"L'Aiglon"	Mme. Simone
Biburce	Mr. Dapoigny
Metternich	Mr. Henry-Valbel
Gentz	Hugnet
Attache Francais	Fred Davy
Le Tailleur	Pierre Aldebert
Dietrichtein	Lavialle
D'Obenaus	De Zramont
Flambeau	Raoul-Henry
Prokech	Deneubourg
Marmont	Paul Amiot
L'Empereur Frantz	Andre Bacque
Therese de Lorget	Fernande Roussey
Marie-Louise	Jeanne Grumbach
Archduchesse	Juliete Verneuil
Camerata	Blanche Martal

Act I.—The Drawing Room of the Villa of Empress Marie-Louise.
Acts II, III and IV.—At the Palace of Schoenbrun.

In addition to "L'Aiglon," Mme. Simone presented during this engagement Pirandello's "Naked," Sardou's "Mme. Sans Gene," "La Parisienne," "Un Caprice," and "Amoureuse."

ASHES

A drama in four acts by Reginald Goode. Produced by Lawrence Marston at the National Theatre, New York, October 20, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Rupert Best	Warburton Gamble
Lizzie	Eleanor Daniels
Marjorie Lane	Florence Reed
Doctor Newton	Charles Esdale
Grace Lane	Gladys Hurlbut
Jim	Wallis Roberts
Harry Pelham	Arthur Behrens
Frank Howard	Alfred Shirley
George Munson	Donald Macmillan
Brewl	George Spelvin

Act I.—Sitting Room in Theatrical "Digs," Birmingham, England. 1917. Act II.—Dressing Room of Marjorie Lane. Acts III and IV.—Country Home of Marjorie Lane, Westchester, N. Y.

Marjorie Lane is an American actress touring England with her actor husband, Rupert Best. A month-old baby interferes with the continuance of her career and at her husband's request she turns it over to an aunt to rear. Five years later Marjorie is a great star in New York, supporting her husband in high-hat idleness. But the night of her greatest triumph she receives the cabled news of her child's death. Two years later she surprises her husband trying to seduce her sister and leaves him to search the world for the compensations of the virtue that is its own reward.

TIGER CATS

A tragi-comedy in three acts by Mme. Karen Bramson, adapted from the French of "Les Felines," by Michael Orme. Produced by David Belasco, at the Belasco Theatre, New York, October 21, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Andre Chaumont	Robert Loraine
Suzanne	Katharine Cornell

Count Bernard De Vauzelle ..... Reginald Mason
Yvonne ..... Mary Servoss
Jacqueline ..... Ruth Dayton
Clement ..... Ben Johnson
Marianne ..... Sydney Thompson
Jules ..... Henry Carvill
Henriette ..... Rea Martin
A Clerk to Clement ..... William Boag

Acts I, II and III.—At Andre Chaumont's House in Paris. Staged by David Belasco.

Andre Chaumont is a famous neurologist, and so completely wrapped up in his subject that he first neglects and then comes to hate his somewhat erotic wife. She, accepting his attitude as a defiant denial of her physical attractions, deliberately takes a lover and boasts of the act to her husband. Goaded beyond endurance Chaumont shoots Mme. Chaumont and believes himself ready to confess the crime and take his punishment as a warning to all other bedeviled husbands. Meeting the convalescent at the preliminary hearing, however, he changes his plans, and there is at least a temporary reconciliation.

THE COMEDIENNE

A play by Armont and Bosquet. Produced by Henry Baron at the Bijou Theatre, New York, October 21, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Helen Blakemore ..... Charlotte Walker
Frank Farnleigh ..... Cyril Keightley
Ted Burton ..... Alexander Clark, Jr.
Denise Burton ..... Madeleine Delmar
"Daddy" Rockwell ..... Leslie Palmer
Rev. Armitage ..... Herbert Yost
Kay Thompson ..... Winifred Lawshe
Arthur Morton ..... Murray Bennett
Louise ..... Angela Jacobs
James ..... Ernest Woodward

Acts I and III.—Helen Blakemore's House in New York City. Act II.—The Blakemore Country Home in Virginia. Staged by Gustave Rolland.

Helen Blakemore, still a popular ingenue on Broadway although she is nearing fifty, hears that the man

with whom she has long been in love has become engaged to a younger woman. The blow convinces her that her days as an ingenue are over. Announcing her retirement from the stage, she sends for her twenty-five-year-old son and his family, living in Paris, and settles down in Virginia. Soon, however, the children tire of the country, and when a new Barrie play comes along Helen grabs it and resumes her career triumphantly. Her success also brings back to her the lover she thought she had lost.

THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY

A play in three acts by Sir Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Cort Theatre, New York, October 27, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Aubrey Tanqueray	Henry Daniell
Paula	Ethel Barrymore
Ellean	Helen Robbins
Cayley Drummle	Lionel Pape
Mrs. Cortelyon	Jane Wheatley
Captain Hugh Ardale	Geoffrey Savill
Gordon Jayne, M.D.	Mortimer White
Frank Misquith, Q.C.M.P.	J. Colvil Dunn
Sir George Orreyed, Bart.	G. P. Huntley
Lady Orreyed	Margot Kelly
Morse	Harold Webster
Willis	Walter Howe
A Maid	Edna Peckham

Act I.—Mr. Tanqueray's Rooms. Act II.—A Morning Room in Aubrey Tanqueray's House, "Highercombe." Act III.—The Drawing Room at "Highercombe."

The revived story of Paula Tanqueray, who marries Aubrey, the optimistic young man who thinks he can introduce her, as his second wife, to his first wife's highly respectable friends, even though Paula is encumbered with what used to be known as a past. Suffering the slings of defeat, hurt to the soul by her failure to make Aubrey's daughter love her, Paula, you may recall, kills herself.

THE RISING SON

A comedy in three acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced by Marc Klaw, Inc., at the Klaw Theatre, New York, October 27, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Miss Gray	Marie Curtis
Willis	Thomas MacLarnie
Bess Colfax	Ruth Nugent
Ted Alamayne	Elliott Nugent
Mrs. Malone	Mary Shaw
Jim Alamayne	J. C. Nugent
Madge	Helen Carew
Mr. Peterson	Edward Fielding

Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of Miss Gray's Home, in New Haven, Conn. Staged by J. C. Nugent.

Jim Malone ran away from home because his father, who was an honest steel worker, wanted him to be a priest. Changing his name to Alamayne he gained some fame and a lot of money as a writer of humorous stories. Years after, when his own son, Ted, was sent to college, Jim was determined to make a real writer of him. But Ted, out of college, has neither gift nor liking for literature. He wants to marry a young New Englander and manage a string of ye olde inns. Jim fights him for an act or two, and then gives up. At which point he discovers that his prospective daughter-in-law is a real writer and begins planning at once to shape the careers of his grandchildren.

ALLOY

A play in three acts by Robert Ritz. Produced by Lee Kugel at the Princess Theatre, New York, October 27, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Pansy Jorgan	Minna Gombel
Bill Jorgan (Her Husband)	Byron Beasley
Mrs. Rafferty	Mattie Keene
Flash Quigley	Milton Nobles, Jr.
Marie Rafferty	Jill Middleton
John Walton	Ivan Miller

Acts I, II and III.—The Kitchen and Living Room of the Jorgans, Milltown, Pa.

Pansy Jorgan and Bill, her husband, married three years and living in Milltown, Pennsylvania, have come to frequent quarrels and a general disgust with each other. Bill drinks and Pansy suffers the stings of poverty. To lighten living costs Bill brings a boarder into the house. He is John Walton, young, handsome, noble. Pansy in time offers herself to him. She would be happy, whatever the cost. John refuses the offer, however, and goes away. But he comes back later just in time to rescue Pansy from a beating. This time he agrees to take her away, get her a divorce and marry her.

DIXIE TO BROADWAY

A musical revue in two acts by Walter De Leon, Tom Howard, Lew Leslie and Sidney Lazarus; music by George W. Meyer and Arthur Johnston; lyrics by Grant Clarke and Roy Turk. Produced by Lew Leslie at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, October 29, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Florence Mills	Hamtree Harrington
Cora Green	Shelton Brooks
Maud Russell	Danny Small
Alma Smith	Juan Harrison
Billy Cain	U. S. Thompson
Johnny Nit	Byron Jones
Lew Keene	Willie Covan
Walter Crumbley	Winifred and Brown

A colored revue.

S. S. GLENCAIRN

Four short plays by Eugene O'Neill. Produced at the Provincetown Theatre, New York, November 3, 1924.

Cast of characters —

THE CREW OF THE BRITISH TRAMP STEAMER GLENCAIRN

Yank	Sidney Machet
Driscoll	Lawrence Cecil
Olson	Walter Abel
Davis	Harold McGee
Cocky	Walter Kingsford
Smitty	E. J. Ballantine
Ivan	James Meighan
Scotty	Archie Sinclair
Paul	Abraham Krainis
Lamps	Fred Miller
Old Tom	Stanley Howlett
Big Frank	William Stahl
Paddy	H. L. Remsten
The Captain	Edgar Stehli
The First Mate	Lewis Barrington

WEST INDIAN NEGRESSES

Bella	Mary Johns
Susie	Louise Bradley
Violet	Rilla Romaine
Pearl	Jeannie Begg

LONDONERS

Joe	Stanley Howlett
Nick	Edgar Stehli
Mag	Barbara Benedict
Kate	Dorothee Nolan
Freda	Helen Freeman
First Rough	Fred Miller
Second Rough	H. L. Remsten

Four one-act plays written by Mr. O'Neill originally for the Provincetown Players, and here combined in a single evening's entertainment with a thread of narrative running through them. The four are "The Moon of the Caribbees," "The Long Voyage Home," "In the Zone" and "Bound East for Cardiff."

ANNIE DEAR

A musical comedy in three acts. Book, music and lyrics by Clare Kummer. Produced by Florenz Ziegfeld

at the Times Square Theatre, New York, November 4, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Titcomb ..... John Byam
Lottie ..... May Vokes
A Flower Girl ..... Florentine Gosnova
Wenceslaus Wickham ..... Edward Allan
George Wimbledon ..... Ernest Truex
Twilly ..... Bobby Watson
Annie Leigh ..... Billie Burke
Alec ..... Spencer Bentley
Ethel Deane ..... Phyllis Cleveland
Gwen Morley ..... Mary Lawler
Alfred Weatherby ..... Jack Whiting
Wilbur Jennings ..... Alexander Gray
James Ludgate ..... Spencer Charters
Harry Murchison ..... Gavin Gordon
Mr. Gosling ..... Frank Kingdon
John Rawson ..... Marion Green
Muriel Darling ..... Marjorie Peterson

Act I.—The Lounge of the Hotel St. Swithin, New York City. Act II and III.—At Wimblemere, Long Island. Staged by Edward Royce.

Annie Leigh, having spent the allowance she is paid by a western husband from whom she fled immediately after the ceremony, accepts a job as housekeeper for George Wimbledon, a rich Long Islander and a good, steady, two-fisted drinker. Annabelle takes with her, as assisting servants, a chorus of friends and is followed, unbeknownst to any one except the authors and the audience, by her western husband minus his beard. Songs and reconciliations follow. Originally the comedy, "Good Gracious, Annabelle."

PETER PAN

A fantasy in four acts by James M. Barrie. Revived by Charles Dillingham at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, November 6, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Liza ..... Carol Chase
Nana ..... Thomas Bell
Michael Nicholas Darling ..... Jack Grattan

Mrs. Darling ..... Aubrey Ridgwell
Wendy Moira Angela Darling ..... Dorothy Hope
John Napoleon Darling ..... Charles Eaton
Mr. Darling ..... Wilfred Seagram
Tinker Bell ..... Jane Wren
Peter Pan ..... Marilyn Miller

MEMBERS OF PETER'S BAND

Tootles ..... Virginia Smith
Slightly ..... Donald Searle
Curly ..... Mary Corday
First Twin ..... Sylvia Darling
Second Twin ..... Harriet Darling
Nibs ..... Maureen Dilon

James Hook, the Pirate Captain ..... Leslie Banks
Starkey ..... Victor Tandy
Smee ..... Edward Rigby
Cecco ..... Carl Rosa
Mullins ..... Ashton Tonge
Noodler ..... William Dean
Jukes ..... Fred Lennox
Cookson ..... Horace Pollock
Blackman ..... Phillip McNeil
First Pirate ..... Eldon Nelson
Second Pirate ..... H. Benton
Tiger Lily ..... Anne Delafield
Great Big Little Panther ..... Milton J. Thoman

Act I.—Inside the House. Act II.—The Never, Never Land. Act III.—Our Home Under the Ground. Act IV.—The Pirate Ship, the Indian Encampment and the Tree Tops. Staged by Basil Dean.

A slightly expanded version of the Barrie fantasy staged by Basil Dean of London. Marilyn Miller is the first American Peter Pan since Maude Adams put the rôle aside in 1914.

FIRMIN GEMIER

First American visit of the noted French actor, supported by the company from the Theatre National de l'Odeon. Under the direction of Lee Shubert, at the Jolson theatre, opening with a performance of "L'Homme qui Assassina," November 10, 1924. The repertoire included "Le Marchand de Venise."

Cast of characters —

Prince du Maroc ..... M. Pierre Morin
Prince d'Aragon ..... M. Charles Vanel

Lancelot	M. Pasquali
Gobbo	M. Donnio
Bassanio	M. Rozet
Lorenzo	M. Louis-Raymond
Gratiano	M. Raymond-Girard
Solanio	M. Georges Tremor
Solarino	M. Lucien Dubosq
Antonio	M. Andre Varennes
Shylock	M. Firmin Gemier
Spacamonte	M. Marcel Chabrier
Portia	Mme. Viera Koretzky
Nerissa	Mme. Lucienne Parizet
Page Aragon et Entant	Mme. Therese Kilburn
Jessica	Mme. Renee-Devillers
Beatrice et Chretienne	Mme. Charlotte-Clasis
Isabelle et Chretienne	Mme. Solange Cayrol
1ere Danseuse	Mme. Lucienne Parizet
Rebecca et 2eme Juive	Mme. Yvonne Mirval

M. Gemier also presented "L'Homme qui Assassina," by Claude Ferrere, dramatized by Pierre Frondaie; "Le Procuteur Hallers," by De Gorsse and Forest; "L'Homme et Ses Fantomes," by H. R. Lenormand; "Le Bourgeoise Gentilhomme" and "The Taming of the Shrew."

SIMON CALLED PETER

A drama in five episodes by Jules Eckert Goodman and Edward Knoblock, adapted from the novel of Robert Keable. Produced by William A. Brady at the Klaw Theatre, New York, November 10, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Peter Graham	Leonard Willey
Wilkins	John Barry
Madeleine	June Webster
Hilda Lessing	Evelyn Wight
George Lessing	Carson Davenport
Lieut. Bobby Jenks	H. Tyrrell Davis
Lieut. Pennel	Riccardo de Sylva
Capt. Fraser	Harry Ullock
Capt. Mackaye	Henry Crosby
Capt. Drayton	John Gray
Capt. Curry	Richard Simson
Lieut. Jones	George Fuller
Private Sharp	Harold de Becker
Lieut. Donovan	William Edwin Barry
Major Langton	Herbert Bunston
Julie Gamelyn	Catherine Willard

"Tommy" Raynard ..... Josephine Evans
Louise ..... Lota Sanders
The Leader of the Band ..... Joseph Merryman
First Episode—The Vestry of Peter Graham's Church. Second Episode—An Officers' Mess. Third Episode—The Private Dining Room of a French Café. Fourth Episode—A Room in a London Hotel. Fifth Episode—The Epilogue.

Peter Graham, a war padre in France, is worried because the men give so little heed to his spiritual advice. He feels that perhaps he is too aloof, and that if he mingled more intimately with the publicans and sinners he could accomplish more good. He mingles. And meets temptation in the form of a nurse who loves him and a cabaret entertainer who merely wants to vamp him. With the nurse he spends his leave in London, and later, though she flees from him that she may not halt his career, he insists upon resigning from the church in order to marry her.

THE STEAM ROLLER

A comedy in three acts by Laurence Eyre. Produced by George Backer at the Princess Theatre, New York, November 10, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Dorcas Dill ..... Olive Windham
Kate Thorn ..... Helen Chandler
Roger Trimble ..... Fairfax Burgher
Old Ellen ..... Lillian Brennard
Dora Worthington ..... Zelma Tiden
Miss Martha Primrose ..... Thais Magrane
Amelia ..... Janet Beecher
Mrs. Worthington ..... Catherine Proctor
Dr. Fun Gow ..... Ernest Cossart
William Trimble ..... Bruce McRae
Acts I, II and III.—The Parlor of the Old Trimble House in West Chester, Pa. Staged by Laurence Eyre.

Amelia Dill has always been the dominant mind force in the Dill family. She rules her timid sister, Dorcas, and drives the young man she (Amelia) is determined to marry in flight from the country. When he recovers courage he returns to marry Dorcas, not Amelia, "steam

roller" though she may be. He finds Amelia, having spread her influence over the entire community, is strongly entrenched, but by threatening to marry her first and beat her afterward he manages to frighten her into submission. Then he marries Dorcas.

DESIRE UNDER THE ELMS

A drama in three parts by Eugene O'Neill. Produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, November 11, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Simeon Cabot ..... Allen Nagle
Peter Cabot ..... Perry Ivins
Eben Cabot ..... Charles Ellis
Ephraim Cabot, Their Father ..... Walter Huston
Abbie Putnam ..... Mary Morris
A Young Girl ..... Eloise Pendleton
Farmers ..... Romeyn Benjamin, Arthur Mack, William Stahl, John Taylor
A Fiddler ..... Macklin Marrow
An Old Woman ..... Norma Millay
A Sheriff ..... Walter Abel
Deputies ..... Arthur Mack, William Stahl
Other Folks from the Surrounding Farms—Albert Brush, Hume Derr, Donald Oenslager, Alma O'Neill, Lucy Shreve, Mary True, Ruza Wenclawska.

Part I.—The Beginning of Summer. Part II.—A Sunday Two Months Later. Part III.—Late Spring of the Following Year. On the Cabot Farm in New England, 1850.

(See page 98.)

MME. POMPADOUR

A play with music in two acts; book and lyrics by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernst Welisch; adaptation by Clare Kummer; music by Leo Fall. Produced by Charles Dillingham and Martin Beck at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, November 11, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Madame la Marquise de Pompadour ..... Wilda Bennett
The King, Louis XV ..... Frederick Lewis

Rene, the Count D'Estrades ..... John Quinlan
Madeleine ..... Eva Clark
Belotte ..... Wanda Lyon
Joseph Calicot ..... Florenz Ames
Maurepas, Minister of Police ..... Oscar Figman
Poulard ..... Louis Harrison
Prunier ..... Edgar Kent
Collin ..... Henry Vincent
Boucher ..... Raymond Cullen
Tourelle ..... Curt Peterson
The Austrian Ambassador ..... Edgar Kent
The Lieutenant ..... Elliott Stewart
Grisettes:
Pamela ..... Pauline Miller
Felice ..... Margot Greville
Caroline ..... Janet Stone
Leonie ..... Elaine Palmer
Valentine ..... Irma Irving
Amelie ..... Dorothy Irving

Act I.—Cellar of the "Stable of the Muses," Converted into a Cabaret. Act II.—Boudoir of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour at Versailles.

Mme. la Marquise Pompadour, finding Louis XV dull on occasion, goes adventuring. In a cellar cabaret she meets and fancies Rene, the Count D'Estrades, himself on pleasure bent. Pompadour has Rene appointed to her personal guard, but the night she has him try on the king's lounging robes not only does Louis surprise them but she learns that Rene is really the husband of her younger sister. Which changes her plans.

SILENCE

A melodrama in three acts by Max Marcin. Produced by Crosby Gaige at the National Theatre, New York, November 12, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mallory ..... Jack Bennett
Prison Guard ..... Noel Connors
Andrew Pritchard ..... Philip Lord
Jim Warren ..... H. B. Warner
Alva Clarke ..... John Stokes
Priest ..... H. Cooper Cliffe
Mollie Burke ..... Claire Weldon
Harry Silvers ..... John Wray
Phyllis ..... Alton Goodrich

Mamie ..... Virginia Lee Moore
Francine ..... Marion Haslup
Rose ..... Aillene Loeb
Nolan ..... Lysle Witherbee
Policeman ..... Walter W. Shuttleworth
Norma Drake ..... Flora Sheffield
Phil Powers ..... Frederick Perry
Dr. Thorpe ..... Granville Bates
Alderman Connors ..... W. C. Hodges
Norma Powers ..... Flora Sheffield
Arthur Lawrence ..... Grant Mills
Cora ..... Joan France
Father Ryan ..... John Lyons

Act I.—Ante-room in the Death House of a Western Penitentiary, and the Home of Mollie Burke. Act II.—The Home of Phil Powers in the Capital of a Western State. Act III.—Ante-room in the Death House, and Home of Phil Powers. Staged by Max Marcin.

Jim Warren, in the death house of a western prison, and scheduled to die at dawn, refuses to tell the district attorney all he knows of his crime, even to save his life. Also he refuses to confess to the prison priest. But as he ponders the advisability of clearing his soul of the story of the crime he has committed, and the circumstances that led up to it, the scenes are visualized in the second and third sections of the play. These scenes show Jim, a thief, being forced to desert Norma Drake, whom he loves, and Norma being saved by Phil Powers. Twenty years later Norma is dead but her daughter, and Jim's, has been brought up as Norma Powers. To protect his child from blackmailers Jim does murder, and to save her from the scandal he is ready to go to the chair. Pardon follows.

SHIPWRECKED

A drama in four acts by Langdon McCormick. Produced by Daniel Kusell at Wallack's Theatre, New York, November 12, 1924.

Cast of characters —

ON THE WHARF

Carter ..... Palmer Howlett
Jansen ..... Wilson Moller
Brady ..... Howard Patterson

Crogan ..... Max von Mitzel
Rafferty ..... Patrick O'Neill
A Man ..... Clay Clement
A Woman ..... Gilda Leary

ON BOARD THE "CORSICAN"

Captain Ivers ..... Edmund Elton
Second Officer McGill ..... Joseph R. Garry
Third Officer Gregg ..... Joseph Selman
Quartermaster Harlin ..... Gordon Hamilton
Steward Chumly ..... Robert Williamson
Jimmie Fitzhugh ..... Thomas E. Jackson
Steve Calvin ..... Clay Clement
Loie Austin ..... Gilda Leary

AT BABALO ISLAND

June Porter ..... Ethel Stoddard Taylor
John Calvin ..... Walter Law
Gaffe ..... William Johnson

Act I.—A Wharf on the East River, New York. Acts II and III.—On Board the S.S. *Corsican* at Sea. Act IV.—Babalo Island, South Africa.

Steve Calvin, the rioting son of a rich ship owner, rescues Loie Austin from the East River, into which she has jumped in the hope of dying. Putting her on his father's steamship, the *Corsican*, he turns her thoughts to love and the chance she has to redeem her past, which she confesses has been spotty. The ship's captain, however, being a brute, attacks the girl. She is saved by Steve, assisted by a storm that wrecks the ship. Arrived at the island of Babalo Steve's father thanks Loie for making a man of Steve, but advises against her marrying him. Steve, on the other hand, had rather be married than be governor and that's that.

NEW BROOMS

A comedy in three acts by Frank Craven. Produced by Frank Craven at the Fulton Theatre, New York, November 17, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Thomas Bates ..... Robert McWade
Mr. Kneeland ..... Harry Leighton
Margaret ..... Helen Weathersby
Williams ..... John Ravold

George Morrow ..... Jack Devereaux
Thomas Bates, Jr. ..... Robert Keith
Ethel Bates ..... Doris Kelly
Florence Wheeler ..... Dorothy Blackburn
"Wallie" Nowell ..... Edward Crandall
Rev. Philip Dow ..... Albert G. Andrews
Geraldine Marsh ..... Blyth Daly
Simpson ..... Charles Macdonald
Nelson ..... James Kearney

Acts I and III.—The backyard of the Bates Home. Act II.—Library in the Bates Home. Staged by Frank Craven.

Thomas Bates owns a broom factory and a rotten disposition. His son, Tom Junior, is an amiable gladhander but not much of a success otherwise. Thomas Senior insists he had rather be a grouch and successful than an amiable sap and a loafer. Thomas Junior replies sweetly that amiability, properly directed, will make a successful man even more successful. Whereupon Father suggests that they change places, so Son may test his theories. Which they do. For a time amiability gathers new friends and new business. Then the charm fails. Soon Father, free of responsibility, is smiling and happy. While Son, worried and worn, acquires the grouch. A compromise philosophy rules at the finish.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A comedy in five acts by Wm. Congreve. Produced by the Cherry Lane Players, Inc., at the Cherry Lane Theatre, New York, November 17, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Fainall ..... Mr. Kinnell
Mirabell ..... Mr. Rainey
Witwoud ..... Mr. De Lette
Petulant ..... Mr. Tulloch
Sir Wilfull Whitwoud ..... Mr. St. James
Waitwell ..... Mr. Forde
Another ..... Mr. Pace
Footman ..... Mr. Trout
Coachman ..... Mr. Carrington

Servant to Lady Wishfort ..... Mr. Davis
Speaker of the Prologue ..... Mr. Forde
Lady Wishfort ..... Mrs. Hassell
Mrs. Millamant ..... Mrs. Bryan
Mrs. Marwood ..... Mrs. Lee
Mrs. Fainall ..... Mrs. Tompkins
Foible ..... Mrs. Owen
Mincing ..... Mrs. Miller
Peggy ..... Mrs. Campbell
Betty ..... Mrs. Belford

Act I.—A Chocolate House. Act II.—St. James's Park. Acts III, IV and V.—A Room in Lady Wishfort's House.

Congreve's comedy of the ways of wooers, with Mirabell suing for the hand of Millamant, and Lady Wishfort angling for Sir Rowland, who is a servant made up to deceive her.

BLIND ALLEYS

A drama in a prologue and four acts by Alice Fleming Sidman and Victoria Montgomery. Produced at the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, November 17, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Hugh Dane ..... Richard Farrell
Bishop Blessing ..... John Costello
Bruce Cameron ..... George Wellington
Dicky Botterill ..... J. Carlin Crandel
Doctor Kerr ..... Augustus Balfour
Michael Osky ..... Charles Wagenheim
Shirley Lee ..... Jane Meredith
Margaret Dane ..... Kate-Pier Roemer
Caroline Winters ..... Ricca Allen
The Wayfarer ..... Emilie Montrose
Barbara Dane ..... Alberta Davidson
Betty ..... Dorothy Yates

Staged by J. Moy Bennett.

Hugh Dane, a chaplain in France during the great war, gets near enough to life to know that he no longer loves his more or less impossible wife, Margaret, but that he has much in common with Shirley Lee, who understands him. After the war it is made possible for Shirley to take over Margaret's job as Hugh's wife.

THE DESERT FLOWER

A play in three acts by Don Mullally. Produced by A. H. Woods (in association with the Messrs. Shubert) at Longacre Theatre, New York, November 18, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Jose Leo	Clyde Veaux
Ed	Claude Gouraud
Joe	Robert Clarke
Margaret ("Maggie") Fortune	Helen MacKellar
Mrs. McQuade	Dorothy Walters
Randolph ("Rance") Conway	Robert Ames
Mike Dyer	Robert Cummings
Babe Knight	Eleanor Williams
Inga Hulverson	Mildred Southwick
Jack Royal	William A. Norton
Flo Zella	Warda Howard
Bill Porter	Bolton Moore
Martin Nolan	Elwood F. Bostwick

Act I.—Railroad Construction Camp Near Sodaville, Nevada. Acts II and III.—Interior "Maggie" Fortune's Shack, Bullfrog, Nevada.

Margaret Fortune is working for her brutal stepfather, Mike Dyer, a section boss, when Rance Conway, a college boy bum, passes along the tracks by her boxcar home. She gives him a drink and a sandwich and when Dyer threatens to beat her for noticing a tramp she bides her time and strikes out after Conway down the track. They later make Bullfrog, Nevada (in 1903), where Rance takes to drink again and Margaret, in the dance hall, curses him as a cheat and a coward until she rouses his determination to make good. He goes into the hills prospecting and comes back with a gold mine the night Dyer finds and attacks Margaret. She puts a bullet through Dyer's heart and Conway shoulders the crime. A rough sheriff threatens him with hanging, but discovers the truth in time for a happy ending.

PARASITES

A comedy in four acts by Cosmo Hamilton. Produced by Lee Shubert at Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, November 19, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Jackson ..... E. F. Hast
Mrs. Felix Waterhouse ..... Beatrice Swanson
Clarence Drummond ..... Max Figman
Lady Nina Chandos ..... Gypsy O'Brien
Langdon Pomeroy ..... Cecil Humphreys
Felix Waterhouse ..... Franklin Pangborn
Joan Millett ..... Francine Larrimore
Eliot Phelps, 3d ..... Clifton Webb
Mrs. Clarence Drummond ..... Theresa Maxwell Conover

Acts I, II, III and IV.—In the Drummonds' House at Bar Harbor.

Joan Millett, having run through the fortune left her, is trying to support herself playing bridge with her Bar Harbor set. Fifteen hundred dollars in the hole and exposure momentarily threatened she accepts a loan of two thousand dollars from Langdon Pomeroy, with whom she has been flirting. When he suggests the usual stage payment, a honeymoon without consulting persons or parsons, she rebels savagely, but later agrees — if he will wait until she comes to him of her own free will. She tries for three weeks to raise money, and when she fails is prepared to make good her bargain. But meantime he has learned to admire her excessively and insists upon the usual ceremony.

THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED

A comedy in three acts by Sidney Howard. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, November 24, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Joe ..... Glenn Anders
Father McKee ..... Charles Kennedy
Ah Gee ..... Allen Atwell

Tony ..... Richard Bennett
The R. F. D. ..... Robert Cook
Amy ..... Pauline Lord
Angelo ..... Hardwick Nevin
Giorgio ..... Jacob Zollinger
The Doctor ..... Charles Tazewell
First Italian Mother ..... Frances Hyde
Her Daughter ..... Catherine Scherman
Second Italian Mother ..... Peggy Conway
Her Son ..... Thomas Scherman
Farm Hands—The Misses Cosette Faustine, Helen Fowble, Dorothy Green, Audrey Thal, Peter Marsters, Eleanor Mish; the Messrs. Alvah Bessie, Edward Hogan, Sanford Meisner, Arthur Sircom, Ernest Thompson.
Acts I, II and III.—Tony's Farmhouse in the Napa Valley, Calif.

(See page 56.)

DAWN

A drama in three acts by Tom Barry. Produced by Wilmer and Vincent at the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, November 24, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Matthew Slayton ..... Howard Lang
Mary Slayton ..... Emma Dunn
Judith ..... Zita Johann
Margaret Slayton ..... Helen Strickland
Robert Carter ..... Hartley Power
David ..... Richard Carlyle
Mr. Marvin ..... Perce R. Benton
Billy Randolph ..... William Williams
"Speed" Farnum ..... Day Manson
Ely Robbins ..... William Morgan
"Rabbitt" Trundell ..... Raymond Van Sickle
Jane Marvin ..... Florence Peterson
Lulu Maynard ..... Camelia Campbell
Louis Rhodes ..... Robert Montgomery
Ann Perkins ..... Elizabeth Allen
"Squeak" Maynard ..... Lee Smith
Cora Adams ..... Dorothy Tierney
Act I.—The Garden Outside the Home of Matthew Slayton, Near Providence, R. I. Acts II and III.—The Living Room.

Mary Slayton, mother of Judith, realizes that the unyielding Puritanism of Matthew, Judith's father, is driving the girl to desperation. Trying to make things happier for Judith, she lets her invite her jazzy friends to the house for a party, at which they are discovered

rioting by Matthew. In the general exposure that follows Matthew learns that, seeking sympathy and understanding through love and cocktails, Judith has sinned but is determined not to marry the boy. Matthew seeks to force her to do so, declaring no decent man will have her, knowing she never can be a true and loyal wife. Whereupon Mary, the mother, dramatically informs him that when she came to him she was in the same situation that Judith has confessed. Encouraged by her mother's revelation Judith runs away to marry her true sweetheart.

MY GIRL

A musical farce in two acts. Book and lyrics by Harlan Thompson; music by Harry Archer. Produced by Lyle D. Andrews at the Vanderbilt Theatre, New York, November 24, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mary White	Jane Taylor
Lily	Gertrude Clemens
Betty Brown	Marie Saxon
Bob White	Russell Mack
Oliver Green	Harry Puck
Cynthia Redding	Helen Bolton
Harold Gray	Jack Hartley
Nathaniel D. Green	Harry G. Keenan
Mrs. Green	Margaret Armstrong
"Pinkie"	Roger Gray
Judge Black	Patrick Rafferty
Mrs. Brown	Harriet Ross
Violet	Lucila Mendez
Cerise	Frances Upton
Coral	Blanche O'Brien
Rose	Rose Adaire
Heliotrope	Liane Mamet
Ruby	Sybil Bursk
Olive	Peggy Watts
Orchid	Marie Shea
Goldie	Josephine Bryce

Act I.—Living Room in the Suburban Home of the Whites. Interlude—Judge Black's Court Room and the Rainbow Club. Act II.—At the Whites'.

The Bob Whites of Omaha, having moved east, want to get into the Rainbow Club. They give a party to

further their candidacy. It is a dry party and goes dead. Along comes a bootlegger with fourteen cases of Scotch he is trying to hide from the revenuers. He slips one case into the party and everything is rosy for the next two acts.

THE MAGNOLIA LADY

A musical comedy in two acts. Book and lyrics by Ann Caldwell. Music by Harold Levey. Produced by Henry Miller at the Shubert Theatre, New York, November 25, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Lily-Lou Ravenel ..... Ruth Chatterton
Virginia Ravenel ..... Muriel Stryker
Betty Fane ..... Berta Donn
Mrs. Hallett ..... Ethel Martin
Liza ..... Nellie Fillmore
Stella Hallett ..... Lovey Lee
Peter Ravenel ..... Richard (Skeets) Gallagher
Kenneth Craig ..... Ralph Forbes
Robert Ravenel ..... Minor Watson
Jefferson Page ..... Worthe Faulkner
Luther Hallett ..... Frank Doane
Wash Brimmage ..... Billy Taylor
Cyril Brent ..... Bland O'Connell

MEMBERS OF THE ENSEMBLE

Ladies—Virginia Beardsley, Bernice Furrow, Virginia Sharr, Harriet Chetwynd, Lucille Osborne, Mary Adams, Catherine Kohler, Halcyone Hargrove, Emma Wyche, Hazel Clayton, Sara Johnson, Julia Lane, Helen Haines.

Gentlemen—Georgie O'Brien, Carl Rose, Louis Sears, Tom Chadwick, Tom Morrison, Edward McCullough, George Jefferson, John Munster, Ward Van Ness.

Acts I and II.—"The Magnolias," the Ravenel mansion in Virginia.

The Ravenel children want to rent the Ravenel mansion in Virginia to raise $5,000 to help father with an operation. They find a customer in an Englishman named Kenneth Craig, but he insists on white servants. Whereupon the Ravenels, led by Lily-Lou, decide to act as servants. Results are both comic and romantic, Craig falling in love with Lily-Lou. Originally the comedy, "Come Out of the Kitchen," by A. E. Thomas and Alice Duer Miller.

MUSIC BOX REVUE

A musical revue in two parts. Lyrics and music by Irving Berlin. Produced by Sam H. Harris at the Music Box Theatre, New York, December 1, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Bobby Clark
Paul McCullough
Oscar Shaw
Carl Randall
Jos. McCauley
Irving Rose
Hal Sherman
Tamiris
Fannie Brice
Grace Moore
Ula Sharon
Claire Luce
Helen Lyons
Brox Sisters
Deuel Sisters
Margarita

Staged by John Murray Anderson.

CLOSE HARMONY

A comedy in three acts by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice. Produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, December 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Harriet Graham ..... Georgie Drew Mendum
Sister Graham ..... Arline Blackburn
Annie ..... Marie Bruce
Ada Towseley ..... Marie Curtis
Belle Sheridan ..... Wanda Lyon
Ed. Graham ..... James Spottswood
Bertram Sheridan ..... Robert Hudson
Bill Saunders ..... Paul Porter
Dr. Robbins ..... Frederick Burton

Acts I and III.—The Grahams' Living Room. Act II.—The Sheridans' Living Room in a Duplicate House Next Door.

The Ed Grahams, suburbanites forty-seven minutes from the Grand Central Station, New York, are not particularly happy. Especially Ed. Henpecked and dominated by the missus, he has settled into a discouraged slump. Then along come the Sheridans and take the house next door. Sheridan is something of an alcoholic loss, but Belle, his wife, has a little spirit left. She and Ed Graham just naturally turn to each other for comfort. He brings over his mandolin, she plays his accompaniments, and they harmonize something swell. Sud-

denly he kisses her and they decide to elope. But when the test comes he hasn't the courage. So Belle goes on alone.

LADY, BE GOOD

A musical comedy in two acts by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson; music by George Gershwin; lyrics by Ira Gershwin. Produced by Alex A. Aarons and Vinton Freedley at the Liberty Theatre, New York, December 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Dick Trevor	Fred Astaire
Susie Trevor	Adele Astaire
Jack Robinson	Alan Edwards
Josephine Vanderwater	Jayne Auburn
Daisy Parke	Patricia Clarke
Bertie Bassett	Gerald Oliver Smith
J. Watterson Watkins	Walter Catlett
Shirley Vernon	Kathlene Martyn
Jeff	Cliff Edwards
Manuel Estrada	Bryan Lycan
Flunkey	Edward Jephson
Victor Arden	Victor Arden
Phil Ohman	Phil Ohman
Rufus Parke	James Bradbury

Act I.—Old Trevor Homestead, Beacon Hill, R. I. and Entrance of the Vanderwater Estate. Act II.—The Anchorage Hotel, Eastern Harbor, Conn., and The Eastern Harbor Yacht Club.

The Trevors, temporarily embarrassed, are dispossessed in the first act and forced to do their singing and dancing at the homes and parties of their friends. But along about finale time they come into a lot of money.

PRINCESS APRIL

A musical comedy in three acts by William Cary Duncan and Lewis Allen Browne. Adapted from a story by Frank R. Adams; lyrics and music by Carlo and Sanders. Produced by Barry Townly at the Ambassador Theatre, December 1, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Flo	Louise Mele
Lisbeth	Sydney Reynolds

Sam Barry ..... Stanley Forde
A. Sharpe Quill ..... Harry Clarke
Roger Utley ..... Nathaniel Wagner
Patrick Daly ..... Harry Allen
Kathryn Utley ..... Audrey Maple
Mrs. Swifte ..... May Boley
Marjorie Hale ..... Dorothy Appleby
April Daly ..... Tessa Kosta
Robert Ballou ..... Alexis Luce
April Girls—Edith Shaw, Ardath DeSales, Dorothy Brown, Jane Sels, Blanche O'Donohoe, Ann Langdon, Pauline Huss, Kitty Huss, Dorothy Hordern, Betty Myers, Marjorie Ross, Jane McCurdy.

Act I.—Floating Pier, Summer Resort. Saskanet, N. J. Act II.—Living Room of Daly Suite in Hotel. Act III.—Foyer, Same Hotel.

April Daly is an actress with a self-made but unfinished father. Roger Utley is a society lad who wants to marry her. Roger's sister objects. Especially after April insists a beaded bag found in the rooms of Sam Barry, following an awful party on his yacht, is hers. Of course April was only saying that to shield Roger's sister.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA

A drama in four acts by Stephen Phillips. Produced by Cosmos Stage and Screens Production, Inc., at the Booth Theatre, New York, December 2, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Giovanni Malatesta ..... Claude King
Paolo ..... Morgan Farley
Francesca Da Rimini ..... Phyllis Povah
Lucrezia ..... Helen Ware
Costanza ..... Dantha Pattison
Nita ..... Adele Bradley
Angela ..... Margaret Scott Oliver
Valentino ..... Michael Daun
Corrado ..... Perry Ivins
Marco ..... Borden Harriman
Luigi ..... Albert Carroll
Fruit Girl ..... Layelah Monif
Minstrel ..... James Meighan
Pulci ..... Ralph Bunker
Tessa ..... Causette Faustine
Nesta ..... Helen Stryker
Baptista ..... Marian Moorehouse

Mirra ..... Aline Berry
Lady's Maid ..... Edith Gordon
Carlo ..... Percy Hartley
Servant ..... Allen Connor
An Attendant ..... Arthur Mack

Act I and IV.—A Hall in the Malatesta Castle at Rimini. Act II.—A Wayside Inn, out of Rimini. Act III.—The Shop of Pulci, the Drug Seller, and an Arbor in the Castle Gardens.

The Stephen Phillips version of the legend that last generation's playgoers know better as "Francesca di Rimini."

THE HAREM

A comedy in three acts by Ernest Vajda. Adapted by Avery Hopwood. Produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theatre, December 2, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Roland Valetti ..... William Courtenay
Carla ..... Lenore Ulric
Manon ..... Virginia Hammond
Petri ..... Lennox Pawle
Prince Hilmi ..... Robert Fischer
Juci ..... Marjorie Vonnegut
Lulu ..... Arthur Bowyer

Acts I and III.—Apartment of Roland Valetti in Budapest. Act II.—A Salon in Manon's House. Staged by David Belasco.

Carla Valetti, harkening to the assertion of Manon that all men are Turks and would support harems if they had a chance, determines to test Roland, her husband. Knowing he has made an appointment to meet Manon, Carla disguises herself in beaded Turkish bloomers and a veil and meets Roland as a Sultan's favorite. Half an act later she has him at her feet begging her to fly with him. Which she does, taking the precaution to smash the electric lights bulbs when they arrive at the hotel. Next morning, at home, alibis and explanations, with Carla knowing more about Roland than she ever knew before.

THE STUDENT PRINCE
In Heidelberg

A romantic operetta in four acts. Book and lyrics by Dorothy Donnelly; music by Sigmund Romberg. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Jolson Theatre, December 2, 1924.

Cast of characters —

First Lackey	Frank Kneeland
Second Lackey	William Nettum
Third Lackey	Lawrence Wells
Fourth Lackey	Harry Anderson
Von Mark	Fuller Mellish
Dr. Engel	Greek Evans
Prince Karl Franz	Howard Marsh
Ruder	W. H. White
Gretchen	Violet Carlson
Toni	Adolph Link
Detlef	Raymond Marlowe
Lucas	Frederic Wolff
Von Asterberg	Paul Kleeman
Nicolas	Fred Wilson
Kathie	Ilse Marvenga
Lutz	George Hassell
Hubert	Charles Williams
Grand Duchess Anastasia	Florence Morrison
Princess Margaret	Roberta Beatty
Captain Tarnitz	John Coast
Countess Leyden	Dagmar Oakland
Baron Arnheim	Robert Calley
Premier Dancer	Martha Mason
Rudolph Winter	Lucius Metz
Freshman	Elmer Pichler
Captain of the Guard	C. Sparin

Prologue—A Room in the Palace at Karlsberg. Act I and IV.—Garden of the Inn of the Three Golden Apples. Act II.—Sitting Room of Prince Karl, at Inn. Act III.—A room of State in the Royal Palace at Karlsberg. 1860 Staged by J. C. Huffman.

The story of "Old Heidelberg" as Mansfield played it followed pretty closely. Karl Franz goes to Heidelberg with his tutor, Dr. Engel. At the Inn of the Golden Apples he meets and loves Kathie, the waitress, and later parts with her melodiously when he is called home to be a king. Two years later Karl Franz comes back to the Inn to sing another song and bid a last good-by to Kathie before he marries the Princess Margaret.

BADGES

A comedy-drama in three acts by Max Marcin and Edward Hammond. Staged by Edgar McGregor. Produced by Jules Hurtig at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, December 3, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Marie Carson	Eleanor Woodruff
Miriam Holt	Lotus Robb
Franklyn Green	Gregory Kelly
Ed. Gillespie	Felix Krembs
Charles Moran	Louis Bennison
Keegan	John Sharkey
Dr. Evans	J. H. Doyle
Assistant House Detective	M. Tello Webb
Chief Postal Inspector	Stephen Wright
Officer Dugan	John Hurley
Smith	Alfred J. Rigali

Act I.—Apartment of Miriam Holt, New York. Act II.—Suite in the Hotel Belvedere. Act III.—House on Outskirts of a Western City.

Franklyn Green, having taken a correspondence school course in detecting, scents a mystery in the case of Miriam Holt, who, he knows, is being followed. Offering his professional services to Miss Holt, he helps comically to unravel the mystery, which has to do with the murder of Miriam's father, a post-office clerk who was made the tool of a gang of bond thieves.

THE MAN IN EVENING CLOTHES

A comedy in three acts by Andre Picard and Yves Mirande. By arrangement with David Belasco and C. B. Cochran. Translated by Ruth Chatterton. Produced by Henry Miller at the Henry Miller Theatre, December 5, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Count De Lussange	Henry Miller
Louis	Elmer Brown
Ninnette	Marjorie Wood
D'Allouville	Reginald Mason

Buffetaute ..... Grant Stewart
Aristede ..... Hubbard Kirkpatrick
Germaine De Lussange ..... Carlotta Monterey
Helene ..... Ann Winston
Maitre d'Hotel ..... William Lorenze
Cashier ..... Norma Havey
Orchestra Leader ..... Hubbard Kirkpatrick
Margot ..... Valerie Jones
Blanche ..... Irma Kornelia
A Lady ..... Alden Gay
A Lady Patron ..... Kathryn Meredith
A Man Patron ..... Joseph Bingham
First Waiter ..... Louis La Bey
Second Waiter ..... Clement O'Loghlen
A Gentleman ..... P. L. Carpenter
A Man Diner ..... Lark Taylor
Coat Girl ..... Irene Freeman
A Lady Guest ..... Jean Lamont
Mlle. Totoche ..... Betty Alden
Monjardin ..... L'Estrange Millman
Guilde ..... Leonard Mudie
Soyer ..... Louis Morrell
Gaby Cordier ..... Marjorie Gateson
Secretary ..... Lark Taylor
Barkeeper ..... Louis La Bey

Act I.—Apartment of Conte de Lussange, in Paris. Act II.—Ambassadeurs Restaurant, Paris. Act III.—Lobby of the Theatre Atheniennes, Paris.

The Count De Lussange, convinced his young and somewhat frigid wife no longer loves him, leaves home and spends the next few years wasting a fortune on other women. Broke, his possessions are attached and all he is allowed to keep is one suit of clothes. He chooses his evening outfit and haunts the restaurants in the hope of attracting invitations to dine. Here his wife finds him, and having learned to love him while he was away, a reconciliation is made possible.

THE LITTLE CLAY CART

A Hindu drama in eight scenes, attributed to King Shudraka. Translated from the original Sanskrit by Arthur William Ryder. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, December 5, 1924.

Cast of characters —

The Singer with the Sitar ..... Arjun Govind
The Musician with the Esraj ..... Sarat Lahiri

The Stage Manager ..... Vernon Radcliffe
Charudatta ..... Ian Maclaren
Maitreya ..... Malcolm Fassett
Rohasena ..... Lois Shore
Vardhamanaka ..... George Bratt
Radanika ..... Dorothy Sands
Charudatta's Wife ..... Lily Lubell
Vasantasena ..... Kyra Alanova
Madanika ..... Paula Trueman
Another Maid ..... Irene Lewisohn
Vasantasena's Mother ..... Dorothy Sands
Santhanaka ..... Marc Loebell
Sthavaraka ..... Otto Hulicius
A Courtier ..... John F. Roche
A Shampooer Who Turns Monk ..... Albert Carroll
Mathura ..... Harold Minjer
Darduraka ..... Otto Hulicius
Another Gambler ..... Martin Wolfson
Sharvilaka ..... Junius Matthews
Aryaka ..... Richard Abbott
Chandanaka ..... Edmond Rickett
Viraka ..... Martin Wolfson
The Beadle ..... Harold Minjer
The Judge ..... Edmond Rickett
The Gild Warden ..... Philip Mann
Courtroom Guards ..... Sidney Weinberger, Victor Friedman
Goha ..... John F. Roche
Alinta ..... George Bratt
Executioner's Guards ..... William Beyer, Stuart Seymour

Eight Scenes in the City of Ujjayini (called also Avanti) and its Environs. Staged by Agnes Morgan and Irene Lewisohn.

An ingenuous drama of India, written some time between the fifth and the tenth centuries, presumably by King Shudraka. The romance of a poor but kindly aristocrat and a rich and sentimental courtesan.

ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT

A comedy in three acts by Thomas P. Robinson. Produced by Oliver Morosco at the Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 9, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Archie Stanwood ..... Donald Foster
Helen Stanwood ..... Elisabeth Risdon
Professor Edwin Howard ..... Austin Fairman
Alice Huntington ..... Gail Kane

Acts I, II and III.—Archie Stanwood's "Own Room" in His Country Home.

Archie Stanwood, a temperamental author, is fearfully upset when Alice Huntington, a friend of his wife's,

arrives unexpectedly with her fiancé to spend the week end. But soon he decides he can use Miss Huntington and her young man as living models for the new story he is writing. He makes violent love to Alice, and arouses the jealousy of her cold New England fiancé. Thus he provides an exciting three days for himself, several first-hand adventures for his story and helps along the newlyweds' romance at the same time.

CANDIDA

A drama in three acts by Bernard Shaw. Produced by the Actors' Theatre, Inc., at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, December 12, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Miss Proserpine Garnett ..... Clare Eames
Rev. James Mavor Morell ..... Pedro De Cordoba
Rev. Alexander Mill ..... Gerald Hamer
Mr. Burgess ..... Ernest Cossart
Candida ..... Katharine Cornell
Eugene Marchbanks ..... Richard Bird

Acts I, II and III.—In the Vicarage of St. Dominick's, Victoria Park, London, the study of the Rev. James Mavor Morrell. Staged by Dudley Digges.

The fourth revival of the Shaw comedy America has seen. This one is costumed in the period of its writing, which is the early nineties. Actresses who have played Candida before Miss Cornell are Dorothy Donnelly, Chrystal Herne and Hilda Spong. The story of the James Mavor Morells, he a booming but sincere English clergyman, she his keen, subtly understanding and quietly dominant wife, and their experience in succoring the hysterical young Marchbanks, peer's son and poet, is familiar. When Miss Cornell left the cast Miss Peggy Wood succeeded to the rôle of Candida and played it successfully on tour.

THE SAP

A comedy in three acts by William A. Grew. Produced by George H. Nicolai and Jack M. Welch, at the Apollo Theatre, New York, December 15, 1924.

Cast of characters —

William (Bill) Small	Raymond Hitchcock
Betty Small	Miriam Sears
Edward Mason	Norval Keedwell
Jane Mason	Doris Eaton
Kate Camden	Peggy Allenby
James Belden	A. H. Van Buren
Felix	Russell Johnstone

Acts I, II and III.—The Home of the Smalls and the Masons in Elgin, Ill. Staged by Arthur Hurley.

After a successful season playing the smaller theatrical centers in "The Old Soak," Raymond Hitchcock elected to continue as a legitimate comedian with "The Sap." In this comedy he plays a genial nit-wit who saves his mildly dishonest brother-in-law from the consequences of robbing a bank. Raymond, the sap, steals enough more to make it a regular robbery and with the loot makes a lucky turn in the wheat market of Chicago. Thus he is able to buy the bank before the original theft is discovered.

THE MONGREL

Adapted from Herman Bahr's play by Elmer L. Rice, in three acts. Translated by Frances C. Fay. Produced by Warren P. Munsell at the Longacre Theatre, New York, December 15, 1924.

Cast of characters —

The Justice	Maurice Colborne
The Doctor	W. T. Clark
Attendant	Maurice Bernard
The Forester	Carl Anthony
Marie	Ernita Lascelles
Strasser	Max Montesole
Mathias	Rudolph Schildkraut

The Priest ..... Peter Lang
Lois ..... John F. Hamilton
The Aunt ..... Alice Belmore Cliffe
Kasper ..... George L. Fogle
Katie ..... Rae Berland

Act I.—Office of the Justice. Act II.—The Road Mender's House. Act III.—The Forester's Living Room. Staged by Winifred Lenihan.

Mathias, a road mender in rural Germany, loves his dog better than he does any human, and when the chief forester of the district shoots the dog, Mathias is of a mind to be revenged. Failing to obtain satisfaction in the courts, he attempts to strangle the forester's daughter. Her sympathy for him saves him a jail sentence and the adventure clears his befuddled brain.

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QUARANTINE

A comedy in three acts by F. Tennyson Jesse. Produced by Charles L. Wagner and Edgar Selwyn, at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, December 16, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Burroughs ..... Jennie Dickerson
Miss Larpent ..... Mary Scott Seton
Silent Passenger ..... Percy Ames
Mr. Burroughs ..... William Postance
Mr. Dobson ..... Phil Bishop
Lola de la Corte ..... Olga Olonova
Tony Blunt ..... Sidney Blackmer
Steward ..... A. P. Kaye
Doctor ..... Bernard A. Reinold
Pinsent ..... Beryl Mercer
Dinah Partlett ..... Helen Hayes
Waiter ..... Edward Eliscu
Pamela Josephs ..... Kay Laurel
Mackintosh Josephs ..... Charles Esdale

Act I.—Deck of the S.S. *Angostura*. Acts II and III.—Honeymoon Bungalow on Pigeon Island. Revised and Staged by Edgar Selwyn.

Seventeen and romantic is Dinah Partlett, secretly in love with Tony Blunt, twenty-odd and a great off-stage explorer. Dinah knows that her cousin Pamela is about to elope with Tony, and craftily plans to take her place.

Four days later, when she finally agrees to come out of her steamer cabin, Tony discovers the deception and, being mad, determines to teach Dinah a lesson. He lets their fellow passengers believe he and Dinah are bride and groom, and when they are quarantined for a week on Pigeon Island demands his right to the other twin bed. At the end of the week the romance has developed so far they are not only content but eager to be married.

THE YOUNGEST

A comedy in three acts by Philip Barry. Produced by Robert Milton at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, December 22, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Charlotte Winslow ..... Effie Shannon
Oliver Winslow ..... Paul Harvey
Mark Winslow ..... Robert Strange
Augusta Winslow Martin ..... Verree Teasdale
Alan Martin ..... Walker Ellis
Martha Winslow ..... Katherine Alexander
Richard Winslow ..... Henry Hull
Nancy Blake ..... Genevieve Tobin
Katie ..... Alice John

Acts I, II and III.—The Home of the Winslows in New York State.

(See page 303.)

BLUFFING BLUFFERS

A United States comedy in three acts by Thompson Buchanan and John Meehan. Produced by James P. Beury, at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, December 22, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Miss Davis ..... Reina Carruthers
Breckenridge Bright ..... Roy Gordon
Miss Josephine Dawson ..... Enid Markey

Dr. Barnes ..... Edward H. Robins
Mrs. Harriet Fitzherbert ..... Mabel Acker
Bishta ..... Rollo Lloyd
A. D. Duffy ..... John T. Doyle
Rev. W. Pringle ..... Stanley Jessup
Hilda ..... Irene Homer
Mrs. Henry Hards ..... Helen Travers
Henry Hards ..... Franklyn Hanna
Geoffrey Bacon ..... Henry Hicks
Rose ..... Dana Desboro

Act I.—Mr. Bright's Suite in Senator Dawson's Home. Acts II and III.—Dr. Barnes' Living Room. Staged by John Meehan.

Dr. Barnes, practicing in a town in which the women are influential, soon becomes distasteful to the bluffing male politicians. They seek first to intimidate and then to frame him. The women, including Josephine Dawson, the straight daughter of a crooked senator, fly to his rescue so enthusiastically they are caught in his bedroom at 3 a.m. There might have been a scandal, but one of them bought the town paper.

MILGRIM'S PROGRESS

A play in three acts by B. Harrison Orkow. Produced by J. M. Welch at Wallack's Theatre, New York, December 22, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mary Murphy ..... Priscilla Knowles
Frances Milgrim ..... Jeanne Greene
Jennie Nathanson ..... Bella Pogany
Izzie Nathanson ..... Charles Halton
Clara Milgrim ..... Marie Reichardt
David Milgrim ..... Mr. Louis Mann
Sam Milgrim ..... Robert Williams
James Fitzmaurice ..... Douglas Wood
Trixie Lee ..... Mildred Wayne
Rev. Dr. Weisman ..... Edward Broadley
Judge Harris ..... William Corbett
Arnold Harris ..... George Baxter

Acts I and III.—David Milgrim's Living Room, Woodbury, Conn. Act II.—Milgrim's Apartment, Central Park West, New York. Staged by Louis Mann and Edwin Maxwell.

David Milgrim, a kindly but excitable Jewish citizen of Woodbury, Conn., is content to live his life there.

But his children, Sam and Frances, having been educated, insist on living in New York. Against his better judgment, David moves to New York, acquires a fortune, sees it ruin his family, gives it away, goes back to Woodbury, misses his city comforts and is finally lured back to the city when his fortune is restored and his family agrees to behave more sensibly.

OLD ENGLISH

A play in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced by Winthrop Ames at the Ritz Theatre, New York, December 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Sylvanus Heythorp	George Arliss
Gilbert Farney	Frederick Earle
Bob Pillin	Deering Wells
Charles Ventnor	Stafford Dickens
Mr. Brownbee	Norman Cannon
Clergyman	Eustace Wyatt
Rosamund Larne	Irby Marshall
Phyllis	Cecile Dixon
Jock	George Wolcott
Joseph Pillin	Ivan F. Simpson
Adela Heythorp	Ethel Griffies
Two Clerks	Edmund George, Victor Weston
A Director	Langford Hayes
Mr. Batterson	James Hughes
Mr. Westgate	Horace Cooper
Mr. Winkley	M. Murray Stephens
Mr. Budgeon	Arthur Villars
Mr. Appleby	Thomas F. Donnelly
Letty	Henrietta Goodwin
Meller	Henry Morrell
Molly	Molly Johnson

Act I.—The Board Room of "The Island Navigation Company" in Liverpool. Act II.—The Larnes' Sitting Room. Act III.—Old Heythorp's Sanctum. Staged by E. Lyall Swete.

Sylvanus Heythorp, "Old English" to his associates, has been a stanch individualist all his life. A bit wild as a youth, he has settled into a comfortable old age and still wields great power as the chairman of a great navigation company. At eighty he faces a crisis. He

knows that he cannot live long and that there is danger of his becoming unable to leave a competence to the two grandchildren born to his illegitimate son, whose sole support he has been since the son's death. In an effort to protect the children, he accepts a commission for putting through a questionable deal with his company, is found out, fights his enemies to the finish and at the end orders himself a banquet and dies as a result of a determination to reach a bottle of port his puritan daughter has placed, as she thinks, where he cannot get it.

LADIES OF THE EVENING

A play in four acts by Milton Herbert Gropper. Produced by David Belasco at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, December 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Calvin King	H. Dudley Hawley
Tom Standish	Vernon Steele
Jerry Strong	James Kirkwood
Kay Beatty	Beth Merrill
Phillips	Bernard J. McOwen
Claire Standish	Kay Strozzie
Dot Miller	Edna Hibbard
Frank Forbes	Robert E. O'Connor
Andrew Kenney	John Carmody
Daddy Palmer	Thomas Reynolds
A Waitress	Allyn Gillyn
A Head Waiter	Jose Yovin

Act I.—A Fashionable Club on Fifth Avenue, and a Room in a Hotel. Act II.—Jerry's Studio. Act III.—Suite in an Atlantic City Hotel. Act IV.—A Restaurant in Downtown New York. Staged by David Belasco.

Jerry Strong, artist, makes a bet with Calvin King and Tom Standish, clubmen, that fallen women have souls. To prove it he purposes to pick up a street-walker, appeal to her better nature, set her in the way of attaining her aspirations and exhibit her at the end of the year a good woman. From the streets he selects Kay Beatty and makes her his model at $200 a month. At

the end of seven months she is in love with him and much improved, but hearing about his bet she bolts. In Atlantic City she tries to go back to the old life, but can't stand it. A year later Jerry finds her, still good, waiting on table, and asks her to marry him.

TOPSY AND EVA

A musical comedy in three acts, by Catherine Chisolm Cushing. Music and lyrics by the Duncan Sisters. Produced by Tom Wilkes. At the Sam H. Harris Theatre, New York, December 23, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Chloe	Aimee Torraini
Harry	Glory Minehart
Uncle Tom	Basil Ruysdael
George Shelby	Rex Cherryman
Mrs. Shelby	Helen Case
Helen	Renee Lowrie
Ann	Lea Swan
Jane	Edith Maybaun
Bessie	Antoinette Boots
Augustine St. Clare	Wilbur Cushman
Henrique	Harriet Hoctor
Simon Legree	Frank K. Wallace
Gee Gee	Davis Goodman
Eliza	Florence Martin
Mariette	Nydia D'Arnell
Erasmus Marks	Ashley Cooper
Ophelia St. Clare	Myrtle Ferguson
Topsy	Rosetta Duncan
Eva St. Clare	Vivian Duncan
Danseuse Premiere	Harriet Hoctor
Rastus	Ross Himes

Act I.—Uncle Tom's Cabin, on the Shelby Plantation, Kentucky.
Act II.—Court Yard of Augustine St. Clare Home in New Orleans.
Act III.—The Shelby Home in Kentucky. Staged by Oscar Eagle.

A jazzed version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," fitted with tunes and dances.

THE HABITUAL HUSBAND

A comedy in three acts by Dana Burnet. Produced by The Actors' Theatre, Inc., at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, December 24, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Standard ..... Marion Barney
Anne Kingsley ..... Margalo Gillmore
Hilda Frank ..... Diantha Pattison
Rodney Kingsley ..... Grant Mitchell
M. Perrin ..... Clarence Derwent
Edward ..... Ernest Stallard

Act I.—Living Room of the Kingsley Apartment, Park Avenue.
Acts II and III.—Parlor of the Bridal Suite, Riverdale Inn. Staged by Dudley Digges and Josephine Hull.

Rodney and Anne Kingsley, three years married, have a compact that when either one or the other tires of the arrangement he or she will be perfectly honest about it and a separation will be arranged. But when Rodney, hand-holding with Hilda Frank in the Woolworth Tower, comes home to Anne and confesses his love for Hilda there are complications. It is all right for Rodney and Hilda to elope, Anne agrees, but she must go along with them. Which she does. Comical complications in an inn until Rodney decides to go back to being an habitual husband.

BETTY LEE

A musical comedy in three acts. Book by Otto Harbach; music by Louis Hirsch and Con Conrad; lyrics by Irving Cæsar and Otto Harbach. Produced by Rufus Le Maire at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, December 25, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Doc ..... Jack Kearns
Slim ..... Ed Poole
Hypo ..... William Brandt

Silent Pete ..... Harry Sievers
Stover ..... Howard Boulden
Willie Wolf ..... James S. Barrett
Carara ..... Paisley Noon
Mrs. Lila Keep ..... Charlotte Woodruff
Jeanne Chapin ..... Madeline Cameron
Berkley Fresno ..... Alfred Gerrard
Betty Lee ..... Gloria Foy
Maridetta ..... Dorothy Barber
Wallingford Speed ..... Hal Skelly
Lawrence Glass ..... Joe E. Brown
Buck ..... Clifford J. O'Rourke
Gabby Gallagher ..... James Kearney
Culver Covington ..... George Sweet
Skinner ..... Anthony Hughes
Whitey ..... Carlo
Conchita ..... Kathryn O'Hanlon
Chico ..... Theo. Zambouni
The Betty Lee Girls—Dorothy E. Fitzgibbon, Grace M. Smith, Olive Lindsay, Edna Luce, Ada Winston, Helen Orb, Betty Colker, Madeleine Dare, Verdi Milli, Lucille Arden, Kay Karyll, Florence Courtney, Neida Snow, Isobel Graham, Yvonne Kent, Claire Daniels, Frieda Fitzgerald, Kathleen McLaughlin, Ann Page, Elizabeth Wallace, Marjorie Bailey, Harriet Hasbrook, Nancy Lay, Marion Swords, Pearl Bennett, Jeanne West, Kathryn Brown, Penelope Rowland.

Act I.—Courtyard of Chapin, Spanish Villa, Southern California. Acts II and III.—Japanese Tea-house. Chapin Estate. Staged by David Bennett.

Wallingford Speed and Lawrence Glass, marooned in Southern California, are led to pretend that Speed is a famous amateur foot-racer who is expected and Glass his trainer. A match is arranged by the boys with a likely runner from a neighboring ranch, and he (Speed) is threatened with a lynching if he doesn't win. Betty Lee and the other girls stand by the boys and a way is found to win the foot race. Formerly a comedy called "Going Some," written by Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach.

THE BULLY

A play in three acts by Julie Helene Percival and Calvin Clark. Produced by Mrs. Henry B. Harris at the Hudson Theatre, New York, December 25, 1924.

Cast of characters—

Jennie Kellar ..... Maude Franklin
Grace Moare ..... Margaret Cusack
John Kellar ..... Howard Sinclair

Billy Thornton ..... James Bradbury, Jr.
George Dadrient Moare ..... Emmett Corrigan
Stanly Winton ..... Barry Jones
Mrs. Winton ..... Olive Oliver
An Officer ..... Earle Mitchell
Act I.—An Apartment, New York. Acts II and III.—A home, Tarrytown. Staged by Walter Wilson.

George Dadrient Moare is a clever crook. His scheme is to watch the want ads, find himself and his pals good positions in rich homes, and later pull off profitable inside jobs. He takes such a position with the Wintons of Tarrytown. His supposed wife, Grace Moare, goes along as young Mr. Winton's secretary. But it happens the Wintons are also faking. They have inserted the want ad in the hope of trapping Moare, who they believe murdered the elder Winton. Young Winton and Grace love each other and this makes for a compromise finish, with Moare and pals captured.

CARNIVAL

A play in three acts, by Ferenc Molnar. Translated by Melville Baker. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Cort Theatre, New York, December 29, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Nicholas Kornady ..... Tom Nesbitt
Edmund ..... Nicholas Joy
Camilla ..... Elsie Ferguson
Rudolf ..... Stanley Logan
A Cavalry Captain ..... Franklyn Fox
Matyas Oez ..... Leo L. Carroll
Sandor Oroszy ..... Berton Churchill
Liszka ..... Anna Gray
Police Commissaire ..... Nicholas Joy
Police Secretary ..... Henry Bloomfield
Secret Service Man ..... Richard Bowler
A Girl ..... Margaret Hutchins
First Coat Room Woman ..... Mignon O'Doherty
Second Coat Room Woman ..... Edith Harding Brown
Third Coat Room Woman ..... Mildred Wall
Lackey ..... Kenneth Lawton
Doorman ..... Basil Hanbury
Acts I, II and III.—In Budapest, in the Nineties, at One of the Great State Balls held During the Carnival Season. Staged by Frank Reicher.

Camilla, young and ardent, "a beast of prey in

repose" they call her, is married to a man twice her years. Many young men court her, and one, Nicholas Kornady, she loves. But she is both timid and wise. At a ball in Budapest she finds a sea-green diamond lost from the princess's crown. It is very valuable. Suddenly, with the diamond in her possession, Camilla sees herself free. She proposes elopement to Nicholas. But he lacks courage. And Camilla, disgusted, gives up the diamond and goes back to her older mate.

PATIENCE
(Or Bunthorne's Bride)

A comic æsthetic opera. Written by W. S. Gilbert, music by Arthur Sullivan. Produced at the Provincetown Playhouse, December 29, 1924.

Cast of characters —

Patience ..... Rosalind Fuller
Reginald Bunthorne ..... Edgar Stehli
Archibald Grosvenor ..... Stanley Howlett
The Lady Jane ..... Flavia Arcaro
The Lady Saphir ..... Mary Blair
The Lady Angela ..... Helen Freeman
The Lady Ella ..... Norma Millay
Colonel Calverley ..... George Bergen George
Major Murgatroyd ..... John Rogers
Lieut. The Duke of Dunstable ..... Kenneth Wheeler
Mr. Bunthorne's Solicitor ..... Felton Elkins
Chorus of Rapturous Maidens—Juliet Brenon, and Eloise Pendleton, Louise Bradley, Doris duMont, Adelyn Endore, Elizabeth McCarthy, Marie Pinckard, Ruth Wilton, Honora Gluck.
Chorus of Officers of Dragoon Guards—Louis Barre, Arthur Curran, Edward Franz, Samuel Rapport, James Shute, Samuel Selden, J. Hutchinson Thayer, John Mahin.
Act I.—Exterior of Castle Bunthorne. Act II.—A Glade. Time —1881. Staged by Robert Edmond Jones.

A modest revival of the operetta spoofing the æsthetes and poseurs of Oscar Wilde's day.

SEENIAYA PTITZA
(The Blue Bird)

A Russian musical revue by Yushny. Produced by S. Hurok, Inc., at the Frolic Theatre, New York, December 29, 1924.

Principals engaged —

Mmes V. Arenzwari	Messrs. Victor Chenkin
N. Sussania	J. Riabinine
L. Cosmowska	N. Dobrinine
E. Porfiriewa	E. Wachinoff
M. Mariewa	L. Shein
O. Valeri	V. Svoboda
M. Yuriewa	G. Nelidoff
L. Kosmowskaya	P. Donskoy
E. Nienatshaiewa	D. Libidine
J. Sharol	P. Ukrainsky
T. Taridina	E. Wadimoff

MRS. PARTRIDGE PRESENTS

A comedy in three acts by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne. Produced by Guthrie McClintic, at the Belmont Theatre, New York, January 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ellen ..... Augusta Haviland
Philip Partridge ..... Edward Emery, Jr.
Delight Partridge ..... Sylvia Field
Stephen Applegate ..... Charles Waldron
Maisie Partridge ..... Blanche Bates
Katherine Everitt ..... Ruth Gordon
Sydney Armstead ..... Elliot Cabot
Charles Ludlow ..... C. Haviland Chappell
Clementine ..... Elaine Ivans
Miss Hamilton ..... Virginia Chauvenet
Pete ..... Wm. Worthington
Sam ..... Edwin Morse

Acts I and II.—Living Room of Maisie Partridge's Home. Act III.—The Hat Shop. Staged by Guthrie McClintic.

(See page 223.)

IS ZAT SO?

A comedy in three acts by James Gleason and Richard Taber. Produced by Earle Boothe at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, January 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Eddie "Chick" Cowan ..... Robert Armstrong
A. B. "Hap" Hurley ..... James Gleason
C. Clinton Blackburn ..... Sydney Riggs
Susan Blackburn Parker ..... Marie Chambers
Major, the Hon. Maurice Fitz-Stanley ..... Victor Morley
Florence Hanley ..... Jo Wallace
Robert Parker ..... John C. King
Marie Mestretti ..... Marjorie Crossland
Master James Blackburn Parker ..... Tom Brown
Grace Hobart ..... Eleanor Parker
Fred Hobart ..... Duncan Penwarden
John Duffy ..... Jack Perry
"Angie" Van Alsten ..... Carola Parson
Smith ..... William London

Act I.—"A Park Bench" and "A Living Room." Act II.—"A Sun Parlor." Act III.—"The Living Room."

Chick Cowan, an aspiring lightweight pugilist, and "Hap" Hurley, his manager, are broke when they meet Clinton Blackburn, son of a rich and proud but rather troubled Fifth Avenue family. Clint, drunk, is eager to get himself in shape so he can whip his bigger brother-in-law, Robert Parker, suspected of being the family crook. Cowan and Hurley accept his offer to go home with him and superintend his training. Installed there as butler and footman, their experiences are comic and sentimental and include a two-round go with a neighbor's chauffeur in which Chick is knocked out. The blow that fells him, however, also clears his memory, and he knows the hated brother-in-law for the crook he is.

JACK IN THE PULPIT

A comedy in three acts by Gordon Morris. Produced by Ames and Bostwick, Inc., at the Princess Theatre, New York, January 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Butch Kirby	John F. Morrissey
Pop Deady	Elmer Grandin
Jack Faber	Robert Ames
Steve Gresham	Kernan Cripps
Charles B. Federis	John D. Dwyer
Mrs. Gulliver	Gilberta Faust
Buddie Burdick	Willard Tobias
Amos Pendleton	Sam Coit
Maude Hoxie	Edna West
Clara Opie	Mary Cicil
Ira Hoxie	Max Von Mitzel
Susan Opie	Betty Soule
Hetty Streeter	Helen Carrington
Doris Granger	Marion Coakley
Mrs. Burdick	Eda Heineman
Jim Opie	Robert Williamson
Clifford Pendleton	Alexander Clark, Jr.
Jim Corrigan	William Crimans

Prologue—A Room in an East Side Hotel, New York. Acts I, II and III.—The Rectory of St. John's Chapel, Rosedale Junction, Connecticut.

Jack Faber, living with three other crooks in New York, learns during the surprise visit of the family attorney that he has been left a million dollars in his deceased aunt's will if he will agree to complete his theological course and become the rector of the village church. Urged on by Butch, Pop and Steve, Jack accepts the stipulations of the will with the idea of grabbing the money and splitting it with his friends. But in the village he meets his old sweetheart, Doris Granger, and is reformed by love. All the other crooks are threatened with religion, too.

BIG BOY

A musical comedy by Harold Atteridge. Music by James F. Hanley and Joseph Meyer; lyrics by Bud G.

DeSylva. Produced by Messrs. Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Winter Garden Theatre, New York, January 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ella Bedford	Maude Turner Gordon
Phyllis Carter	Edythe Baker
Joe Warren	Hugh Banks
Tessie Forbes	Flo Lewis
Annabelle Bedford	Patti Harrold
Jack Bedford	Frank Beaston
"Coley" Reid	Ralph Whitehead
"Doc" Wilbur	Leo Donnelly
Jim Redding	Franklyn Batie
Judkins	George Gilday
Steve Leslie	Colin Campbell
Gus	Al Jolson
Caroline Purdy	Edith Scott
"Bully" John Bagby	William L. Thorne
"Silent" Ransom	George Spelvin
Tucker	Franklin Batie
Manager	L. C. Sherman
Wainwright	William L. Thorne
Legrande	William Bonelli
Danny	Irving Carter
Mr. Gray	Charles Moran
Dolly Graham	Frankie James
Tout	Charles Moran
Dancers	Andre and Rudac

Jubilee Singers—William C. Elkins, Walter A. Gray, Wilbert B. Howard, George E. Jackson, Arthur H. Payne, Mose E. Ross, Arthur S. Shaw, Kelly Thompson, Casco Williams, Carl T. White
Staged by J. C. Huffman.

Gus has been stable boy for the Bedfords all his life. Also he has ridden the Bedford entry in the Derby ever since he was old enough to sit a saddle. But now, owing to the influence of as mean a gang of singing sharpers as ever went South, Gus is to be put aside in favor of a famous English jockey. The dirty scheme is discovered in time, however, and good old Gus romps home a winner on Big Boy.

LASS O' LAUGHTER

The first American appearance of the English actress, Flora LeBreton, in a comedy in three acts by Edith Carter and Nan Marriott Watson. Produced by Henry

W. Savage, Inc., at the Comedy Theatre, New York, January 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Nicholson	Jean Gordon
Davie Nicholson	St. Clair Bayfield
Sandy MacDougall	Barlowe Borland
Lass	Flora Le Breton
James Cox	Cosmo Bellew
Lady Ailsa Weyman	Alma Tell
Charles Dennis	J. R. Tozer
Hon. Ian Maxwell	Anthony Kemble Cooper
Richards	Lewis Sealy
Gwendolyn Vernon	Miriam Elliott
Ronald, Lord Maxwell	Leslie Austen

Act I.—Kitchen of Mrs. Nicholson's Lodging House, Glasgow. Act II.—Ronald's Sitting Room at Maxwell Towers. Act III.—Drawing Room at Maxwell Towers. Staged by Ira Hards.

Lass has been a slavey in the boarding house of the ugly Mrs. Nicholson ever since she was taken from the arms of her dying mother. But the very day the ugly one is meanest to her, who should appear but a jolly old solicitor to carry Lass away to Maxwell Towers as the child and heir of the lady daughter of the house, who has been more sinned against than sinner, or at least as much. After which Ronald, Lord Maxwell, falls so in love with Lass and all her cute, innocent ways (she comes so openly to visit him in his rooms in her silk pajamas) that he ditches the proud but snippish Gwendolyn to marry her.

OTHELLO

Shakespeare's drama, staged and directed by Walter Hampden at the Shubert Theatre, New York, January 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Othello	Walter Hampden
Iago	Baliol Holloway
Cassio	Charles Francis
Brabantio	William Sauter
Roderigo	Reynolds Evans
Montano	Ernest Rowan
Lodovico	Robert Thorne
Gratiano	P. J. Kelly

Duke of Venice ..... Thomas F. Tracey
An Officer ..... Marcel Dill
A Sailor ..... Paul Guilfoyle
A Messenger ..... Jay Fassett
A Guard ..... Murray Darcy
Gentlemen of Cyprus—Frank Coletti, Louis Polan, Marcel Dill, Joseph Latham, Paul Guilfoyle
A Herald ..... Jay Fassett
Desdemona ..... Jeannette Sherwin and Mabel Moore
Emilia ..... Mary Hall
Bianca ..... Elsie Herndon Kearns

An acting version arranged in three acts and eight scenes, the first three in Venice and the last five in Cyprus.

PROCESSIONAL

A comedy by John Howard Lawson. Produced by The Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, January 12, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Boob Elkins ..... Ben Grauer
Isaac Cohen ..... Philip Loeb
Sadie Cohen ..... June Walker
Jake Psinski ..... Charles Halton
Pop Pratt ..... William T. Hays
MacCarthy ..... Carl Eckstrom
Bill ..... Alan Ward
Phillpots ..... Donald Macdonald
The Sheriff ..... Redfield Clarke
A Man in a Silk Hat ..... William P. Canfield
Old Maggie ..... Patricia Barclay
Mrs. Euphemia Stewart Flimins ..... Blanche Frederici
Dynamite Jim ..... George Abbott
Rastus ..... Samuel L. Manning
Slop ..... Robert Collyer
Smith ..... Stanley Lindahl
Gore ..... E. F. Bliss
First Soldier ..... Lee Strasberg
Second Soldier ..... Stanley Lindahl
Third Soldier ..... Samuel Chinitz
Soldiers and Miners—Roy Regua, Alvah Bessie, Arthur Sircom, Ernest Thompson, Harvey Tievs, Sanford Meisner.
Acts I, II, III and IV.—Outskirts of a Large Town in the West Virginia Coal Fields.

A somewhat distorted satire described as "a jazz symphony of American life." In a West Virginia mining town there is a strike of the miners, offering a background of industrial slavery for the play and silhouetting

against it scenes in which the blatant agitator, the purse-proud and psalm-singing capitalist, the howling one hundred per cent Ku Kluxer, the whining and protesting Jew and the ignorant, befuddled common citizen struggle to express themselves and their common protests against life in America.

ISABEL
AND
SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?

"Isabel," a comedy in three acts by Curt Goetz, followed by "Shall We Join the Ladies?" by J. M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre, New York, January 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

"ISABEL"

Aunt Olivia	Edna May Oliver
Isabel	Margaret Lawrence
Prof. Wilton Shawle	Lyonel Watts
Miteby	A. P. Kaye
Peter Graham	Leslie Howard

Acts I, II and III.—The Drawing Room of a Country House.

Cast of characters —

"SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES?"

Sam Smith	A. P. Kaye
Lady Jane Raye	Margaret Lawrence
Mr. Preen	Leslie Howard
Lady Wrathie	Shirley Gale
Sir Joseph Wrathie	Harry Plimmer
Mrs. Preen	Jane Saville
Captain Jennings	Henry Mowbray
Mrs. Castro	Ilka Chase
Mr. Vaile	Lyonel Watts
Mrs. Bland	Vera Fuller Mellish
Mr. Gourlay	Denis Gurney
Miss Isit	Grace Ade
Miss Vaile	Maud Andrew
An Officer	George Short
Lucy	Mary Heberden
Dolphin	Robert Noble

Scene—The Dining Room of Mr. Smith's Country House. Both Plays Staged by Frank Reicher.

Isabel, lively and loving, is married to Professor Shawle, scientist, who is more interested in his bugs than

he is in her. But Isabel believes him to be the hero of one of her childish adventures and is loyal. At least she is loyal until Peter Graham comes along and it develops that he and not the professor is the real hero she has been dreaming about. Then there is a lively flirtation ending in Isabel's promise to meet Peter at the brook that evening at eleven. At eleven Isabel goes out for a stroll, but not even the butler knows how far she intended to go.

"Shall We Join the Ladies?" is described by its author, J. M. Barrie, as the first act of an unfinished mystery play. Here twelve people at dinner at the end of a jolly week-end party are informed by their host that they have been gathered together from all sorts of places as the only twelve people in the world who are known to have been with his brother the night of the latter's murder in Monte Carlo. The assumption is that one of them did the deed. They all look and act guilty, and there is much mystery as the men leave the table to join the ladies.

TWO MARRIED MEN

A comedy by Vincent Lawrence. Produced by William Harris, Jr., at the Longacre Theatre, New York, January 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Eve Devant ..... Ann Andrews
Billings ..... Bruce Scott
Cora Stearns ..... Frances Carson
James Hunter ..... George Gaul
John Devant ..... Minor Watson
Frank Stearns ..... James Dale

Acts I, II and III.—Living Room at the Devants' Country House.
Staged by Clifford Brooke.

The Devants and the Stearns are friends, but in each case the romance of the women has bloomed, blos-

somed and gone to seed. Both Eve Devant and Cora Stearns are hopelessly bored at home and both in love with the handsome James Hunter. Hunter loves Eve, but pretends to love Cora to cover his flirtation. The Devant-Stearns husbands take counsel. Devant strongly advises primitive methods. Even to the point of physical violence. The more gentle Stearns protests, but when next his wife becomes obstreperous he calmly knocks her down. A few days later Devant discovers Eve's relations with Hunter and promptly knocks her down, too. The treatment appears to work with Eve, but Cora Stearns locks her husband out of the house.

THE LOVE SONG

An operetta, from the Hungarian and German, the adaptation and lyrics by Harry B. Smith; Offenbach's music selected and arranged by Edward Kunneke. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theatre, New York, January 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Pierre	William Lawley
Lizette	Zella Russell
Herminie	Evelyn Herbert
Petipas	Harry K. Morton
Hortense	Odette Myrtil
Offenbach	Allan Prior
Bourbon	William St. James
Colonel Bugeaud	John Dunsmure
Eugenie de Montijo	Dorothy Francis
Countess de Montijo	Eda Von Buelow
Spanish Dancer	Isabelle Rodrigues
The Duke de Persigny	John Moore
Prosper Merimee	Harry Glover
Victorian Sardou	J. W. Hull
The Emperor, Napoleon III	Harrison Brockbank
Countess Castiglion	Zola Talma
Lackey	Walter Kelly
Duroc	James Alderman
Babette	Edna Starck
Margot	Camille Robenette
Mme. de Marsac	Vivian Marlowe
Mlle. Marceau	Vera Hoppe
Franchette	Adell Howard

Corinne ..... Laura Hastings
Lieutenant ..... Donald Kinleyside
First Officer ..... Paul Keast
Second Officer ..... W. L. Robertson
Act I.—A Vineyard Near Prades, in the Pyrenees. Act II.—The Ballroom of the Tuileries. Act III.—Offenbach's Studio. Staged by Fred G. Latham.

The Offenbach melodies fitted to a story in which the young composer, vacationing in the Pyrenees, meets Eugenie de Montijo on her way to Paris, later to become the consort of Napoleon III. Offenbach loves Eugenie and she is the inspiration of many of his songs. Later in Paris he sees much of her, and once, when their enemies are particularly watchful, their rendezvous would have been exposed had it not been for Eugenie's best friend, Herminie.

THE VALLEY OF CONTENT

A play by Blanche Upright. Produced by Tom Wilkes at the Apollo Theatre, New York, January 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

John Benton ..... Ramsey Wallace
Marjorie Benton ..... Marjorie Rambeau
Nell Thurston ..... Auda Due
Rosebud Greeley ..... Ruth Harding
Josephine Wyeth ..... Katherine Revner
Elinor Benton ..... Jane Chapin
Howard Benton ..... Rex Cherryman
Templeton Druid ..... Harry C. Bannister
Griggs ..... Kevitt Manton
Geraldine De Lacy ..... Millicent Hanley
Katie Walsh ..... Grace Gordon
Act I.—Kitchen at the Bentons' and Drawing Room at "The Castle." Act II. The Castle. Act III.—A Flat in Harlem and the Benton Home.

John and Marjorie Benton are poor but happy in a small town when John thinks he is about to get a lot of money for a patent. If he does, says Marjorie, they will move at once to New York, where the children can have the proper advantages and she and papa can also

step out a bit. With John away to collect the fortune Marjorie dreams herself eighteen years older and in New York. Money has made rotters of her children, an awful flirt of John and completely ruined her own life. When she awakes in the last act, she is tickled pink to find that John's patent didn't sell and that they are still poor but happy in their valley of content.

CHAUVE-SOURIS

A Russian vaudeville organized by M. Nikita Balieff, presented by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, January 14, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Mmes. Deykarhanova
Tchoukleva
Karabanova
Birse
Ershova
Fechner
Kommissarjevskaya
Sperantseva
Zlatina
Savina

Messrs. Balieff
Amfimoff
Dalmatoff
Ermoloff
Mari-Touchnoff
Wurzel
Zotoff
Davidoff
Gorodetsky
Marievsky
Stoianovsky
Okorotchenkoff
Tcherniavsky
Sheftel

THE PIKER

A drama by Leon Gordon, based on a story by Oliver Eastwood, produced by A. H. Woods, at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, January 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Bernie Kaplan ..... Lionel Barrymore
Willie Riley ..... Alan Brooks
Fred Cunningham ..... Robert Cummings
George Howe ..... Harry E. McKee
The Waiter ..... James C. Malaidy

June Knight ..... Irene Fenwick
Alexander Montgomery ..... Frank Conroy
Mrs. Cunningham ..... Adrienne Morrison
Mr. Strong ..... W. A. Norton
Broderick ..... Charles Slattery

Prologue—Bernie Kaplan's Bedroom. Acts I and III.—Bernie's Apartment. Act II.—June's Apartment. Staged by Priestly Morrison.

Bernie Kaplan is a bank messenger. Falling in love with a chorus girl, he is crazy to have a new suit of clothes with an extra pair of pants. Seeing an envelope on the cashier's desk marked $50 he slips it into his pocket. At home he is overseen by his craftier roommate, Willie Riley, trying to hide the envelope. Willie demands his share. They open the envelope and find $50,000. Bernie wants to take it back. Willie induces him to keep it and thereafter blackmails him out of a good part of it. In six months Bernie is stripped, fleeced by the girl, her lover, Willie, and the bucketshop boys. When his girl quits him and calls him a piker, Bernie tries to get himself arrested that she may know he is a real thief. But even the police refuse to have anything to do with him. There has been a conviction for the bank theft—and the police never make mistakes. So they send Bernie to Bellevue.

CHINA ROSE

An operetta; libretto by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard; score by A. Baldwin Sloane. Produced by Charles Dillingham, Martin Beck, John Cort, at the Martin Beck Theatre, January 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Bang Bang ..... Alfred Kappeler
O Mi ..... Viola Gillette
Fli Wun ..... Miti Manley
Wi Lee ..... Geo. E. Mack
Pa Pa Wu ..... Robinson Newbold
Sing Sing ..... Billy Taylor
Cha Ming ..... J. Harold Murray

Ro See ..... Olga Steck
Hi ..... Harry Short
Lo ..... Harry Clarke
Wee Nee ..... Alice Bell
Sis Ta ..... Kathryn Miley

Act I.—Pagoda of Pa-Pa Wu, Chinese Gardens. Act II.—Slim Bamboo Forest and Throne Room Prince Cha Ming, Manchuria. Staged by R. H. Burnside.

Ro See, being the only unkissed maiden in the province, is much desired by Cha Ming, the well-known Prince of Manchuria. So Cha sends a couple of comedians, Hi and Lo, to bring Ro See over, the while he, Cha, pretends he is a bandit and follows. Everybody meets in the bamboo forest and all sing a bogie song. Shortly after which Ro See is kissed good.

THE STORK

A comedy by Laszlo Fodor. Adapted by Ben Hecht. Produced by Laurence Schwab and Frank Mandel, at the Cort Theatre, New York, January 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Justin ..... Thomas MacLarnie
Adolph ..... Ralph Shirley
Heloise ..... Barbara Bennett
Lionel Deport ..... Geoffrey Kerr
Susanne ..... Katherine Alexander
Jacques Morel ..... Ferdinand Gottschalk
Duvert ..... Lee Beggs
Martin ..... Monroe Childs
Bardou ..... Sam Coit
Margot ..... Wanda Lyon
Theophile Surat ..... Morgan Wallace
Adrienne ..... Mildred Brown
Fanny ..... Carlotta Irwin
The Bandmaster ..... Eugene Keith

Acts I and III.—Town House of Lionel Deport in Paris, France. Act II.—The Office of the Premier of France in Paris. Staged by Frederick Stanhope.

Lionel Deport, after numerous affairs, has married Susanne, simple and sweet and straight from the country. Arrived at the Deport ancestral home on their wedding night, Lionel is called immediately to take on

the duties of premier. He goes into conference, Susanne protesting, at twelve midnight. Thereafter Lionel is more taken with politics than he is with Susanne. His policy embraces the homes, firesides and cradles of France. He would fill them all with happy fathers, mothers and infants. He is so busy travelling and lecturing that Susanne again rebels. Let him look after his own home first. And to make that possible she conspires with the Socialists for his overthrow.

HELL'S BELLS

A comedy by Barry Conners. Produced by Herman Gantvoort at the Wallack's Theatre, New York, January 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Buck	Olive May
Nan Winchester	Shirley Booth
Jimmy Todhunter	Humphrey Bogart
"Jap" Stillson	Tom H. Walsh
D. O. O'Donnell	Eddie Garvie
Horace E. Pitkins	Joseph Greene
Mrs. Amos Todhunter	Camilla Crume
Abigail Stillson	Virginia Howell
Gladys Todhunter	Violet Dunn
Chief of Police Pitkins	Ernest Pollock
Dr. Bushell	Fletcher Harvey
Halligan	James Cherry
Swartz	Clifton Self
Riordon	Converse Tyler
Mahoney	George Spelvin

Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room of Tanglewood Lodge, New Dauville, Connecticut. Staged by John Hayden.

Jap Stillson and D. O. O'Donnell, Arizona prospectors, are in the East ballyhooing a mining stock deal. They throw money around so carelessly they attract the attention of the newspapers. But the day they go to New Dauville, Conn., to get even with Stillson's mean relatives, they receive a wire from the backer of the enterprise that all the promotion money is gone and they

had better hurry home. Before they can get away Stillson's relatives try to have him committed as insane, and a lonesome widow marries O'Donnell.

BEYOND

A drama in five acts by Walter Hasenclever, translated by Rita Matthias. Produced by the Experimental Theatre, Inc., at the Provincetown Theatre, New York, January 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jeane ..... Helen Gahagan
Raul ..... Walter Abel

Acts I, II, III, IV and V show Various Rooms in the House. Staged by Harold McGee.

An expressionistic drama in which He and She meet the night of her husband's death, and are immediately drawn into an intimate relationship. Thereafter their souls are afire until expiation of a kind is worked out through his killing of her.

THE DEPTHS

A play in three acts by Hans Mueller. Produced by Arch Selwyn in association with Adolph Klauber, at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, January 27, 1925.

Cast of characters —

A Lawyer ..... Gordon Burby
The Housekeeper ..... Jessie Ralph
Ilonka ..... Marion Evensen
Gusti ..... Edith Van Cleve
Anna ..... Jane Cowl
Herbert ..... Vernon Kelso
Karl ..... Rollo Peters
Karl's Mother ..... Jennie Eustace
A Passer-By ..... Charles Brokaw

Act I.—Anna's Room. Acts II and III.—Karl's Room.

Anna, born in sin and poverty, takes to the streets and meets the love of her life in the person of Karl, a young

composer. Also deeply in love with her, Karl insists, even after he discovers the life she has led, that Anna go home with him. They live at the top of Karl's house and Anna, good and loyal, still grows lonesome and tired in the forbiddingly respectable atmosphere. She is finally accepted by Karl's mother, but the night Karl conducts his first symphony she is barred from the hall. Discouraged she gets a little drunk and finally throws herself from the balcony that her unborn child may never know the life into which she feels she is slipping back.

THE SMALL TIMERS

A comedy in three acts by Knowles Entrikin. Produced by the Art Theatre, at the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, January 27, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Lola Benson	Camilla Farquhar
Frances Dewitt	Alice Laidley
Carter Dewitt	Kirk Ames
Bill Hammond	Gilbert Cowan
Betty Dewitt	Suzanne Austin
Tommy Devlin	Leslie John Cooley
Eugenia Mallory	Helene Mitchel
Abigail Mallory	Julie Barnard
Estelle Mallory	Mary Marsh
Hector Mallory	Mortimer White
Jeremy Devlin	Parker Fennelly
Joseph Calderon	Owen Meech
Maisie	Bertha Grey
Gracie	Dorothy Grey
McCavendish	Albert Reed
Pocock	Thomas Fadden
Ben	Louis Mason
Madame Angelique	Blanche Seymour
The Pianist	Charles Wagner
The Manager	Marshall Hale
Mrs. Duggan	Kate Mayhew

Act I.—A Charity Fete. Act II.—Backstage at the Playtime Palace. Act III.—Abigail's Room. Staged by Henry Stillman and the Author.

Tommy Devlin, seventeen and disappointed in love, decides to go in for art and the stage. Taking with

him Abigail Mallory, his lost love's younger sister, he tramps the agencies looking for a chance to act until he gets a job at a hick vaudeville theatre in Jersey. There they try out as "Booth and Delano," but fail miserably. After which they find their way back to Westchester County and home.

OUT OF STEP

A comedy in six scenes by A. A. Kline. Produced by The Dramatists' Theatre, Inc., at the Hudson Theatre, New York, January 29, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Henry ("Babe") Harrison	Eric Dressler
Maurice Harrison	George W. Williams
Mrs. Harrison	Dallas Tyler
Edith Rayder	Marcia Byron
Albert Rayder	Edmund Elton
Charles Rayder	Percy Moore
Fred Rayder	Malcolm Duncan
Harry Gelden	Arthur Allen
Daisy Gelden	Renita Randolph
Agnes Martin	Miriam Doyle
Marie Warner	Ruth Garland
William Hawk	George Foster
Helen Sears	Anita Booth
Tom Lynch	Arthur Hughes
Victor Marshall	Milano Tilden
Barney	Harry Gresham
Mrs. Brown	Madge Surtees
Nettie	Muriel Kirkland
Adele	Maida Harries
Ray	Aillene Loeb
Margery	Betty Utmore
Gertie	Rose Hobart
Charlotte	Sarah Haden
Carmella	Berry Middleton
Hilda	Ermee Willett
Jen	Alice Mason
Bess	Mary Arden
Irene	Virginia Sinclair
Joe	Clarke Painter
Dudley	Richard Abbott
Andy	Allen Vincent
Sammy	Winston Lee
Dave	Leonard White
Jack	Bert Yarborough
Bill	John Brainerd

Peter ..... William S. Miles
Bert ..... Arnold Taylor
Scenes Include Paradise Pier, Atlantic City, 1920. Rayder's Department Store, Zanesville, Ohio, 1924, "Babe's" Home, Zanesville, Ohio, and the Piccadilly Hotel, Atlantic City. Staged by James Forbes.

Henry Harrison is known in Atlantic City as the "jazz baby," because he certainly can dance. There is something about the jazz that just sets Henry quivering. Still, he is a nice boy and when Edith Rader, daughter of the town's merchant prince, sets his thoughts on marrying he is ready to marry her and go in earnestly for a business career. The Raders send the young people to Zanesville, Ohio, where Henry is to manage the store. But three years of it is all he can stand. The family is forever jumping on him, and when he organizes a jazz band among the employees they practically fire him out. Back to Atlantic City he goes, and from there to lead an orchestra in New York. Edith, after a struggle, decides to go with him.

SHE HAD TO KNOW

A comedy in three acts, by Paul Geraldy, adapted by Grace George. Produced at the Times Square Theatre, New York, February 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Gerry ..... Grace George
Philip ..... Bruce McRae
Steven ..... Frederick Worlock
Jack ..... H. Tyrrell Davis
Beaugard ..... Edward H. Wever
Kitty ..... Charlotte Ives
Louise ..... Anita Damrosch
Catherine ..... Barbara Kitson
Acts I, II and III.—The Living Room in a Country House. Staged by John Cromwell.

Gerry and Philip have been married ten years and are happy. Then Kitty happens along. Kitty is Gerry's oldest friend, and, for some strange reason, always in

trouble with the men. Kitty has been married and divorced and is still pursued. Gerry can't understand why it is that she apparently has none of this curious thing called sex appeal. Why has nature overlooked her? Or has she been overlooked? She just has to know. First she asks her husband, but he can't tell. He doesn't recall that she ever was very exciting to him before they were married; just sweet and lovable. Then she experiments with a man guest or two, and is finally satisfied.

PUZZLES OF 1925

A revue in two acts. Conceived by Elsie Janis. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Fulton Theatre, New York, February 2, 1925.

Principals engaged —

Elsie Janis
Jimmie Hussey
Walter Pidgeon
Lester Crawford
Cyril Richard
Cortez and Peggy
The Commanders Band
O'Donnel, Blair & Co.
Staged by Elsie Janis.

Helen Broderick
Dorothy Appleby
Shirley Vernon
Helen McDonald
Irma Irving
Dorothy Irving
Janet Stone
DeHaven and Nice

DON'T BOTHER MOTHER

A comedy in four acts by E. B. Dewing and Courtenay Savage. Produced by Messrs. Bender and Storm, at the Little Theatre, New York, February 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Tom Robinson ..... Borden Harriman
Antonio (Tony) ..... E.B. Dewing
Madame Godiva ..... Margaret Mower
Robert Robinson ..... Albert Bruning
Millicent Ray ..... Mary Hall
Walter Kimberly ..... Jay Fassett
Angelo Terrie ..... Joseph Macaulay

Maude Robinson ..... Mary Fox
The scene of the play is in the morning room of Millicent Ray's apartment.

Millicent Ray, an attractive actress of ingenue rôles, has turned forty and is worried. For twenty years she has kept a perfectly good husband and two grown children under cover. Also she has preserved her faith in her youth by periodically falling in love with her handsomer leading men. Now, however, that she is in love with Angelo she finds she is in competition with a crafty little dressmaker who also wants him. She is beaten this time and goes back to her family and her home chastened if not entirely subdued.

THE UNDERCURRENT

A play in three acts by William H. McMasters. Produced by Barrie, Inc., at the Cort Theatre, New York, February 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Helen Mills ..... Lee Patrick
Manley Bryce ..... Lyons Wickland
Mrs. Mills ..... Elsie Esmond
Doctor Blair ..... Grant Stewart
Jason Mills ..... Harry Beresford
Benson ..... Frank Hubert
Spaulding ..... Walter Soderling
Tom Flanagan ..... Frank Shannon
Jock McNaughton ..... Victor Beecroft
Edith Spaulding ..... Alison Bradshaw
Acts I, II and III.—The Mills' Library. Staged by Frank McCormack.

Jason Mills is achieving a record as the meanest man in the world. He growls at the help, throws his daughter's admirer, Manley Bryce, out of the house, refuses to treat with the strikers in his mills and is generally rotten. Then he runs into a Fifth Avenue bus, is knocked severely in the head, suffers a period of delirium during which his subconscious mind, long submerged, takes charge of him, and the next day he is kindness and generosity personified.

EPISODE

A comedy drama in three acts by Gilbert Emery. Produced by Lee Shubert at the Bijou Theatre, New York, February 4, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Filkin ..... Edmund Norris
Elise ..... Eva Ward
Evelyn Ryesdale ..... Kathleen Macdonell
Herbert Ballinger ..... Gilbert Emery
Arnold Ryesdale ..... William Courtleigh
Alfred Leadbeater ..... Eugene Powers

The Three Acts of the Play Take Place in the Library of the Ryesdales' New York House on a Day in September, 1924, the Episode Occupying a Period of Some Three Hours. Staged by Melville Burke.

The Ryesdales and the Ballingers, belonging to New York's ultra exclusive and very rich social set, have been friends for years. Herbert Ballinger and Arnold Ryesdale, in fact, were bachelor cronies. But the day the Ballingers give a dinner for the Prince of Wales, Ryesdale discovers that some years back his wife, Evelyn, had been unfaithful and his friend Ballinger was the guilty man. The discovery follows Ryesdale's finding of an emerald ring in his wife's jewelry box of which she can give no satisfactory account. Faced with the facts, the three former friends talk the situation over sanely. The episode is passed and they all want to forget it. But Evelyn Ryesdale thinks she had better go to Paris for a divorce.

A GOOD BAD WOMAN

A play in three acts by William J. McNally. Produced by William A. Brady and A. H. Woods. At the Comedy Theatre, New York, February 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Archie Capper ..... Donald Cameron
Mrs. Capper ..... Florence Earle
Dr. Carlyle Lawler ..... Robert Strange

June Lawler ..... Edith King
Bobbie Lawler ..... Doris Freeman
Eileen Donovan ..... Helen MacKellar
Tim Donovan ..... Walter Law
Otto ..... Walter Kenny
Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of the Capper Suite at the Hotel Miramont.

Eileen Donovan, back in her home town after several years spent on the streets and in the burlesque shows of New York, is engaged as attendant upon the rich Mrs. Capper, a neurotic. That night she seduces Archie Capper, who is really in love with June Lawler, the unhappy wife of Dr. Lawler. A year later, realizing the situation, Eileen schemes to get the mean Dr. Lawler into a compromising position and then send for her father, the blacksmith. The blacksmith stabs the doctor to death, June and Archie are free to marry and Eileen sadly goes on being tough.

LOGGERHEADS

A comedy in three acts by Ralph Cullinan. Produced by Whitford Kane and Barry Macollum at the Cherry Lane Theatre, New York, February 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Corny Halpin ..... Whitford Kane
Ellen Halpin ..... Gail Kane
Norah Halpin ..... Joanna Roos
Padna Collins ..... Barry Macollum
Christie Barrett ..... Earle House
Acts I, II and III.—In the Kitchen of Corny Halpin's House, near the Seacoast Village of Lahinch, County Clare, Ireland.

Norah Halpin's determination to become a bride of the church helps to bring an end to a Halpin-Barrett feud that had separated Ellen Halpin and Christie Barrett in their youth.

THE DARK ANGEL

A play in a prologue and three acts by H. B. Trevelyan. Produced by Robert Milton at the Longacre Theatre, New York, February 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Kitty Fahnestock	Patricia Collinge
Hilary Trent	Reginald Mason
Roma	Florence Edney
Sir Evelyn Fahnestock	Stanley Logan
Gerald Shannon	John Williams
Lord Francis Beaumont, "Franny"	Claud Allister
"Vi" Beaumont	Auriol Lee
Madge Wilmerding	Elsie Mackaye
Winnie Mitcham	Joan MacLean
Tom Trowbridge	Barry O'Neill
Jowett	J. H. Brewer
Miss Smallwood	Molly Pearson

Prologue—A Bedroom in The Vinery Inn, 1918. Acts I and II. The Dower House on The Fahnestock Estate. 1924. Act III.—A Cottage at Wendover.

Kitty Fahnestock and Capt. Hilary Trent are engaged and when he is suddenly ordered back to the French front in 1918 there is no time for them to get a special license and be married. Consequently they have their honeymoon and put off the ceremony. Trent is reported killed and Kitty mourns his passing for five years. The day she surrenders to a newer and stronger love, that of Gerald Shannon, she learns that Trent is still alive, living in obscurity because he is blind. Kitty goes to him and offers to renew her pledge, but Trent refuses to accept the sacrifice and the young people are induced to go ahead with their plans.

THE RAT

A play in three acts by David L'Estrange. Produced by Earl Carroll at the Colonial Theatre, New York, February 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Zelie de Chaumet	Teddy Gerard
Therese	Helen Sinnott

Madeleine Sornay ..... Dana Desboro
Baron Herman Stetz ..... C. H. Croker-King
Detective Inspector Caillard ..... Jack Motte
Paul ..... Wallace McCutcheon
Franco ..... Cyrus Staehle
Barras ..... C. Barry Kenton
Mme. Colline ..... Florence Gerald
America ..... Frances Nanine
Mou Mou ..... Grace Stafford
Rose ..... Jeanne Wardley
Peggy ..... Lucille Upton
Andre ..... Elizabeth Howard
Paulette ..... Roberta Pierre
Gaby ..... Ruth Chandler
Marcelle ..... Jeanne Dare
Babette ..... Hilda Lappner
Alphonse ..... Jack de Fay
Jean ..... George D. McKay
Mimi ..... Suzanne Bennett
Chicot ..... Chris Scaife
Pierre Boucheron, "The Rat" ..... Horace Braham
Odile ..... Katherine Revner

Act I.—The Bar of "The White Coffin." Act II.—The Rat's Lodging, the Baron's Study, and Zelie's Apartment. Act III.—The Rat's Lodging. Staged by Earl Carroll.

Pierre Boucheron, an Apache known as "The Rat," attracts the attention of Zelie de Chaumet, a high-caste courtesan, who invites him uptown. Visiting Zelie he hears that he has been invited there by a ruse to get him away from his own apartment, where he is protecting a pretty orphan named Odile. Rushing back to Odile he kills the man who is about to attack her. Odile takes the blame, and the Rat suffers fearfully in his conscience until the court frees her and they are reunited.

THE DOVE

A melodrama in three acts by Willard Mack, based on a story by Gerald Beaumont, produced by David Belasco, at the Empire Theatre, New York, February 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mike Morowich ..... Sidney Toler
Madame Doublechin ..... Josephine Deffrey

Don Jose Maria Lopez y Tostado	Holbrook Blinn
Johnny Powell	William Harrigan
Madge	Ruth Dayton
Bertha	Vanita La Nier
Louise	Helene Handin
Anita	Mignon Ranseer
Myra	Susanna Rossi
Marie	Billie Rudell
Cigarette Girl	Betty Welsh
Little Bill	William Norris
Dolores Romero	Judith Anderson
Flora Ray	Rachel Hunter
Annabell Flores	Julia McCabe
A Chinaman	Sam Kim
John Boise	Wilson Reynolds
Maybelle	Beatrice Banyard
Floorman at Brayfield's	James Keane
Anita	Betty Brenska
Pancho Gonzales	John Harrington
Juanita	Dorothy Day
Captain of Military Police	F. du Chaillu-Dalton
Garcia	Earle Mitchell
His Wife	Isobel del Rey

Act I.—The Purple Pigeon Cafe, Mexicana, Mexico. Act II.—Brayfield's Gambling House, Across the Street. Act III.—The Patio Back of the Purple Pigeon and the Casa Cruz. Staged by David Belasco.

Dolores Romero, wearing the blue ribbon of chastity in a Mexican cabaret, is much desired by Don Jose, a rich and powerful and likewise ugly caballero. Dolores, however, prefers Johnny Powell, an Irish-American who runs a dice game across the street. And when Don Jose tries to get Johnny killed and finally has him in jail, and after Dolores has tried to trade her body for his release, the wicked Don has a change of heart and lets the young people escape.

EMPEROR JONES (Revival)
AND
THE DREAMY KID

"Emperor Jones," a revival of the play in eight scenes by Eugene O'Neill, followed by "The Dreamy Kid," a play in one act by Eugene O'Neill, produced by

Harry Weinberger, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, February 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

An Old Native Woman ..... Anyce Francis
Harry Smithers ..... Cecil Clovelly
Brutus Jones ..... Paul Robeson
Jeff ..... Clement O'Loghlen
The Negro Convicts—Kirk Ames, Robert Forsyth, James Meighan, Frank Wilson.
The Prison Guard ..... James Martin
The Planters—Clement O'Loghlen, Robert Forsyth, John Brewster, H. M. Van Cleve.
The Spectators ..... Agnes Marsh, Edna Thomas
The Auctioneer ..... James Martin
The Slaves—Messrs. O'Loghlen, Forsyth, Wilson, Brewster, Van Cleve
The Congo Witch Doctor ..... James Meighan
Lem ..... Frank Wilson
Soldiers, Adherents of Lem—Messrs. O'Loghlen, Forsyth, Martin Brewster, Van Cleve.

The action of the play takes place in a West Indian Island not yet self-determined by white Marines. The form of Government is, for the moment, an empire.

Cast of characters —

THE DREAMY KID

Mammy Saunders ..... Agnes Marsh
Abe ..... Frank Wilson
Ceely Ann ..... Anyce Francis
Irene ..... Edna Thomas

Mammy Saunders' Bedroom in a House just off of Carmine Street, New York City.

See "Best Plays, 1920-21."

CAPE SMOKE

A play in three acts by Walter Archer Frost. Produced by Charles K. Gordon at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, February 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Umtata ..... Donald Lashley
Kudu ..... Louis Schooler
Sixpence ..... Allan Waith
Hugh Chadwell ..... Percy Waram
Neal ..... Horace Pollock
Diggy ..... Henry Walters
Doctor Hammerstone ..... Frazer Coulter

Jim Fraser ..... Sir Gerard Maxwell Willshire
Ann Netherby ..... Alice Dunn
Sybout Jacobus Zelig ..... Georges E. Romain
Catherine Bradbroke ..... Ruth Shepley
John Ormsby ..... James Rennie
Gregory Bradbroke ..... John D. Seymour
Witch Doctor ..... Francis Corbie
Bomba ..... Nathaniel Sack
Bank Messenger ..... Chandler Myers

Act I.—Veranda of the Regent Club, Northeast Cape Colony. Act II.—The Old Zelig Farmhouse. Act III.—Doctor Hammerstone's Bungalow. Direction of A. E. Anson.

John Ormsby, a young Texan grown suddenly rich from a strike of oil, is in South Africa, near Kimberley. On a visit to the Regent Diamond mine he meets a group of Englishmen, broke and unhappy, and eager to sell him a mining option that they may get back to London. The principal lure to hold him until he is interested is Catherine Bradbroke, a young Englishwoman bound to a Boer family for an unpaid debt. Ormsby, in love with Catherine, is so impressed with a witch doctor's prophecy that a curse has been placed on all the men of the party that he writes a check for half a million to stave off the particular curse against himself until he can get out of the country. Before the money is spent Ormsby discovers the plant and that Catherine had no willing part in it.

NATJA

An operetta in three acts. Score adapted from Tschaikowsky by Karl Hajos; lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Produced by B. C. and F. C. Whitney at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, February 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Catherine II, the Czarina ..... Mary Mellish
Prince Potemkin, Governor of the Crimea..... George Reimherr
Count Panin ..... Alexander Clark
Lieut. Vladimir Strogonoff ..... Warren Proctor
Natja Narishkin ..... Madeline Collins
Madame Mellin ..... Claire Grenville

Princess Lubina ..... Marguerite Austin
Baron Wronsky ..... Matthew Hanley
Ali ..... John Willard
The Czarina's Maid ..... Jamie Zucca
A Crimean Peasant ..... Leon Kartavin
A Peasant Girl ..... Theresa Fellegi
Pages ..... Betty Archer, Anne Tunney
Ladies in Waiting ..... Laura Saunders, Theola Vincent
Alternate for Natja ..... Ira Jeane
Alternate for Catherine ..... Fanille Davies
Act I.—Reception Room in the Winter Palace. Acts II and III. —In the Crimea. Staged by Edgar MacGregor.

Natja Narishkin, knows the Prince Potemkin, the Crimea's representative at the Court of Catherine II, is misrepresenting her country and her people. She also knows of Catherine's interest in handsome young men. Disguising herself in knickerbockers and pleasant youthful ways, Natja invades the Court, wins the attention of Catherine, fights the influential Potemkin with his own weapons, which are mostly vocal, and finally wins relief for her oppressed people.

NOCTURNE

A play in four acts by Henry Stillman. Produced by Henry Stillman, at the Punch and Judy Theatre, New York, February 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Emmy Blanchard ..... Sydney Thompson
Pa Blanchard ..... Mortimer White
Jenny Blanchard ..... Kay Laurell
Alf Rylett ..... Thomas Fadden
The Chauffeur ..... Sidney Stanislaus
Keith Reddington ..... Warren William
Act I.—The Blanchards' Kitchen. Evening. Act II.—The Yacht. A Few Minutes Later. Act III.—The Kitchen. Midnight. Act IV.—The Same. Four Months Later.

A dramatization of Frank Swinnerton's novel.

HOUSES OF SAND

A drama in three acts by G. Marion Burton. Produced by Michael Mindlin at the Hudson Theatre, New York, February 17, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Eric Ford ..... Theodore Westman
Sachi ..... Naoe Kondo
Miss Kane (Golden Fragrance) ..... Vivienne Osborne
Bruce Demarest ..... Ethelbert Hales
Hugh Schuyler ..... Charles A. Bickford
Arthur Demarest ..... Paul Kelly
Yumato ..... George Probert
Alice Demarest ..... Edith Shayne
Jepson ..... George Spelvin
Mrs. Steele ..... Gladys Hanson
Dorothy Steele ..... Elise Bartlett

Act I.—Japanese Booth of the All-Nation Bazaar, and Living Room of the Demarest Home. Act II.—The Shop of Yumato and the Living Room in the Demarest Home. Act II.—Demarest Living Room. Staged by Daniel V. Arthur and Clifford Brooke.

Arthur Demarest, just out of college and very popular, falls desperately in love with Miss Kane, a Japanese girl, at a charity bazaar. Pursuing his quest he encounters strong opposition on the part of both his own and the girl's father. He also finds himself curiously drawn to the Orientals and all their ways. And in the end he discovers that he is half Japanese himself, the child of such a romance as Lieutenant Pinkerton, U. S. A., enjoyed in the opera "Butterfly."

TANGLETOES

A play in three acts by Gertrude Purcell. Produced by Edmund Plohn at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, February 17, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Julius Hart ..... Lee Kohlmar
Elinor Blake ..... Beatrice Nichols
Freddie ..... Max Montesole
Stella LeRoy ..... Agnes Sanford
Maude Allaire ..... Betty Alden

Tony Kemp ..... Walker Ellis
Francie ..... Mildred MacLeod
Arthur Griswold ..... Morgan Farley
Mary ..... Elizabeth Dunne
Jean Baptiste ..... Joaquin Souther

Act I.—The Apartment of Elinor and Francie, New York City. Act II.—Home of the Arthur Griswolds. Act III.—Apartment of Tony Kemp. Staged by Edwin Maxwell and Hubert Druce.

Francie, in the chorus, having quarrelled with Tony Kemp, meets, loves and marries Arthur Griswold, a serious young writer who hopes to save her from the Broadway life she has embraced. Six months in the suburbs with the serious Arthur, however, is enough for Francie and, on his refusal to take her to a party organized by her old associates, she rushes back. That night she stays in town with Tony Kemp. The next day Arthur leaves her forever and she goes back to the chorus.

EXILES

A play in three acts by James Joyce. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, February 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Richard Rowan ..... Ian Maclaren
Bertha ..... Phyllis Joyce
Archie ..... Lois Shore
Robert Hand ..... Malcolm Fassett
Beatrice Justice ..... Dorothy Sands
Brigid ..... Marie Quinn

Acts I and III.—Drawing Room of Richard Rowan's House at Merrion. Act II.—Robert Hand's House at Ranelagh. Directed by Agnes Morgan.

Richard Rowan, a sensitive and imaginative writer, suspects his best friend, Robert Hand, is seeking to drag Mrs. Rowan into an affair. Tortured with jealousy, he still refuses to attempt to hold his wife or avenge his honor by any of the conventional methods, but suffers nobly and talks the situation over freely with the puzzled but interested parties of the second and third parts.

WHITE COLLARS

A comedy in three acts by Edith Ellis, from a story by Edgar Franklin. Produced by Frank Egan at the Cort Theatre, New York, February 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

William Van Luyn	John Marston
Joan Thayer	Mona Kingsley
Cousin Henry	Clark Silvernail
Helen Thayer	Rea Martin
Mr. Thayer	Frederick Burton
Mrs. Thayer	Frances Underwood
Frank Thayer	Donald McClelland
Sally Van Luyn	Cornelia Otis Skinner
Tom Gibney	Robert Craig

Act I.—Office of William Van Luyn and Dining Room in the Thayer Flat. Act II.—Parlor of the Thayer Flat. Act III.—The Thayer Dining Room.

Joan Thayer, Barnard graduate and secretary to the rich young William Van Luyn, accepts his declaration of a love that is far too great to be stopped by a difference in their social stations and marries him. But she insists he must know her middle-class family as it really is, and, after the honeymoon, Van Luyn returns to the Thayer apartment to live. Greatly to the surprise of all the Thayers, and particularly to that of a young socialist, Cousin Henry, Van Luyn not only proves his democracy but threatens to give all his money away to the common people, the white collar people, in an effort to lighten their burdens. The white collar attitude changes abruptly at the prospect.

ARIADNE

A comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne. Produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, February 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ariadne Winter	Laura Hope Crews
John Winter	Lee Baker

Mary ..... Armina Marshall
Hector Chadwick ..... Orlando Daly
Hester Chadwick ..... Catherine Proctor
Janet Ingleby ..... Frieda Inescort
Horace Meldru ..... Harry Mestayer
Acts I, II and III.—The Drawing Room of the Winters' House in Melchester, New England.

The Winters, Ariadne and John, have quarrelled over Horace Meldrum. Ariadne insists he is a bounder and has tried to flirt with her. John sniffs at the idea and insists Meldrum is a valuable client and should be cultivated. Thereupon Ariadne, to cure John, starts a real flirtation with Meldrum which is sufficiently threatening to excite John and scare Meldrum.

THE VIRGIN OF BETHULIA

A play in three acts by Gladys Unger, adapted from Henri Bernstein's "Judith." Produced by Lee Shubert at the Ambassador Theatre, New York, February 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Abigail ..... Marjorie McLucas
Judith ..... Julia Hoyt
Addah ..... Ann Davis
Saaph ..... George Baxter
Charmi ..... Albert Howson
Hasphenor ..... Thurlow Bergen
Berose ..... Fred Beane
Astouber ..... George Allen
Sissaroch ..... Lee Beggs
Isrkim ..... Warburton Guilbert
Holophernes ..... McKay Morris
Vagoo ..... Effingham Pinto
Chinchaour ..... George Rogers
Eunuch ..... Gus Alexander
Dancer ..... Elaine Lettor
Act I.—Judith's Oratory in Bethulia. Act II.—Holophernes' Camp. Act III.—The Anteroom and the Sleeping Chamber. Staged by Lawrence Marston.

Holophernes and his army are bearing down upon the village of Bethulia. Judith, cold and haughty, but

deeply respected, seeks to save the town and her people by going to the camp of Holophernes with the intention of gaining access to the warrior and stabbing him. The adventure of Judith is successful, save that she is turned from the achievement of her mission for twenty-four hours through the great love she suddenly feels for the handsome general.

TWO BY TWO

A comedy in three acts by John Turner and Eugenie Woodward. Produced by Jessy Trimble, Inc., at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, February 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Cleves	Charlotte Walker
Elinor Cleves	Minette Buddecke
Richard Graham	Howard Lindsay
Lida Carroll	Beatrice Herford
Lord Leighton	Lawrance D'Orsay
E. Lorrilard Price	St. Clair Bayfield
Father Hollister	Arthur Lewis
Nehemiah	Frank I. Frayne
Sally	Maud Durand
Herbert	W. Leete Stone
Frank Phillips	Lionel Ferrend
Jim Hoskins	Robert Ryles
Jack Eaton	Almerin M. Gowing
Pauline	Elinor Wells
A Clerk	H. F. Clarens
Another Clerk	F. H. Day
Guard	Frank Miller

Also in the Marriage License Bureau—Haroldine Humphreys, Una Merkle, Conway Sawyer, Wilma Henderson, Lucille Lortel, May Donaldson, Audrey St. Clair, Eva Victor, Jane Blanchard and Mesdames Meyers and Fredrichson, Joseph Mitchell, Jack Daniels, William Parke, Jr., George Maxwell, E. L. Hackes, Frank Steinway, M. Ratner, Alfred Goldie and Master Edwin Philips.

Act I.—In the Marriage License Bureau, and Reception Room of Mrs. Cleves' House. Act II.—Living Room of The Leap, and the Bridal Chamber. Act III.—Living Room of The Leap, and in the Marriage License Bureau.

Mrs. Cleves, an attractive widow, about to marry secretly young Richard Graham, seeks a little patronizingly to instruct her man-shy daughter in the way of

capturing a mate. Listening intently, Elinor profits so amazingly by the instruction that she promptly captures Richard Graham, who leaves Mother waiting at the marriage license bureau. Mother is later consoled by an older flame, one Lord Leighton.

THE WILD DUCK

A play in five acts by Henrik Ibsen. Produced by The Actors' Theatre, at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, February 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Pettersen ..... George Bratt
Jensen ..... Francis Sadtler
Old Ekdal ..... Cecil Yapp
Mrs. Sorby ..... Pearl Sindelar
Chamberlain Flor ..... Henry Carvill
Chamberlain Balle ..... Charles Angelo
Chamberlain Kasperson ..... John Brewster
Werle ..... Moffat Johnston
Gregers Werle ..... Tom Powers
Hialmar Ekdal ..... Warburton Gamble
Graberg ..... Milton J. Bernd
Gina ..... Blanche Yurka
Hedvig ..... Helen Chandler
Relling ..... Thomas Chalmers
Molvik ..... Philip Leigh
Guests—Oliver S. Putnam, Romney Brent, Mischa Auer, Harry Hatch, Warner Tufts, Eugene Keith.
Waiters ..... Edgar Henning, Kenneth Dana
Staged by Dudley Digges and Clare Eames.
Act I.—Werle's House. Acts II, III, IV and V.—Hialmar Ekdal's Studio.

Gregers Werle returns to his native village to find his father, whom he has learned to suspect and despise since the death of his mother, about to contract a second marriage. He also finds Gina, his father's former mistress living as the wife of the village photographer, Hjalmar, a booming nit-wit. With them live their fourteen-year-old daughter and Hjalmar's father, who once shouldered a crime of which Gregers' father was guilty. Crusading

for "The claim of the ideal," young Gregers, in the cause of truth, manages to expose and so upset the lives of these people that he drives them all to despair and inspires the suicide of Hedwig.

NIGHT HAWK

A comedy in three acts by Roland Oliver. Produced by Charles J. Mulligan and Paul M. Trebitsch at the Bijou Theatre, New York, February 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Agnes Merrill ..... Kathleen Lowry
Dr. Perry Colt ..... Byron Beasley
Walter Colt ..... Leonard Doyle
Maisie Buck ..... Mary Newcomb
Mrs. Hayes ..... Kathlyn Tracey

Acts I, II and III.—In the Consultation Room of Dr. Colt. New York City. Staged by Arthur Hurley.

Maisie Buck, a woman of the streets, reads in her physician's office an account of the Steinach treatment for rejuvenation and begs that she be treated. If the doctor will give her that second chance at life, Maisie insists, she will swear to go straight. Won over by her pleading and promises, the doctor performs the operation and Maisie apparently drops fifteen of her forty years. She holds to her promise to live uprightly, but grows lonesome and discouraged. The doctor advises her to marry some good man and forget her past. Whereupon she meets and fascinates the doctor's younger brother. Called to account by the physician, Maisie quotes his own advice to her, but agrees to release the young man. She will go West and keep house for her farmer brother in Kansas.

SKY HIGH

A musical production by Harold Atteridge and Captain Harry Graham; music by Robert Stolz, Alfred Goodman, Carlton Kelsey and Maurie Rubens. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert, at the Shubert Theatre, New York, March 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Attendant ..... Walter Johnson
Montague Lush ..... Roland Hogue
Cloak Room Girl. ..... Dorothy McNulty
Bar Maid ..... Lillian McNeil
Patricia Devere ..... Dorothy Hathaway
Lord Brancaster ..... Edward Douglas
Florence Horridge ..... Joyce Barbour
Helen ..... Marcella Swanson
Marian ..... Emily Miles
Aggie ..... Ann Milburn
Sammy Myers ..... Willie Howard
Ratwell of Scotland Yard ..... Bert Shadow
Mr. Gray ..... Thomas Whitely
Delphine de Lavalliere ..... Vannessi
Horace Deveridge ..... Mercer Templeton
Alfred Horridge, Esq. ..... Florenz Ames
Dr. Carter ..... Thomas Whitely
Mrs. Horridge ..... Violet Englefield
Duke of Dulchester ..... Roland Hogue
Duchess of Dulchester ..... Stella Shiel
Lily ..... Betty Pecan
Philips ..... Walter Johnson
Six Little Dippers—Hazel Beamer, Marjorie Lane, Ysobel Cayer, Dorothy Hathaway, Charlotte Ayers, Ruth Mayon.
Specialty Dancers—Ruth Mayon, Dorothy Hathaway, Ysabel Cayer, Dorothy McNulty, Margy Whitney, Gay Worrell, Emma Wyche, Peggy Brown, Freddie Murray.
Act I.—Foyer of the Majestic Music Hall, London. Act II.—The Horridges' House. Act III.—Antoine's Beauty Shop. Staged by Fred G. Latham and Alexander Leftwich. Supervised by J. J. Shubert.

Sammy Myers, an attendant of sorts around a theatre, takes over the job of valet to another pretender. This latter has inherited a barber shop and passes himself off as a lord to be near the heroine. Sammy assists the comedy exposures and also substitutes as a comic barber.

THE COMPLEX

A drama in three acts by Louis E. Bisch. Produced by The Reed Producers, Inc., at the Booth Theatre, New York, March 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Blink	Robert Montgomery
Miss Septima Windle	Miss Percy Haswell
Terry Peters	Georges Backus
Mr. John Weston	Pacie Ripple
Felicia Windle	Dorothy Hall
Roger Amory Weston	William A. Williams
Dr. Hale	Robert Harrison
Miss Birch	Mildred Lee
Felix Whitteredge	William Balfour

Act I.—Room in a hotel near New York City. Acts II and III.—Office of Dr. Hale. Staged by Miss Percy Haswell.

The night Felicia Windle and Roger Weston are married, after having known each other four years and been engaged two, Felicia leaves Roger. She is prey to some influence which prevents her accepting her husband, though she is certain of her love for him. At the verge of a nervous breakdown Felicia's case is given into the hands of a psycho-analyst. Probing into her unconscious mind, through kindly interviews and dream interpretations, the analyst uncovers a father image that has been troubling Felicia. She has always believed her father to be dead. Her mother died when Felicia was born and she was brought up by a devoted but jealous and superstitious aunt. This aunt, knowing Felicia's father to be a rotter, has paid him to keep in the background. Now, to save Felicia's mind, she is forced to trot him out. Seeing him, Felicia's mind is cleared of her childish image of him as an ideal and she runs to the arms of her husband.

LOUIE THE 14TH

A musical play from the German. American adaptation and lyrics by Arthur Wimperis; music by Sigmund

Romberg. Produced by F. Ziegfeld at the Cosmopolitan Theatre, New York, March 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Major the Hon. Harold Byngham, D.S.C., M.C. .... Hugh Wakefield
The Village Cure ..... Frederick Graham
Captain Gallifet ..... Joseph Letora
Colette de Cassagnac ..... Doris Patston
Bill ..... Charles Mast
Spud ..... Al Baron
Bob ..... Al Havrilla
Francois Pochard ..... Edouard Durand
Captain William Brent, A. E. F. ..... Harry Fender
Sergeant A. E. F. ..... Charles Mast
Louie Ketchup ..... Leon Errol
Gabrielle Trapmann ..... Ethel Shutta
General Chanson ..... Alfred James
The Comptesse de Bellac ..... Judith Vosselli
Marie Pochard ..... Simone DeBouvier
Patricia Brent ..... Pauline Mason
Paul Trapmann ..... J. W. Doyle
Madame Trapmann ..... Kathleen Calhoun Doucet
Dominique Dindon ..... Frederick Graham
Aristide Brissac ..... Alfred James
Florentine ..... Florentine Gosnova
Evelyn ..... Evelyn Law
The Major Domo ..... Louis Casavant

Act I.—Scenes Include the Market Place of Saint Ferien, Country Lane, "The Little Blue Pig." Act II.—The Banquet Hall, an Arbor in the Garden, the Garden of the Chateau. Staged by Edward Royce.

Louis Ketchup is a cook with the A. E. F. in France. Following the armistice he remains on the other side and becomes a guide at Saint Ferien. While yodeling around the inn Louis is engaged by a rich American to serve as the fourteenth guest at a dinner party for which it is suddenly discovered only thirteen have been invited. His adventures are many and comic.

STARLIGHT

A comedy in ten scenes and an epilogue by Gladys Unger; based on Abel Hermant's Dialogues. Produced by Frank Egan in association with Charles Frohman, Inc., at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, March 3, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Bourgevin ..... Stanley Jessup
Mama Bourgevin ..... Florence Short

Lucien	Charles Meredith
Monsieur Dupont	Frank Dawson
An Actor	Philip Wood
Antoine Carre	Frederick Vogeding
Le Copet	Forbes Dawson
Truffo	Richard Bowler
An Office Boy and Call Boy	Kay McKay
Victorine	Esther Lyon
Bibche	Teresa Guerini
Little Luc (at Seven Years)	Edwin Mills
Little Luc (at Twelve Years)	William Pearce
Lucien, Junior	Borden Harriman
Clementine	Marion Stephenson
Cartereau	Philip Wood
Marquis de Belleme	Henry Mowbray
Don Diego	John Knight
A Manager	Stanley Jessup
A Stage Manager	Leon Brown
A Reporter	Allen Vincent
An Actor	Martin Berkeley
Luc's Son	Leland Chandler
Aurelie	Doris Keane

Act I.—Scenes include Aurelie's Father's Cabaret, 1865; Aurelie's Manager's Office, 1870; Aurelie's Manager's House, 1870; Aurelie's Dressing Room, 1871. Act II.—Aurelie's Bathroom, 1880; Aurelie's Bedroom, 1885; Aurelie's Suitor's Conservatory, 1887; Aurelie's Manager's Office, 1892. Act III.—Aurelie's Ex-Husband's Bedroom, 1894; Aurelie's House, 1900. Epilogue—Twen-four years later, Aurelie's Theatre, 1924. Staged by Edith Ellis.

The career of a great French actress, based, its author insists, upon the lives of several but of none in particular. The inference is plain, however, that the late Mme. Bernhardt is much in the mind of both the author and the star. Aurelie, the heroine, is discovered in the cabaret of her father in Montmartre, in 1865. In 1870 she begins her career on the stage, acquires a lover, a child, and later a husband; achieves a triumph as an actress; attempts to add social prestige as well to her achievements; fails; starts a world tour; returns to Paris a greater artist than ever; is again acclaimed and, at eighty, is still playing Theodora with one leg in the grave, so to speak.

MICHEL AUCLAIR

A play in three acts by Charles Vildrac. Produced by the Provincetown Players at the Provincetown Theatre, New York, March 4, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Michel Auclair ..... Edgar Stehli
Suzanne Catelain ..... Helen Freeman
Madame Catelain ..... Alice Chapin
Louis Catelain ..... James Meighan
Armand Blondeau ..... Walter Abel
Pierrot ..... Ian Ballantine
Colson ..... Hugh Kidder

Act I.—A Garden Before the Catelain House. Acts II and III.—The Home of Blondeau and Suzanne. Directed by Robert Edmond Jones.

Michel Auclair, a simple young idealist, loves Suzanne Catelain. Eager to broaden his knowledge of libraries and books, Michel goes to Paris for a year to study, carrying with him Suzanne's love and her promise to wait. But along comes Armand Blondeau, handsome and lustful, and marries Suzanne. Michel, back from Paris, hides his heartbreaks and manfully sets to work to make something of Blondeau for Susanne's sake.

PIERROT THE PRODIGAL

A pantomime by Michel Carre, Fils. Presented by the Actors' Theatre at a special series of matinées at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, March 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Young Pierrot ..... Laurette Taylor
Mons. Pierrot ..... Ivan Lazareff
Madame Pierrot ..... Michelette Burani
Phrynette ..... Galina Kopernak
The Baron ..... Clarence Derwent
The Negro ..... Jack Thornton

Acts I and III.—Interior of Mons. Pierrot's House. Act II.—Phrynette's Boudoir. Staged by Otokar Bartik. Piano Score of Andre Wormer interpreted by George Copeland.

The familiar story of the bad Pierrot who ran away with an actress, stealing Papa's savings as he went.

And after the savings were spent, and the actress transferred herself and her affections to the oily Baron, the Prodigal Pierrot came sneaking home. Mama Pierrot forgave him, of course, and Papa, too, but not until the war came and Pierrot marched bravely away to expiate his sins on the field of honor.

PUPPETS

A melodrama in three acts by Frances Lightner. Produced by Brock Pemberton at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, March 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sandro Rubini	Ralph J. Locke
Bruno Monte	Fredric March
Rosa	Michelette Burani
Joe Moretti	Frank McDonald
Mike	Remo Bufano
Luigi	Ascanio Spolidoro
Bianca	Florence Koehler
Frank Mohacz	Dwight Frye
Nicola Riccoboni, "Nicki"	C. Henry Gordon
Mamie O'Brien	Elizabeth Taylor
Angela Smith	Miriam Hopkins
A Messenger	Stanley Grand
McSweeney	Chas. D. Brown
"Turkey" Abdullah	Alexis M. Polianov

Acts I, II and III.—In the Room Behind the Stage in Nicki Riccoboni's Marionette Theatre on Mulberry Street, New York City. Staged by Brock Pemberton.

Nicola Riccoboni runs a marionette show in Little Italy. The year of the great war Angela Smith drifts in and is fascinated by the little people and their owner. Nicola, being a quick fellow, asks Angela to marry him that day, and as she is orphaned and homeless, she as quickly agrees. Then Nick goes to war and bids Angela wait for him. Nick is reported killed a year later, and Angela is much in danger of being taken by the white slavers. But back comes Nick in the nick of time and all is as well as it can be in a world of flesh and blood puppets.

THE HANDY MAN

A comedy drama in three acts by Fred Wall and Ralph Murphy. Produced by Sam Comly, Inc., at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, March 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

George Graham ..... Charles Abbe
Ella Graham ..... Grace Reals
Willie Weller ..... Glenn Burdette
Nellie Nelson ..... Margaret Cusack
Christopher Hawkins ..... Tim Murphy
Winnie Weller ..... Elizabeth Allen
Charles Chambers ..... Eugene Lockhart
Clancy ..... Robert Middlemass

Acts I, II and III.—Living Room of George Graham in a Small Town in New York. Staged by Edgar MacGregor and Lawrence Grattan.

Nellie Nelson, reared among the criminals and crime waves of New York, specializes in picking pockets. Working an up-state town, Nellie meets a local boy, loves him on sight and determines to make a thief and a husband of him. She would have succeeded, too, if it had not been for old Chris Hawkins, the village carpenter, whose head was full of more saws than his tool box and who, like his artisan idol of old, worked in mysterious ways his wonders to perform. Chris not only saved the boy, but, with the help of a timely stroke of lightning as a signal, scared Nellie into a state of salvation as well.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE

A comedy drama in three acts and seven scenes by Abraham Goldknopf. Presented at a series of matinées by the Mutual Theatre Society, Inc., at Wallack's Theatre, New York, March 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Dr. Samuel Broad ..... George Farren
Dr. Cutting ..... Earle Craddock
Dr. Harvey ..... Stanley Kalkhurst
Dr. Green ..... Paul McGrath

Mabel (Mrs. Broad) ..... Harriet Harbaugh
Helen (Miss Jones) ..... Jean Madison
Act I.—Dr. Broad's Office. Act II.—Boudoir at Dr. Broad's Residence. Act III.—Operating Room at Dr. Broad's Clinic.

Dr. Broad neglects Mrs. Broad something awful. And Mrs. Broad, hoping to save her young friend Helen from making a similar mistake by marrying young Dr. Harvey, seeks to discover what sort Harvey is. As a result of her investigations she becomes involved with the young doctor and babbles of her new love while she is under the influence of ether on her husband's operating table. The husband is torn between a temptation to let her die and his sworn duty to save her by the use of a patent vibrator of which he is the inventor.

THE FALL GUY

A comedy in three acts by James Gleason and George Abbott. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert in association with George B. McLellan at the Eltinge Theatre, New York, March 10, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Dan Walsh ..... Ralph Sipperly
Bertha Quinlan ..... Beatrice Noyes
Lottie Quinlan ..... Dorothy Peterson
A Collector ..... Joseph Baird
Charles Newton ..... Henry Mortimer
Johnnie Quinan ..... Ernest Truex
"Nifty" Frank Herman ..... Hartley Power
Keefe ..... Joseph R. Garry
Schultz ..... Alf Weinberger
Acts I, II and III.—The Quinlan Flat.

(See page 266.)

THE DEVIL WITHIN

A melodrama in three acts by Charles Horan. Produced by Rock and Horan, Inc., at the Hudson Theatre, New York, March 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Doctor Armstrong ..... William Ingersoll
Chief Driscoll ..... Elwood Bostwick

John Blackwood	Henry W. Pemberton
Judge Ward	Coates Gwynne
Stephen Chetridge	Harold Moulton
Willard Delmar	Walter Petri
The Boy	Reed Brown
Ulambo	W. Wallace Jones
Detective Dempsey	Walter Law
Officer Dugan	George Thompson
Detective Kelly	T. Morse Koupal
Murdock	Ralph Theadore
Doris Meade	Helen Holmes
The Woman	Mary Hall
Nora	Dorothy Walters
Phyllis Delmar	Lenore Sorsby
Rosa Morrell	Irene Shirley

Acts I, II and III.—Home of John Blackwood at Hillsdale, Westchester County, N. Y.

John Blackwood, who has lived long in South Africa, is home and about to marry Phyllis Delmar. At a prenuptial dinner John quarrels with his Kaffir servant; notifies his niece, Doris, that she is to be cut out of his will; orders a woman who has been his mistress and borne him a son out of his house, and quarrels with his intimate friend and personal attorney, Judge Ward. That night John is stabbed with a paper knife and each of those with a cause to be glad of his passing is suspected of his murder. The truth comes out shortly after 11 p.m.

THE LITTLE MINISTER

A comedy in four acts by James M. Barrie. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theatre, New York, March 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Thomas Whamond	Thomas Findlay
Snecky Hobart	Robert Drysdale
Rob Dow	Walter Roy
Joe Cruickshanks	J. M. Kerrigan
Micah Dow	William Quinn
Rev. Cavin Dishart	Ralph Forbes
Lady Babbie	Ruth Chatterton
The Earl of Rintoul	Hubert Druce
Captain Halliwell	Kenneth Hunter
Sergeant Davison	W. Boyd Davis
Nanny Webster	Molly Pearson

Felice ..... Marjorie Wood
Jean ..... Louie Emery
Andrew Mealmaker ..... Barlowe Borland
Silva Tosh ..... Roy Cochrane
Thwaites ..... Francis Louden

Act I.—In Caddam Woods. Act II.—Nanny Webster's Cottage, and in the Manse Garden. Act III.—The Great Hall of Rintoul Castle. Act IV.—The Manse Garden. Staged by Basil Dean.

A revival of the familiar Barrie romance of Gavin Dishart and Lady Barbara, daughter of Lord Rintoul, the time the soldiers came to Caddam Wood and Babbie, found romping like a gypsy, tricked the "leetle meenister" into blowing the signal that warned the strikers.

BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK

A revival of the fantastic play by Marc Connelly and George Kaufman. Played at Shubert Theatre, New York, March 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Dr. Albert Rice ..... Richard Barbee
Cynthia Mason ..... Kay Johnson
Neil McRae ..... Roland Young
Mr. Cady ..... George W. Barbier
Mrs. Cady ..... Spring Byington
Gladys Cady ..... Anne Carpenter
Homer Cady ..... Osgood Perkins
A Butler ..... Pascal Cowan
Jerry ..... Malcolm Hicks
A Business Man ..... Percy Murphy
Miss Hey ..... Florence Maye
Miss You ..... Harriet MacGibbon
A Waiter ..... Charles A. Wilton
A Dancing Teacher ..... Clinton Tustin
A Reporter ..... Henry F. Lawrence
A Juror ..... Haynes Trebor
A Sightseer ..... Gordon Earle
A Novelist ..... Henry Parish
A Song-Writer ..... James Sumner
An Artist ..... Paul K. Elwell
A Poet ..... Arthur Finegan

A KISS IN XANADU

H. R. H., The Crown Prince of Xanadu ..... Ivan Kronoff
H. R. H., The Crown Princess of Xanadu ..... Karolyn
First Lady in Waiting ..... Spring Byington
First Lord of the Bedchamber ..... Drake DeKay
A Lamplighter ..... Tom Raynor
A Policeman ..... Malcolm Hicks
Cæsar and Pompey ..... L. Dewey and M. Callan

See "The Best Plays of 1923–24."

SALLY, IRENE AND MARY

A revival of the musical comedy by Eddie Dowling and Cyrus Wood, played at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, March 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jimmie Dugan	Eddie Dowling
Mrs. Dugan	Josie Intropodi
Mary O'Brien	Edna Morn
Mrs. O'Brien	Ida Fitzhugh
Sally	Louise Brown
Mrs. Clancy	Gertrude Mudge
Irene	Kathleen Mulqueen
Rodman Jones	George Eising
Mrs. Jones	Grace Studiford
Clarence Edwards	Herbert Hoey
Mr. Myers	Patrick Henry
Percy Fitzgerald	Burford Hampden
Al Cleveland	Frank Connor
Sully	D. J. Sullivan
Tony	D. J. Sullivan
Mr. Mulcahey	Eddie O'Connor
Dinty Moore	Fred Packard
Frank	William Mason
First Dresser to Girls	Lois Arnold
Second Dresser to Girls	Rebecca Ryeford
Detective of Hotel Astor	Fred Stanton
Carriage Man	Thomas Weldon
Kitty Kelly	Monica Boulais
Mabel Riley	Hazel Vernon
Marguerite Hoban	Grace Divney
Mrs. Pomeroy Gilbert	Frances Dewey
Mrs. Kelly Pool	Rebecca Ryeford
Mrs. Fitzgibbons Pomeroy	Lois Arnold
Mrs. Carter Smith	Betty Dupre
Mrs. De La Croix	Hazel Vernon

See "The Best Plays of 1922–23."

THE BLUE PETER

A play in three acts by E. Temple Thurston. Produced by The Stagers, by arrangement with Lumsden Hare, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, March 24, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Edward Formby	Arthur Hughes
John	Albert Hecht

Serakin Donko ..... Clarke Billings
His Bodyguard ..... Alan Floud, Anton Bondsman
David Hunter ..... Warren William
A Native Girl ..... Margaret Love
Harold Plevin ..... Morris Ankrum
Richard Walmsley ..... Peavey Wells
Mrs. Hunter ..... Margaret Wycherly
Emma ..... Marjorie Vonnegut
The Man from Muggins' ..... Alan Floud
A Barmaid ..... Margaret Love
James Callaghan ..... George Riddell
Mr. Lucas ..... Alan Floud
A Street Girl ..... Dolle Gray
Harry ..... Clarke Billings
A Patron of the Bar ..... Herbert Butterfield
Another ..... Peavey Wells
Rosie Callaghan ..... Mary Kennedy
Mr. Murray ..... Albert Hecht
Another Street Girl ..... Halcyone Hargrove
A Chinese ..... Anton Bundsman

Prologue—Mess Room of Hunter's Bungalow, Central Africa. Acts I and III.—Sitting Room of the Hunters' House in Liverpool. Act II.—The Bar Parlor of "The Blue Peter." Staged by Edward Goodman.

David Hunter, mining engineer, after adventurous experiences in Nigeria, goes home to London and marries the girl waiting for him. Six years of office work, however, eat into his restless soul and he wants to bolt. A man's life is his own; wife and children are an unreasonable handicap. He wants to see the Blue Peter, the sailing signal, again at the masthead and know he is off for adventure. Ignoring his wife's pleadings he gets as far as the dock, and as far as a siren's arms. But in a flash of the luring lady's eyes he sees himself as he is, and his duties and obligations, and goes back home to trim his kids' Christmas tree.

EVE'S LEAVES

A comedy in three acts by Harry Chapman Ford. Produced by Ray Collins at Wallack's Theatre, New York, March 26, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Robert ..... Robert Finley
Theodore Corbin ..... Ray Collins
Eve Corbin ..... Elwyn Harvey

Olive Bond ..... Perquita Courtney
Rodney Britton ..... A. J. Herbert
Willetta ..... Dorothy Raymond
Helen Creed ..... Joan Storm
Conn ..... Benedict MacQuarrie
Ned Bond ..... Leonard Carey
Act I.—Mrs. Corbin's Living Room at Rye, N. Y. Act II.—The Same. Six Months Later. Act III.—The Same. Six Weeks Later. Time—Present.

Eve Corbin loves good clothes, better clothes than Theodore, her husband, can buy her. Being crafty she falls into the habit of ordering expensive frocks, wearing them once and then returning them. An equally crafty couturier catches her at it and makes her a bargain. He will furnish her clothes for six months if she will return them unsoiled and act as his agent among her friends. At the end of six months he tries to extend the agreement and expand the terms. Eve is to be his mistress as well as his model. But she can't. She has suddenly become interested in bassinets and maternity gowns. And loves her husband.

OSTRICHES

A play in three acts by Edward Wilbraham. Produced by William A. Brady, Jr., and Dwight Deere Wiman, Inc., at the Comedy Theatre, New York, March 30, 1925.

Cast of characters —

George Lorrimer ..... Orrin Johnson
Margaret Charlton ..... Janet Beecher
Kit Charlton ..... Katherine Alexander
William Lovey ..... Edward Crandall
Smith ..... Shirley Gale
Mrs. Parterton ..... Amelia Bingham
Acts I, II and III.—In the Drawing Room of Mrs. Charlton's House in New York.

George Lorrimer and Margaret Charlton have been intimate friends for years, both before and after Margaret's husband died. Now, with Kit Charlton eighteen,

her mother determines to discontinue the arrangement. To her surprise, not to say dismay, she discovers that Kit not only knows about George as her mother's lover but that she is in love with him herself. And he with her. Completely whipped, Margaret decides the only thing to do is to turn over her lover to her daughter, which she does. But Kit won't have him then. Being Mother's rival was all right for a modern flapper. But Mother's conqueror, that's different. After all, blood's thicker than kisses.

BRINGING UP FATHER

A musical comedy in two acts, based on George McManus's cartoon. Book by Nat Leroy; lyrics by R. F. Carroll; music by Seymour Furth. Produced at the Lyric Theatre, New York, April 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jiggs Mahoney ..... Danny Simmons
Maggie ..... Beatrice Harlowe
Kitty ..... Gertrude Lavella
Patsy Moore ..... Leo Henning
Dinty Moore ..... James Collins
Eugenia Mendoza ..... Mary Marlowe
Sandy MacPherson ..... Wm. Cameron
Captain Steve McKenna ..... Ollie Mack
Commander of the Ship ..... Wm. Tomkins
Captain of the Ship ..... Jas. Sullivan

Act I.—In the Emerald Isle. Act II.—On Board Yacht en route for Spain. Staged by Richard F. Carroll.

A somewhat wild burletta constructed from the humors of the comic strip of the same title.

LOVE FOR LOVE

A play in four acts by William Congreve. Produced at the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, March 31, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sir Sampson Legend ..... Walter Abel
Valentine ..... Stanley Howlett

Scandal ..... Noel Tearle
Tattle ..... Edgar Stehli
Ben ..... Perry Ivins
Foresight ..... E. J. Ballantine
Jeremy ..... Cecil Clovelly
Trapland ..... Hugh Kidder
Buckram ..... Harold McGee
Snap ..... Clement O'Loghlen
Servant to Foresight ..... Sidney Matchet
Steward to Sir Sampson ..... James Meighan
Angelica ..... Helen Freeman
Mistress Foresight ..... Eve Balfour
Mistress Frail ..... Adrienne Morrison
Miss Prue ..... Rosalind Fuller
Nurse to Miss Prue ..... Alys Rees
Sailors—Sidney Matchet, James Meighan, Clement O'Loghlen, Samuel Rapport.
Harpist—Grace Weymer. Violinist—Herman Bueller.
Scenes include Valentine's Lodgings and Foresight's House. Directed by Robert Edmond Jones anl Stanley Howlett.

The Congreve comedy was played straight, with Angelica pretending disloyalty and Valentine pretending madness to outwit old Sir Sampson, who would transfer Valentine's fortune to his other son, Ben, the rough rover, and marry Valentine to Prue from the country.

THE LEGEND OF THE DANCE

A Mediæval Interlude, by Agnes Morgan; music by Lily Hyland. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, March 31, 1925.

Cast of characters —

The Host ..... Harold Minjer
The Hostess ..... Paula Trueman
Guests—Lily Lubell, Florence Levine, Paula Trueman, Martin Wolfson, Allan Glen, Philip Mann.
The Jester ..... George Heller
Servitors ..... Essie Trynz, Ada Blackman, Bertha Tuite
Acrobats ..... Sadie Sussman, Lillian Schweitzer, Alexis Rothov
The Leader of the Strolling Players ..... Marc Loebell
Musa ..... Anne Schmidt
David ..... Albert Carroll
Cherubs ..... Children from the Junior Festival Dancers
Angels—Tessie Pleva, Shirley Gallup, Sophie Bernsohn, Edith Segel, Augusta Kriegel.
Saint Cecelia ..... Bertha Uhr
Saint Lucy ..... Blanche Talmud

Saint Peter ..... Otto Hulicius
Martha ..... Polaire Weissman
The Nine Muses—Vera Allen, Sophie Hurwitz, Ruth Manship, Vera Katz, Helen Mack, Agnes Beidenkapp, Ceiel Rosenblum, August Viders, Eppie Epstein, Lucie Jowers, Florence Karp, Nathalia Cooperman.
The Virgin ..... Ella Markowitz
Staged by Agnes Morgan.

An annual dance festival staged by the resident company at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

THE DUNCE BOY

A drama in three acts, by Lulu Vollmer. Produced by the Art Theatre at Daly's Theatre, New York, April 1, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Ma Huckle ..... Antoinette Perry
Rosy Pierce ..... Mary Carroll
Tude ..... Gareth Hughes
Buck Huckle ..... Eric Jewett
Tom Fink ..... Louis Mason
Alvin Powell ..... Joan Clarendon
Doctor Newton ..... Donald Cameron
Scenes include interior of the Huckle Home and the Woods near the Lumber Yard. Directed by Henry Stillman.

Tude Huckle, a mental defective, "strong as a man, clean as a woman," is the despair of his father, the pathetic charge of his mother. Knowing her son is in love with Rosy Pierce, a school teacher boarding at the Huckle home, Ma Huckle struggles ceaselessly to protect Rosy from Tude's advances. If he were to touch the girl, she tells him, she would wither as do crushed flowers. In a moment of spring madness Tude follows Rosy to the schoolhouse and returns an hour later carrying her unconscious form in his arms. But in place of having attacked the girl, as feared, he has protected her from the assault of the villain. Rosy is returned to the arms of her true love, Dr. Newton, but Tude, following the music he hears in the buzz of the mill saws, throws himself in front of a saw and is killed.

THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE

A play in five acts by Charles Rann Kennedy. Produced at a series of matinées by the Actors' Theatre, at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre, New York, April 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

James Ponsonby Makeshyfte, D.D., The Most Rev., the Lord Bishop of Lancashire ..... Arthur Lewis
The Rev. William Smythe, Vicar ..... William Sauter
Auntie, the Vicar's Wife ..... Violet Kemble Cooper
Mary, their Niece ..... Helen Chandler
Mr. Robert Smith ..... George Hassell
Rogers, a page-boy ..... Bruce Evans
Manson, a Butler ..... Pedro de Cordoba

The Action occurs in a room in the Vicarage. Staged by the Author.

Mr. Kennedy's familiar story of the visit of the Christ-like Bishop of Benares (Manson) to the home of his brother, the Rev. William Smythe, where he aids in the material and spiritual adjustment of certain domestic and social problems having a universal application to life.

"RUINT"

A play in four acts by Hatcher Hughes. Produced at the Provincetown Playhouse, New York, April 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Horton ..... Jane Burby
Mrs. Akins ..... Caroline Newcombe
Amos Horton ..... David Landau
Eli Akins ..... James K. Applebee
Abraham Holifield ..... Robert W. Smiley
Aud Horton ..... John Huston
Pete Dannyhew ..... Wilbur De Rouge
Mary Jane Horton ..... Jeannie Begg
Lum Crowder ..... Samuel Jaffe
Mrs. Vanderpeet ..... Anne Sutherland
Reginald Vanderpeet ..... William Leonard

Acts I, II and III.—The Interior of the Horton Home in the Carolina Mountains. Act IV.—A Lonely Spot on the Ridge Road. Directed by James Light.

Reginald Vanderpeet, a college fellow from up North, is trying to establish a mission school in the Blue Ridge

Mountains. Walking home from school with Mary Jane Horton, he pauses in a clump of laurel to make love to her. The circumstance being reported to Amos Horton, Mary Jane's father, Amos decides his daughter has been "ruint" and Mary Jane, hurt by Reginald's refusal to marry her, permits the charge to stand. The natives start to Lynch Reggie, but compromise by riding him on a rail.

CAIN

A play in four scenes by Lord Byron. Produced by the Manhattan Little Theatre Club, Inc., at the Lenox Little Theatre, New York, April 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Adam ..... Charles Gibney
Eve ..... Alberta Gallatin
Cain ..... William P. Carleton
Adah ..... Thais Lawton
Abel ..... David Leonard
Zillah ..... Jane Grey
The Angel of the Lord ..... John Parrish
Lucifer ..... Albert Howson

Scenes include Land Outside of the Garden of Eden, the Abyss of Space, and the Borderland of Hades. Directed by Walter Hartwig.

The Byron poem revealing the influence of Lucifer over Cain following the eviction from Eden. Convinced that God is unjust in having brought death into the world, Cain quarrels with Abel over the form of their respective altar worship and kills him.

WILD BIRDS

A drama in three acts by Dan Totheroh. Produced by Cherry Lane Players, Inc., at the Cherry Lane Playhouse, New York, April 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Corie Slag ..... Mildred Whitney
Mrs. Slag ..... Mina C. Gleason

George Marshall ..... Thomas MacLarnie
Mazie ..... Mildred MacLeod
Sandy Roberts ..... George Farren
Esthey ..... Florence Miller
John Slag ..... Dodson L. Mitchell
Milt Pollard ..... Laurence Tulloch
Adam Larson ..... Donald Duff
Preacher's Voice (Tramp) ..... Edmund Forde

Acts I and III.—The Slag Homestead on Prairie Land in the Middle West. Act II.—Outside the Tent of the Evangelical Camp Meeting, and Far Out on the Prairie. Staged by John Wray.

(See page 384.)

THE MIKADO

A revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York, April 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

The Mikado of Japan ..... William Danforth
Nanki-Poo ..... Tom Burke
Ko-Ko ..... Lupino Lane
Pooh-Bah ..... Stanley Forde
Pish-Tush ..... Leo de Hierapolis
A Noble ..... John Willard
Yum-Yum ..... Marguerite Namara
Pitti-Sing ..... Barbara Maurel
Peep-Bo ..... Elsa Peterson
Katisha ..... Sarah Edwards
Attendants to Ko-Ko ..... Masters Schumazuni, Kushiki
Attendants to Yum-Yum ..... Misses Yamardani, Miramuna
Ladies of the Mikado's Suite—Evelyn Stone, Faye Gilmore, Florence Poyet, Kathleen Talbot, Jane Waye, Heda Albrecht.

Act I.—Courtyard of Ko-Ko's Official Residence. Act II.—Ko-Ko's Garden. Staged by Milton Aborn.

THE BACKSLAPPER

A play in three acts by Paul Dickey and Mann Page. Produced by John Henry Mears and Paul Dickey at the Hudson Theatre, New York, April 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Gloria Dennis ..... Leila Frost
Douglas Lane ..... Roger Pryor

Beth Lane ..... Mary Fowler
Chick ..... Joe Duckworth
Lester ..... Jack Daniels
Ralph ..... Don Dillaway
Slats ..... Leon Hatton
John Trainor ..... Charles Trowbridge
Bob Alden ..... Harry C. Browne
Dave Kennedy ..... Malcolm Duncan
Mrs. Kennedy ..... Lee Patrick
Sarah ..... Florence Earle
Judge Dennis ..... Frank Sylvester
Sam ..... Francis Conlan

Acts I, II and III.—The Lane Home in a Small Middle Western Town.

Bob Alden, an aspiring politician, is a prince with the boys but a quarrelsome husband at home. Having won Beth Lane away from honest John Trainor by his superficial charm Bob mistreats her. At the limit of her endurance Beth exposes Bob's cruelty at a dinner given to advance his candidacy for a senatorship, leaves him and turns to Trainor.

CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA

A play in five acts by Bernard Shaw. Produced by The Theatre Guild, at the Guild Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Belzanor ..... Lawrence Cecil
The Persian ..... A. Trevor Bland
Sentinel ..... Maurice McRae
Nubian Sentinel ..... Harold Harding
Bel Affris ..... George Baxter
A Woman ..... Mary Tupper
Ftatateeta ..... Helen Westley
Cæsar ..... Lionel Atwill
Cleopatra ..... Helen Hayes
Slave ..... Rupert Bannister
Three Women Slaves—Harriet Atherton, Rose Hobart, Helena Simkhovitch.
Rufio ..... Edmund Elton
Chamberlain ..... Leete Stone
Ptolemy ..... Teddy Jones
Pothinus ..... Albert Bruning
Theodotus ..... Maurice Cass
Britannus ..... Henry Travers

Lucius Septimus ..... George Baxter
Wounded Roman Soldier ..... Edwin A. Brown
Roman Sentinel ..... William Griffith
Apollodorus ..... Schuyler Ladd
Four Market Porters—James Norris, Harold Clurman, James W. Wallace, Felix Jacoves.
Centurion ..... Maurice McRae
First Auxiliary Soldier ..... Frederick Chilton
Second Auxiliary Soldier ..... Lewis McMichael
Boatman ..... Starr Jones
Musician ..... Leonard Loan
Iris ..... Helena Simkhovitch
Charmian ..... Rose Hobart
Palace Official ..... Charles Cheltenham
Major Domo ..... Lawrence Cecil
A Priest ..... James W. Wallace

Scenes include Courtyard of the Palace on Syrian Border, 48 B.C., the Sphinx in the Desert, Throne Room of Palace, Council Chamber of the Chancellors, Esplanade before the Palace, the Lighthouse on Pharos, Apartment in Palace, Roof of the Palace, and Esplanade Before the Palace. Directed by Philip Moeller.

Mr. Shaw's idea of what might have happened the year of Cæsar's meeting with Cleopatra, when she was a flapper of sixteen and he a partly bald old gentleman of fifty, familiar to all readers of the Shaw plays.

THE FOURFLUSHER

A comedy in three acts by Cæsar Dunn. Produced by Mack Hilliard at the Apollo Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jerry Dean ..... Louise Allen
Evangeline Gay ..... Nan Sunderland
Horace Riggs ..... John Daly Murphy
Andy Whittaker ..... Russell Mack
Mrs. Dwight Allen ..... Margaret Dumont
June Allen ..... Sue MacManamy
Dr. Giles Faraday ..... George Dill
P. J. Hannerton ..... John M. Washburn
Robert Riggs ..... Edward Poynter
Ira Whittaker ..... Spencer Charters
Mr. Rogers ..... Eugene MacGregor
Mr. Gateson ..... Charles N. Greene
The Maid ..... Gertrude Moran

Acts I and III.—Riggs' Shoe Store. Act II.—Home of the Allens.

Andy Whittaker, clerk in the shoe store of Horace Riggs, hopes some day to be manager. But the Riggs'

son, Robert, home from college, is given the job and Andy is distressed. About which time Ira Whittaker, Andy's forgotten uncle and now a millionaire, arrives in town spreading reports of his wealth and rumors of his weak heart. Immediately young Andy, as a likely heir, is showered with credit and favors. He acquires an automobile and a high hat and almost marries the town heiress. Then Uncle disinherits him and he goes back to shoe clerking. But not for long. Uncle buys him the Riggs' store in the end and he marries Jerry the cashier.

MISMATES

A drama in four acts by Myron C. Fagan. Produced by Myron C. Fagan at the Times Square Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jim Blake	C. Henry Gordon
Judy	Clara Joel
Ted Wilson	Minor Watson
Peggy Reed	Beatrice Nichols
Jack O'Grady	Frederick Howard
Frances	Evelyn Livingston
Ed. Hellwig	Fred L. Tiden
Hemingway Bourke	Edward Power
Culbertson	Harold Salter
Florence	Leona Hogarth
Jimmy	Edwin Mills
Nancy	Joan Shaw

Acts I, II and III.—Jim Blake's Apartment in the Bronx, New York City. Act IV.—Jim Blake's Home, Pelham, N. Y. Staged by Rollo Lloyd.

Jim and Judy Blake have reached the quarrelling stage. Jim, being a son of wealth, considers Judy, who had been a manicure, a handicap. Judy, trying to keep her home neat, her baby happy, and make a showing with what Jim leaves her of his thirty-five dollars a week, resents Jim's attitude and goes back to work manicuring. Trying to protect her brother Jack, she becomes

enmeshed in a crook's plot. Jim discovers the situation, takes the baby and quits Judy. For two years Judy goes from bad to worse, finally gets into jail as a suspect, breaks jail and finds Jim married. Also she finds her baby, which she had been told had died, alive and handsome. She is about to kill Jim and recover the child when Ted Wilson, a staunch old sweetheart, saves her, the child and the happy ending.

PRINCESS IDA

A revival of the Gilbert-Sullivan comic opera. Produced by Lawrence J. Anhalt at the Shubert Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Florian	Bertram Peacock
King Hildebrand	Detmar Poppen
Cyril	Scott Welsh
Hilarion	Sudworth Frasier
Arac	Jerome Uhl
Guron	Jack Abbott
Scynthius	Karl Stall
King Gama	Robinson Newbold
Melissa	Rosamonde Whiteside
Lady Psyche	Virginia O'Brien
Lady Blanche	Bernice Mershon
Princess Ida	Tessa Kosta
Sacharisa	Ann Meyer
Chloe	Agusta Spette
Ada	Paula Ayers

Act I.—Pavilion in King Hildebrand's Palace. Act II.—Garden of King Gama's Castle Adamant. Act III.—Courtyard of King Gama's Castle Adamant. Staged by Edward Royce.

The first revival of this particular Gilbert and Sullivan opus in twenty-odd years. Hilarion, betrothed to Ida at the tender age of one, seeking to realize upon the promise, finds Ida ensconced in the Castle Adamant, where she conducts a feminists' school and teaches her charges to abjure men. But when Hilarion and two of his singing pals invade the ladies' school dressed as

women, and particularly when they later make themselves known as men, the girls capitulate and Ida herself is won with a solo.

TELL ME MORE

A musical comedy in two acts. Book by Fred Thompson and William K. Wells; music by George Gershwin; lyrics by B. G. DeSylva and Ira Gershwin. Produced by Al. Aarons at the Gaiety Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Gertrude ..... Ruth Raymond
Harry ..... Eddie Dowling, Jr.
Kenneth Dennison ..... Alexander Gray
Peggy Van De Leur ..... Phyllis Cleveland
Billy Smith ..... Andrew Tombes
Bonnie Reeves ..... Emma Haig
Estelle ..... Charlotte Esmone
Lucy ..... Nita Jacques
Heather ..... Marion Mueller
Toots ..... Dolla Harkins
Edith ..... Vivian Glenn
Pages ..... Mary Jane, Dotty Wilson
Mrs. Pennyfeather ..... Florence Auer
Monty Sipkin ..... Lou Holtz
Jane Wallace ..... Esther Howard
Mrs. Wallace ..... Maud Andrew
George B. Wallace ..... Robert C. Ryles
Monsieur Cerise ..... Eugene Redding
Cashier ..... Cesil Bruner
Waiters ..... Covan and Ruffin
Doorman ..... Morton McConnachie
Specialty Dancers—Vivian Glenn, Mary Jane, Dottie Wilson and Messrs. Covan and Ruffin.
Debutantes and Shop Girls—Sofia Howard, Mildred Brown, Maxine Marshall, Blossom Vreeland, Penelope Rowland, Gay Worrell, Jane Brew, Portland Hoffa, Betty Whitney, Margaret Lee, Ruth Mosley, Betty Waxton, Trudy Lake, Polly Luce, Virginia McCune, Betty Wright and Edna Locke.
Escorts—Frank Cullen, Richard Oakley, Robert Gebhardt, Robert Samuels, Kenneth Smith, George Hughes, Daniel Oltash and Willie Sholer.
Act I.—The Three Arts' Ball, Sutton Hall, New York City. Act II.—The Balsams, Viewport, N. H.

Kenneth Dennison, meeting Peggy Van De Leur at a masked ball, admits his passion on the spot and in song. "Tell me more, tell me more, tell me more," sings Peggy. And Kenneth does.

MERCENARY MARY

A musical comedy in two acts; music and lyrics by William B. Friedlander and Con Conrad; book by William B. Friedlander and Isabel Leighton; based on a farce by E. Nyitray and H. H. Winslow. Produced by L. Lawrence Weber at the Longacre Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jerry ..... Allen Kearns
Norah ..... Nellie Breen
Edith Somers ..... Madeleine Fairbanks
Patrick O'Brien ..... Jere Delaney
Lyman Webster ..... John Boles
Judge Somers ..... Frank Kingdon
June ..... Margaret Irving
Mary Skinner ..... Winnie Baldwin
Chris Skinner ..... Louis Simon
Grandpa Skinner ..... Sam Hearn
Bellamy Shepard ..... G. Davison Clark
A Dancer ..... Monya
The Guests—Joyce Booth, Shirley Dahl, Sally Doran, Florence Forman, Mary Grace, Madelyn Killeen, Virginia Marchant, Frances Marchant, Elizabeth Mears, Louise Mele, Blanche O'Donahoe, Anita Pam, Dorothy Roy, Cecelia Romeo, Clara Stone, Joan Carter-Waddell.

Act I.—At the Somers Estate. Act II.—Jerry's Apartment.
Staged by William B. Friedlander.

Chris Skinner is in bad with Uncle because he (Chris) married Mary. He is likely to be cut out of Uncle's will. Hearing Uncle is coming to town, Chris and Mary agree to frame evidence for a divorce, using Uncle as a witness. Then, after Chris is back in the will, they expect to remarry in Paris and spend the money. The Skinners' friend, Jerry, agrees to act as co-respondent for a price, allowing himself to be caught in a compromising position with Mary. Everything works until Mary drinks too much and then everything goes wrong. A free adaptation of a farce called "What's Your Wife Doing?" written by Herbert Hall Winslow and Emil Nyitray and produced in October, 1923.

AREN'T WE ALL

A return engagement of Cyril Maude in the comedy by Frederick Lonsdale. Produced by Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theatre, New York, April 13, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Roberts	F. Gatenby Bell
Hon. Willie Tatham	Hugh Huntley
Lady Frinton	Cynthia Brooke
Anna Wells	Olive Reeves-Smith
Martin Steele	Timothy Huntley
Kitty Lake	Isabel Lamon
Lord Grenham	Cyril Maude
Margot Tatham	Alma Tell
Hon. Mrs. Lynton	Marguerite St. John
Rev. Ernest Lynton	Harry Ashford
John Willocks	Geoffrey Millar

Act I.—A Room in the Hon. Willie Tatham's House in Mayfair.
Acts II and III.—A Room in Lord Grenham's House in the Country.

A two weeks' revival of the previous season's success. Reported as Cyril Maude's farewell to Broadway, but later denied.

TAPS

A play in three acts by Franz Adam Beyerlein. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, April 14, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Sergeant Volkhardt	Lionel Barrymore
Capt. von Bannewitz	Edwin Maxwell
Lieut. von Lauffen	McKay Morris
Corporal Helbig	Ullrich Haupt
Corporal Queiss	Egon Brecher
Private Michalek	Milton Stiefel
Lieut. von Howen	Frederick Macklyn
Major Paschke	Thurlow Bergen
Capt. Lehdenburg	Herbert Standing
A Doctor	Robert Thorne
Lieut. Hagemeister	Lauman Davis
An Orderly	George Gilday
A Secretary	Sydney Smith
Klarchen Volkhardt	Irene Fenwick

Acts I and III.—Troop Headquarters and Lieut. von Lauffen's Quarters. Act II.—Squadron Room. Staged by Lawrence Marston.

Klarchen, the pretty daughter of Sergeant Volkhardt, is in love with the high-born Lieutenant von Lauffen.

Frequently at night she visits him in his quarters after taps. Corporal Helbig, to whom she formerly had pledged herself, returns to suggest that they proceed with the wedding. He suspects Von Lauffen, forces his way into his quarters, finds Klarchen, and is arrested for a technical assault upon his superior officer. At the court martial everybody lies to save Klarchen, but the truth comes out. Old Volkhardt fires at Von Lauffen and kills Klarchen. "Taps" was first played in America in 1904 by Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon and Robert Loraine.

THE SAPPHIRE RING

A play by Laszlo Lakatos, adapted by Isabel Leighton. Produced by George Choos at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, April 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mari	Elizabeth Holman
Jossef	Milano Tilden
Krista	Helen Gahagan
Karoly	Frank Conroy
Dr. Erno Nemeth	Kenneth MacKenna
Elsa	Mildred Florence
Garzo	Marcel Rousseau

The Action of the Play Takes Place in Budapest and Consumes Some Three Hours on a Cold December Evening. Staged by Lester Lonergan.

When they were married, Karoly had given Krista a sapphire ring with a legend attached. As long as the ring remained in her possession, the legend ran, she would remain true to her husband and would be found out if she tried to cheat. One day Krista's maid borrowed the ring unknown to Krista, and that very day Krista, flattered by the attentions of a young doctor, visited him in his rooms, changed to a charming Japanese bathrobe and let down her hair. A disturbance in which

a former mistress of the doctor's figured sent Krista home, however, before the doctor returned and she tells the whole adventure to Karoly. He believes and he doesn't believe. But when they go to look for the sapphire ring they find it there. So she must have told the truth.

O, NIGHTINGALE

A comedy in three acts by Sophie Treadwell. Produced by Sophie Treadwell at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, April 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Richard Warrington ..... Lyonel Watts
Mme. Vera Istomina ..... Constance Eliot
Dot Norton ..... Suzanne Willa
Appolonia Lee ..... Martha-Bryan Allen
Le Marquis de Severac ..... Ernest Lawford
A Waiter ..... Marcel Lemans
Lawrence Gormont ..... Fred Irving Lewis
Flora St. John ..... Harda Daube

Acts I, II and III.—In Richard Warrington's Studio in New York.
Staged by John Kirkpatrick.

Appolonia Lee from Kansas is in New York determined to go on the stage. Down to her last cent and still without a job she listens to the advice of a fellow sufferer, Dot Norton of the chorus. The only thing that can help a girl in New York, Dot argues, is a man's influence. So Appolonia goes in search of a man. She finds one in the person of the titled but unhappily married Le Marquis de Severac and frankly asks his help. Charmed by her innocence, and also the curve of her neck, he agrees to help. He organizes a dinner party and invites a vulgar producer of plays and his large, blond wife. Appolonia is disillusioned and later saved by Richard Warrington, an honest young sculptor.

THRILLS

A drama in three acts by William Francis Dugan. Produced by Dugan Producing Corporation, at the Comedy Theatre, New York, April 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mozella Benson	Elisabeth Risdon
Horace Benson	W. L. Thorne
Elizabeth Braham	Alice Fleming
Dave Braham	John M. Sullivan
Armand Valry	Ramsey Wallace
Yamamota	Yamamota
Flo Alden	Helen Carew
Freddie	By Himself

Act I.—The Living Room of Horace Benson's Apartment. Acts II and III.—Armand Valry's Studio. Staged by Henry Herbert.

Mozella Benson, growing to loathe Horace, her neglectful husband, listens to Armand Valry, a successful novelist and a specialist in cheering unhappy women. Visiting Armand in his rich, red apartment, Mozella is thrilled by the adventure, but wants to turn right around and go home. Armand holds her against her will. An hour later, when Horace breaks in to demand his wife, Armand assures him that Mozella, rarest of women, has stood the test of fire and done no wrong. Horace has his doubts, however, and a year later the Bensons are divorced and Mozella marries her novelist.

ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS

A drama in three acts by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens. Produced by Carl Reed at the Lyric Theatre, New York, April 20, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mrs. Ridgley	Marion Barney
Reginald Ridgley	Denis Gurney
Taula	Penelope Hubbard
Hina	Priscilla Knowles
Aloma	Vivienne Osborne
Sumner Ridgley	Arthur Barry

Andy Taylor	Ben Johnson
"Shorty"	Walter Glass
"Red" Malloy	Arthur R. Vinton
Nuitane	George Gaul
Boano	William Gargan
Hongi	Al. Roberts
Bob Holden	Frank Thomas
Sylvia Templeton	Anne Morrison
Van Templeton	Richard Gordon
Luana	Andrea McKinnon
Moana	Lola De Rome
Unola	Dorotha Denise
Nahoma	Korola Alleneve

Act I.—Exterior of the "Blue Pearl." Acts II and III.—Interior of Bob Holden's Hut. Staged by A. H. Van Buren.

Aloma, the pride of the island, is enamored of Bob Holden, a young American who is drinking himself to death in the South Seas. She goes to keep house for Bob, but is warned if she ever makes love to him her native lover, Nuitane, will kill them both. Aloma does what she can to put Nuitane to the test, but Bob quits drinking and withstands her temptation, partly because his old sweetheart is widowed about this time and he is able to return to the States with her.

THREE DOORS

A play in three acts by Edward Rose and F. S. Merlin. Produced by Albert Von Tilzer at Lenox Little Theatre, New York, April 23, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Arthur Drake	Edwin Varney
Slattery	J. R. O'Neil
Abe Pintree	Pacie Ripple
Myrtle Wing	Ruth MacMullen
Mary Delmaine	E. Stoddard Taylor
John Brewster	Harold Moulton
Maizie Buck	Betty McLean
Ethel Doane	Ella Landré
Jonathan Bold	Roy Bucklee
Stephen Writewell	Joe Lanigan
Ike Concave	Johnny Cantwell
Tim Casey	John Rowan
Maggie	Lillian Wilck
Lura Lee	Winifred Salisbury

Ethelbert Hays ..... J. R. O'Neil
Sulama ..... Betty McLean
Raymond ..... John O. Hewitt
Cario Maetizo ..... Lillian Wilck
Shivers ..... Joe Lanigan
Sheriff Manton ..... John Rowan

Scenes include Miss Delmaine's Dressing Room at the Gotham Theater, the Stage, the Curtain, and a Room in the Hollow House. Staged by F. S. Merlin.

A form of revue made up of sketches, burlesque mystery playlets, etc.

THE POOR NUT

A comedy in three acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced by Patterson McNutt at the Henry Miller Theatre, New York, April 27, 1925.

Cast of characters —

"Colonel" Small ..... Joseph Dailey
Margerie Blake ..... Norma Lee
John Miller ..... Elliott Nugent
Julia Winters ..... Florence Shirley
"Spike" Hoyt ..... Grant Mills
"Hub" Smith ..... Beach Cooke
"Magpie" Welch ..... Percy Helton
Coach Jackson ..... John Webster
"Walle" Pierce ..... Cornelius Keefe
Professor Deming ..... Wright Kramer
"Doc" Spurney ..... Thomas Shearer
A Freshman ..... Joseph Mitchell
Wisconsin Official ..... Joseph Loudon
Peggy ..... Margaret Fitch
Betty ..... Jean Mann

Wisconsin—Gavin O'Rourke, Frank Subers, Hamilton Ward.
Ohio State—Roger Briner, Lester Nielsen.

Act I.—The University Book Store. Act II.—The Trainer's Tent, Athletic Field, Official Boxes, Corner of the Stadium. Act III.—Living Room "Psi Sigma" House. Staged by Howard Lindsay.

John Miller is a shy freshman at Ohio State University. Girls give him goose flesh. Roistering fraternity men make him sick with envy. He would like to run on the track team, but is scared out. He thinks he is in love with Margerie Blake, but he fears he may be keeping her from liking some worthier mate. Then Julia

Winters comes to Ohio State with the Wisconsin State team for the annual meet. Julia has been taking her psychology seriously. She knows Freud well, if not personally. She gets after John's inferiority complex. Next day she has him winning the relay race and saving his college. And the day after he proposes to Margerie and decides to be a botany professor, even if it doesn't pay much.

ROSMERSHOLM

A play in four acts by Henrik Ibsen, translated by Charles Archer. Produced by The Stagers at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, May 5, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Rebecca West ..... Margaret Wycherly
Madam Helseth ..... Josephine Hull
Doctor Kroll ..... Carl Anthony
Johannes Rosmer ..... Warren William
Ulric Brendel ..... J. M. Kerrigan
Peter Mortensgard ..... Arthur Hughes

The Action Takes Place at Rosmersholm, an Old Family Seat Near a Small Coast Town in the West of Norway, 1886.

The first revival of the Ibsen classic since Mrs. Fiske played it in 1907–08. In the Fiske company Bruce McRae was the Rosmer, George Arliss the Ulric Brendel, Fuller Mellish the Rector Kroll and Albert Bruning the Mortensgard.

LITTLE THEATRE TOURNAMENT

Conducted by Walter Hartwig, in coöperation with The Manhattan Little Theatre Club, Inc., for the David Belasco Trophy, at Wallack's Theatre, New York, the week of May 4, 1925.

Monday Evening, May 4

Our Lady of Mercy Players of Fordham, N. Y., in "I Did But Jest," by Godfrey Schmidt.

The cast —

Pierre ..... Robert Walsh
Francois ..... Robert Rose
Want Wit ..... Godfrey Schmidt
Lady Marie ..... Agnes Haugh

Scene—A Room in a French Chateau, about 1400 A.D. Directed by Agnes Haugh.

The Lighthouse Players of Manhattan in "For Distinguished Service," by Florence Clay Knox.

The cast —

Katharine Burton ..... Mary Bierman
Mrs. Jim Harding ..... Lillian Hillman
Mary ..... Ruth Askenas

Scene—Katharine Burton's Apartment. Directed by Rosalie Mathieu.

The Adelphi College Dramatic Association of Brooklyn in "Aria Da Capo," by Edna St. Vincent Millay.

The cast —

Pierrot ..... Alma Rochford
Columbine ..... Isabelle Brown
Cothurnus ..... Edna Levy
Thyrsis ..... Gertrude Simon
Corydon ..... Wilma Libman

Scene—Anywhere. Time—Any time. Directed by George Henry Trader.

Tuesday Evening, May 5

The Fireside Players of White Plains, N. Y., in "Reprisal," by Raymond Fuller.

The cast —

Sentry ..... Joseph Brown
Lieut. Heatherwyse ..... Stuart Snelling
Lieut. Shortell ..... Arthur Clark
Seargent Mills ..... Adriel Harris
Lieut. Crocker ..... William B. Mercer
An Orderly ..... Hewlett Duryea
A Private ..... Frank Bache
Another Private ..... Herbert Kohlberg
Major Wales ..... Ambrose McCabe

Scene—A near-front British Aviator's Sleeping Shack at 3 a.m. Directed by Natalie Harris and Warren Ives.

The Talisman Troupe of Brooklyn, N. Y., in "Marsyas, The Faun," a drama based on the Greek myth of the hapless faun who aspired to be a god, by Jane Kerley; music by Eleanor Marum.

The cast —

Marsyas, the Faun ..... James Watson
Athene, Goddess of Wisdom and War ..... Beth Mutke
A Nymph ..... Estelle Burman
Apollo, God of Music and Light ..... Gene Kerrigan
The Muse of Music ..... Norma Byrd Watson
Nymphs—Mabel Arps, Celia Cohn, Martha Gale, Fanny Kozin, Mary MacInroy, Agnes MacInroy, Mildred Morgan, Pauline Soskin, Ruth Sussman, Alice Watson.
Gnomes ..... Richard Lindblom, Martin Greenberg, John Saltar
Hares ..... Phoebe Wolf, Gertrude Kreiswirth

Scene—A Dense Forest. Time—Very long ago. Directed by Jane Kerley.

The Garden Players of Forest Hills, L. I., in "The Left Fork," by Charles Eugene Powers.

The cast —

Joseph Martin, a settler on a timber claim ..... Crispia Bebb
Mary Martin, his wife ..... Bertha Mandel
Jack Conrad, a prospector ..... Harold O'Neill

Scene—A Log Cabin in the Pine Forests of Idaho. Directed by Bertha Mandel.

The Acquinal Dramatic Society of the Bronx, N. Y., in "The Man Upstairs," by Augustus Thomas.

The cast —

Mr. Ruggles ..... James F. Clark
Mrs. Ruggles ..... Elsie G. Rigo
Mary ..... Margot Seery
Mr. Frisbie ..... James Seery
Mrs. Frisbie ..... Josephine von Hadeln

Scene—The Ruggles Apartment. Time—The present. The play directed by Pater Daniel J. F. Sullivan.

Wednesday Evening, May 6

The Monticello Players of the New York Evening High School, in "The Riding to Lithend," by Gordon Bottomley.

The cast —

Astrid ..... Alice Ward
Ormild ..... Anna Dwyer
Oddny ..... Kathleen Nichols
Steinover ..... Theresa Sparr
Rannveig ..... Eleanor Seibold
Hallgerd ..... Alice Conway
Gunnar ..... Edwin Behlmer
Biarty ..... Gertrude Raph
Jofrid ..... Mary Spurgeon
Gudfinn ..... Gladys Blau
Thorbrand ..... Hugh Murray
Asbrand ..... Fred Schmidt
Gizur, the White ..... Kurt Dornau
Mord ..... Thomas F. Keenan
Thorgrim, Aunund, Hroald and other Riders—Solomon Jacobs, Percy Tennant, James McLaughlin, Charles Bulzing, Michael Elbert, George Blakeley, John Callahan, William Morrison.

Scene—Gunnar's Home in Lithend, South Iceland. The Tenth Century, A.D. Directed by Conrad V. Norman.

The Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, N. Y., in "The Yellow Triangle," by George W. Sutton, Jr.

The cast —

Henderson, a trader ..... Charles H. Tebay
Helen, his wife ..... Isabel Carson
Bardow, American consul ..... Paul Twohey
Captain Durand, Chief of Police ..... Noel H. Kilby
Ali, head house boy ..... Herbert A. Weiller
Alidini Viseram, Arabian ivory merchant ..... Eugene Beaupre
Mabruki Swahili, servant ..... Walter B. Humphrey

Scene—Office in Henderson's Home, Zanzibar, East Africa. Time—Late afternoon. Directed by George W. Sutton, Jr.

The Little Theatre of Dallas, Texas, in "The No 'Count Boy," by Paul Green.

The cast —

Pheelie, a Young Negro Girl ..... Geraldine Knight
Enos, her lover ..... Jack F. Hyman
The No 'Count Boy ..... Ben Smith
An Old Negro Woman ..... Margaret Bentley

Scene—Eastern North Carolina. Time—A few years ago. Directed by Oliver Hinsdell.

The Mummers of Larchmont, N. Y., in "Ropes," by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

The cast —

Paul Whalen, keeper of a second-class light ..... Joseph Kirchoff
Jen Whalen, his wife ..... Elfrida Watson
Pauline Whalen, their daughter ..... Maxine Messersmith
Jim Paine, a district lighthouse inspector ..... S. P. Hebard

Scene—The Keeper's Living Room in the Lighthouse on Black Blow Ledge, a solitary rock off the New England Coast. Time—The present. Directed by Murray Phillips.

Thursday Evening, May 7

The Mummers of St. Lawrence University of Canton, N. Y., in "Lima Beans," by Alfred Kreymborg.

The cast —

The Husband ..... Philip Gotthold
The Wife ..... Helen Meany
The Huckster ..... Donald Evans

Directed by Edson R. Miles.

The Cranford Dramatic Club of Cranford, N. J., in "The Giants' Stair," by Wilbur Daniel Steele.

The cast —

Mrs. Weatherburn ..... Martha Plumb
Til, Her Sister ..... Maluan Gilpin
Bane, the Sheriff ..... Moses Craig
One Man at the Door ..... Kenneth Jones

Scene—A Farm at the Upper End of a Valley, "The Gients' Stair," which descends from amongst the mountains. The Farmhouse Kitchen. Time—A November evening. Directed by Sallie Sheldon.

The Kanawha Players of Charleston, West Virginia, in "As I Remember You," by Sada Cowan.

The cast —

PROLOGUE

Memory—A Curse and a Pleasure ..... A Voice

IN THE PLAY

Arlette ..... Helen Kingsted
The Visitor (A Woman she has tried to forget) Louise Howell Shadle
Henry ..... F. William Grover
The Stranger (A Man he has forgotten).....James B. Pettit
A Waiter and an Escort

Scene—A Moonlit Garden. Directed by L. May Haughwout.

The Albion College Histrionic Players of Albion, Michigan, in "Ile," by Eugene O'Neill.

The cast —

Ben, the Cabin Boy ..... Walter Urch
The Steward ..... Phil May
Captain Keeney ..... Emerson Lull
Slocum, Second Mate ..... Edward Brigham
Mrs. Keeney ..... Helen Tench
Joe, the Harpooner ..... Dallas Harger

Scene—Captain Keeney's Cabin on board the steam whaling ship *Atlantic Queen*. Time—The afternoon of a day in the year 1895. Directed by Florence Swisher.

Friday Evening, May 8

The Studio Theatre, Inc., of Manhattan, in "Gloria Mundi," by Patricia Brown.

The cast —

Miss Jebb ..... Grania Knott
Mrs. Farnsworth ..... Hortense Boyce Mackay
Virginia Blake ..... Evelyn Bareid
Miss Dunn ..... Suzanne Colby
Mr. Lloyd ..... Albert Sterner
Dr. Cartwell ..... Samuel A. Eliot, Jr.

Scene—The Reception Room. Directed by Ethel B. Henin.

The Players Club of Columbus, Ohio, in "Friends Invited," by Roe Lee Jackson.

The cast —

Mr. P. W. O'Kane, an undertaker ..... Barron Callen
Mrs. Phosey Doggit, a critical neighbor ..... Elsie Coates Kittle
Mrs. Mazie Pettit, an observing neighbor ..... Agnes Jeffrey Shedd

Mrs. Nell Fullweider, another neighbor ..... Harriet Baker Hall
Rev. Wellington Campbell ..... Hayward M. Anderson
Scene—Living Room in the home of the late Philip Anderson in a mid-western town. Time—A summer afternoon between two and three o'clock. Directed by Ray Lee Jackson.

The Penn State Players of the Pennsylvania State College, State College, Penn., in "Night," a poetic fantasy by James Oppenheim.

The cast —

The Priest ..... N. D. Zimmerman
The Poet ..... A. A. McCurdy
The Scientist ..... F. S. Neusbaum
The Woman ..... Dorothy Musser
The Man ..... R. W. Tyson
Scene—A Hill-top at Night. Directed by Arthur C. Cloetingh.

The Kittredge Players of Manhattan in "The Bracelet," by Alfred Sutro.

The cast —

Williams, a footman ..... Thomas E. Leahy
Smithers, a maid ..... Evelyn Casey
Martin, the butler ..... J. Fabian Joyce
Harvey Western ..... Hamilton S. Phillips
Mrs. Western ..... Mabel E. Burke
His Honor, Judge Banket ..... Fred C. Batchellor
Mrs. Banket ..... Anna M. Stein
Miss Farren ..... Gene Magnus
Scene—The Dining Room in the Home of the Westerns. Time—The present. Directed by Arthur Fitzgerald.

In the award of prizes, the Studio Theatre of Manhattan was given $200 for "Gloria Mundi," as the best unpublished play, and the Huguenot Players of New Rochelle, N. Y., $100 for "The Yellow Triangle," as the second best unpublished play. The Kittredge Players of Manhattan and the Little Theatre of Dallas also won cash prizes of $100 each, and the Dallas Players, for the second time in two years, carried home the David Belasco trophy, the supreme prize of the tournament.

THE GORILLA

A play in three acts by Ralph Spence. Produced by Donald Gallaher at the Selwyn Theatre, New York, April 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jefferson Lee	Stephen Maley
Cyrus Stevens	Frederick Truesdell
Alice Stevens	Betty Weston
Arthur Marsden	Robert Strange
Mr. Mulligan	Clifford Dempsey
Mr. Garrity	Frank McCormack
Simmons	Frank Beaston
The Stranger	Harry Southard
A Sailor	Joseph Guthrie
Poe	Harry A. Ward
Dr. Wilner	George Spelvin

Acts I, II and III.—Home of Cyrus Stevens, Long Island. Staged by Walter F. Scott.

Arthur Marsden is a dramatist specializing in mystery plays. His sweetheart, Alice Stevens, living with her father in a funny old house, thinks Mr. Stevens might back the play if he were to become interested in it. Arthur reads the play to him, and, as he reads, many weird things happen. The Gorilla of the title is both the criminal hero of the play and a real ape escaped from the zoo. The spirit is one of burlesque. Most of the fun is furnished by a pair of hick detectives, Mulligan and Garrity.

FLESH

A comedy drama in four acts by A. J. Lamb. Produced by The United Arcades, Inc., at the Princess Theatre, New York, May 7, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Percy	Donald Leonard
Fanny Batcher	Grayce Connell
Mrs. Simkins	Josephine Williams
Steve Dowling	Edwin Gub'

Dr. Graham ..... George Patton
Dell Moreland ..... Madeline Davidson
Fred Carp ..... William Balfour
Algy ..... Cosette Faustine
Officer Ryan ..... Henry Kelly

Scenes include Fanny's Room, Dell Moreland's Parlor, the Theater, Street Near Dell's Home, Fred's Snuggery, a Street. Staged by Charles Hanna.

Dell Moreland, a girl of nice family, is in love with and engaged to Fred Carp. Morbidly curious as to his past, Dell discovers one of his intimate friends to be Fanny Batcher, a girl of the town. Dell bargains with Fanny to change rooms with her the night Fred is expected to call on Fanny. In Fanny's bed she is surprised by Fanny's lover, Steve Dowling, and later by Fred. The men come to blows, Dell escapes and later marries Dr. Graham, whose kisses are at least pure.

THE CRITIC

A play in three acts by Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Produced at the Neighborhood Theatre, New York, May 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mr. Dangle ..... Whitford Kane
Mrs. Dangle ..... Dorothy Sands
Mr. Sneer ..... Charles Warburton
Mr. Puff ..... Ian Maclaren
Servant ..... Philip Mann
Under Prompter ..... Junius Mathews
Sir Christopher Hatton ..... Martin Wolfson
Sir Walter Raleigh ..... Charles Webster
Governor ..... Otto Hulicius
Master of the Horse ..... Junius Mathews
Earl of Leicester ..... Harold Minjer
Sentinels ..... Wm. Beyer and Geo. Heller
Tilburina ..... Adele Klaer
Confidant ..... Dorothy Sands
Don Ferolo Whiskerandos ..... Marc Loebell
First Cousin ..... Blanche Talmud
Uncle ..... George Heller
Near Relations ..... Anne Schmidt, Paula Trueman
Constable ..... Philip Mann
Justice ..... Marc Loebell
Justice's Lady ..... Vera Allen

Beefeater ..... Harold Minjer
Lord Burleigh ..... William Beyer
First Niece ..... Paula Trueman
Second Niece ..... Anne Schmidt
River Thames ..... William Beyer
Thames' Banks ..... Anne Schmidt, Paula Trueman
Spanish Ships ..... Otto Hulicius, Marc Loebell
English Ships ..... Junius Mathews, Martin Wolfson
Britannia ..... Adele Klaer
Lion ..... Dorothy Sands
Unicorn ..... Harold Minjer
Rivers—Vera Allen, Otto Hulicius, George Heller, Marc Loebell, Philip Mann, Junius Mathews, Blanche Talmud, Charles Webster, Martin Wolfson.

Act I.—Home of Mr. and Mrs. Dangle. Acts II and III.—Drury Lane Theater. Directed by Agnes Morgan and Ian Maclaren.

A revival of the Sheridan classic pilloring the poseurs of the Restoration through the rehearsal of a burlesque tragedy.

THE LOVES OF LULU

A play in four acts by Frank Wedekind, translated by Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Produced at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, May 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Dr. Ludwig Schoen ..... Ullrich Haupt
Alva ..... John Davidson
Dr. Goll, M.D. ..... J. Seymour Terry
Schwarz ..... Edward Crandall
Prince Escerny ..... Paul Doucet
Escherich ..... Leonard Ide
Schigolch ..... Sidney Paxton
Rodrigo ..... Stewart Baird
Hugenberg ..... Forbes Dawson
Ferdinand ..... Thomas Coffin Cooke
Lulu ..... Margot Kelly
Countess Geschwitz ..... Clara Mackin
Henriette ..... Kathlene Niday

PROLOGUE

The Author, in Guise of an Animal Trainer ..... Stewart Baird
Charlie, His Assistant ..... Stanley Gotch

Act I.—The Studio of Schwarz. Act II.—The Parlor of Schwarz. Act III.—A Theatrical Dressing Room. Act IV.—The Hall of Dr. Schoen's House. Staged under the direction of Ullrich Haupt.

Lulu, a cabaret flower girl at the age of twelve, is taken up by Dr. Ludwig Schoen and made a member of

his household. Through her own instincts and the training of the older man she becomes what she describes as "a little beast," despoiling the loves of many men and a few women. Her life is trailed by a series of tragedies of which she is the inspiration. It is a translation of Wedekind's "Erdgeist."

HIS QUEEN

A play in four acts by John Hastings Turner. Produced by Oliver Morosco at the Hudson Theatre, New York, May 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jane Roper	Minnie Dupree
Stockie	Margot Lester
Maria Avilon	Francine Larrimore
James Gaut	Charles Brown
Teenie Clawson	Betty Neye
Dick Coleby	Harold West
Rev. Walter Prendergast	Frank Hubert
Arthrike Takarpoulos	Lumsden Hare
Countess Phryne Eumaros	Marion Vantine
Thales	Robert Warwick
Adeimon	Edward Emery
A Young Man	Francis X. Malloy

Act I.—Yonkers. Act II.—Zorea, the Capital of Pyrrichos. A Room in the Palace. Act III.—The House of Thales. Act IV.—In the Palace. Staged by Oliver Morosco.

Maria Avilon, a manikin in a Yonkers dress shop, borrows a wedding gown and marries the assistant floorwalker, James Gaut. At their wedding breakfast Maria is informed that she is really heir to the throne of Perrichos, and that the kingdom awaits her. She takes her new husband and her guardian aunt and goes to Perrichos, where the people receive her grandly. The revolutionists, however, headed by Thales, want to unseat her. She loves Thales and in a fight with the palace guards she stops a bullet meant for him and dies sweetly at 11 p.m.

THE BIG MOGUL

A melodramatic comedy in four acts, by DeWitt Newing. Produced by Nod Productions, Inc., at Daly's Theatre, New York, May 11, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Peter Quilt's Office Boy—Peter	Allen York
Peter Quilt's Secretary—Sadie	Alma Blake
Van Cortland Lamb	Cameron Mathews
Marie Lamb	Pat Clary
Peter Quinn Quilt	Fisk O'Hara
Miss Dalrimple	Charlotte Kent
J. Webb Holt	John Driscoll
Mrs. Lamb	Ada Lytton Barbour
Dr. Ferrone	James E. Miller
Jimmy Randolph	Gilbert Cartland
Miss Kearney	Catherine Downey
Miss Beatrice Gilmore	Dorothy Seegar
Mr. Smith	James Nelson

Acts I and III.—Peter Quinn Quilt's Office. Act II.—The Music Room, Van Cortland Lamb's Home. Act IV.—Conference Room of Van Cortland Lamb's Private Suite. Staged by T. Daniel Frawley.

Peter Quinn Quilt, having been a plumber, becomes a big mogul of Wall Street when he inherits a fortune. Meeting and loving Marie Lamb, his secretary, he discovers, after her father tries to trim him, that she is a lady and an heiress. Peter gets his fortune back and marries Marie.

A BIT OF LOVE

A play in three acts by John Galsworthy. Produced by The Actors' Theatre at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, May 12, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Michael Strangway	O. P. Heggie
Beatrice Strangway	Chrystal Herne
Mrs. Bradmere	Alice Fischer
Jim Bere	Herbert Ranson
Jack Cremer	Ernest Rowan
Mrs. Burlacombe	Beryl Mercer
Burlacombe	Alf Helton
Trustaford	St. Clair Bayfield

Jarland ..... Thomas Chalmers
Clyst ..... Philip Leigh
Freman ..... Joseph Macaulay
Godleigh ..... Edward Rigby
Sol Potter ..... John Brewer
Morse ..... Roy Cochrane
Villagers—Charles Cheltenham, Harry Hatch, Warner Tufts, Oliver Putnam, Charles Byrd, Franklin Salisbury, Dorothy Black, Elenor Johnson.
Ivy Burlacombe ..... Eline Temple
Connie Trustaford ..... Kathleen Middleton
Gladys Freeman ..... Helen Bergovoy
Mercy Jarland ..... Neville Westman
Tibby Jarland ..... Carol Chase
Bobbie Jarland ..... Alfred Little

The scenes include Strangway's Rooms at Burlacombe's, the Village Inn, the Church and Burlacombe's Barn. Staged by Robert Milton.

Michael Strangway, a young rector, realizing that Beatrice, his wife, is restless after eighteen months of married life, sends her away to visit her mother. Beatrice goes to meet her girlhood lover instead, and comes back to confess to Michael that she never has loved him and cannot longer live with him. She asks him not to divorce her, however, as the scandal would ruin her true love. Michael makes the sacrifice, his parishioners learn of it, hiss him for a sinner and a weakling and would drive him from his church. He contemplates suicide, but conquers himself and goes on living, praying that he may come to love every living thing.

THE BRIDE RETIRES

A comedy in three acts by Felix Gandera, adapted by Henry Baron. Produced by Henry Baron at the National Theatre, New York, May 16, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Mme. Herbel ..... Alice Fischer
Claude Herbel ..... Stanley Ridges
M. Cortinat ..... Grant Stewart
Raymonde ..... Lila Lee
Gisala ..... Ethel Intropidi

Edouard ..... Taylor Graves
Victorine ..... Mrs. Jacques Martin
Acts I and II.—Claude Herbel's Bachelor Apartment in Paris.
Act II.—The Bridal Chamber.

Claude and Raymonde, engaged to marry each other through the connivance of their parents, decide to beat the banns. Claude wants to remain a bachelor and love his friend's wife, Gisala, and Raymonde wants to run away with her cousin, Edouard. So Claude and Raymonde are married with the confessed intention of remaining true to their other loves and separating next day. Then they discover that they are really in love with each other.

LADY OF THE ROSE

A play in three acts by Martin Flavin. Produced by Jacob A. Weiser, at the Forty-ninth Street Theatre, New York, May 19, 1925.

Cast of characters —

John Meredith ..... Henry Herbert
Lady of The Rose ..... Margaret Mosier
Lorraine ..... Margaret Mower
Barry Trevelyan ..... Howard Lang
Peter ..... William Podmore
Richard Brainard ..... Kenneth Fox
Stage Hand ..... Vaughn Deering
Max Lubin ..... Edwin Maxwell
Doctor ..... George Spelvin
The scenes include John Meredith's Study and a Stage. Staged by Henry Herbert and Jacob Weiser.

John Meredith, playwright, has dreamed of the heroine of his masterpiece so long that she has become a living ideal to him. When he tries to find an actress to play the part he meets and marries Lorraine. But Lorraine is not at all the ideal anticipated, and Meredith, in his disappointment, retires from the world, still dreaming of his heroine. Years later the play is found,

and Lorraine, knowing her husband will not let her play the part if he knows, helps her manager produce it surreptitiously. The playwright discovers the deception, witnesses the performances, curses his wife and the other for ruthlessly destroying his vision, and dies.

MAN OR DEVIL

A play in three acts by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Broadhurst Theatre, New York, May 21, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Christina	Ruth Findlay
Burgomaster Haas	Herbert Standing
A Barber	Milton Stiefel
Nicholas Snyders	Lionel Barrymore
An Artist	Milano Tilden
Vrow Molenar	Isabelle Winlocke
A Child	Georgina Tilden
Dame Toelast	Marion Ballou
A Peddler	Thurlow Bergen
Jan	McKay Morris
Pieter Bles	Egon Brecher

Acts I, II and III.—At Nicholas Snyders', Zandam, Holland, early in the Seventeenth Century. Staged by Lawrence Marston.

Nicholas Snyders, the miser of Zandam, grows anxious about his soul. Bargaining with a peddler he acquires a wine that is guaranteed to change the souls of any two persons who drink it with a request for the change upon their lips. Nicholas draws young Jan into such a compact, the change is wrought, Nicholas becomes young in heart and gentle in spirit, and Jan crabbed and miserly. Before great harm can be done, before, at least, pretty Christina can be married to old Snyders, the souls are changed back. Then Nicholas, having had a taste of being good, seriously considers a permanent reformation.

ODD MAN OUT

A comedy in three acts by Paul Fox and George Tilton. Produced by Michael Mindlin at the Booth Theatre, New York, May 25, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Wilson ..... Lewis Barrington
Karl Spalla ..... A. E. Anson
Julie Bancroft ..... Alma Tell
Jerry Ames ..... James Crane
Dickon Bancroft ..... Lee Baker

Acts I, II and III.—In the Country Home of Dickon Bancroft, on Long Island. Staged by Joseph Graham.

Julie, having married Dickon Bancroft for his money, hears he is dead. She has had many affairs in her day and now she is tempted by two in particular. She does not know whether to return to Jerry, the love of her youth, or go with Karl, a wicked but rich old roué who offers a yacht and a Mediterranean trip. Before she can decide, her missing husband returns. Julie confesses her predicament, and as he has always let her have her way, he seeks to help her. She had better take Karl, he thinks. She will not stay long with Karl. But if she went with Jerry, it might never end. And that is what Julie does.

BACHELORS' BRIDES

A farce comedy in three acts by Charles Horace Malcolm. Produced by Raye and Co., Inc., at the Cort Theatre, New York, May 28, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Rev. Thomas Blakeney ..... Frank Sherlock
Robert ..... Walter Kingsford
Lady Ashfield ..... Aline McDermott
Mary Bowing ..... Lee Patrick
Captain Percy Ashfield ..... Charles Davis
Catherine Tweed ..... Ann Delafield
Mr. Chauncey Hamner ..... Edward Poland

Mrs. Cecil Combemere	Olive Reeve-Smith
The Earl of Allerton	Percy Norman
Mr. Cecil Combemere	Horace Sinclair
Last Post	George Spavin

Acts I, II and III.—At Ashfield House, Sussex, England.

In the Dream Fantasy

Catherine Tweed	Cleopatra, Percy's Temptation
Robert	Percy's Bodyguard
Mary	Percy's Guardian Angel
Lady Ashfield	Percy's Mother
Cynthia Combemere	Percy's Menace
Cecil Combemere	Percy's Friend
Lord Allerton	Percy's Prospects
Mr. Hamner	Percy's Conscience
Rev. Thomas Blakeney	Percy's Bookmaker
Last Post	Percy's Horse

Staged by Melville Burke.

Captain Percy Ashfield, about to marry Mary Bowing, the American heiress, is quite upset by the delivery of a baby boy among the wedding gifts. For two acts he seeks to hide the baby in the rooms of the butler, and once he goes to sleep in an awkward position on the divan and dreams of being pursued by devils and co-respondents. After which all is explained and the wedding plans put forward.

TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS

Revival of the play in four acts by Arthur Wing Pinero. Produced by The Players, at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, June 1, 1925.

Cast of characters —

James Telfer	Charles Coburn
Augustus Colpoys	Herbert Corthell
Ferdinand Gadd	William Courtleigh
Tom Wrench	Claude King
Mrs. Telfer	Amelia Bingham
Avonia Bunn	Violet Heming
Rose Trelawny	Laurette Taylor
Imogen Parrott	Gladys Hanson
O'Dwyer	John Cumberland
Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower	John Drew
Arthur Gower	Saxon Kling
Clara De Foenix	Catherine D. Owen
Captain de Foenix	Ernest Lawford
Miss Trafalgar Gower	Theresa Maxwell Conover

Mrs. Mossop ..... Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Mr. Ablett ..... O. P. Heggie
Charles ..... Henry Forsman
Sarah ..... Molly Pearson
Mr. Denzil ..... John Davenport Seymour
Mr. Mortimer ..... Patterson McNutt
Mr. Hunston ..... Douglas J. Wood
Miss Brewster ..... Edith Barrett
Miss Adair ..... Mary Elizabeth Forbes
Hallkeeper ..... John Evans

Act I.—At Mr. and Mrs. Telfer's Lodgings. Act II.—At Sir William Gower's. Act III.—In Brydon Crescent. Act IV.—On the Stage of the Pantheon Theater. Staged by William Seymour.

Rose Trelawny, a favorite actress at the Wells, in love with Arthur Gower, goes with him to visit his aristocratic relatives, the Sir William Gowers. She is made unhappy by the criticism of her prospective in-laws, and returns to her friends of the theatre. Arthur follows her and a reconciliation impends.

SPOOKS

A mystery farce in three acts by Robert J. Sherman. Produced at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre, New York, June 1, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Elliot Butterfield ..... Roy Gordon
Judy ..... Dixie Loftin
Marion Blackwell ..... Ethel Wilson
Sam ..... Cy Plunkett
Douglas Blackwell ..... Grant Mitchell
Laurette Payne ..... Marcia Byron
Silas Willoby ..... Arthur Olmi
Messenger Boy ..... Ward MacDonough
Inspector Ryan ..... Cecil Owen
Miss Brown ..... Emmy Bartin
Police Officer ..... Harry Buchanan

Acts I, II and III.—In the Old Mansion of Simon Blackwell. Staged by H. Minturn.

Elliot Butterfield, Marion and Douglas Blackwell and Laurette Payne, heirs to the estate of the eccentric Simon Blackwell their uncle, are obliged, under the terms of his will, to spend three nights in a presumably haunted house. Their attempt to meet the terms of the will is

filled with many harrowing adventures in which ghosts appear, murder is done and the heirs are frightened practically out of their wits. The mysteries are finally exposed as a part of a plot engineered by Judy and Sam, colored descendants of Simon, to frighten them away.

CHARLEY'S AUNT

Revival of the comedy in three acts by Brandon Thomas. Produced by Hermann Lieb, at Daly's Theatre, New York, June 1, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Jack Chesney ..... Charles D. Penman
Brassett ..... Harry Lillford
Charley Wycham ..... Antony Stanford
Lord Fancourt Babberly "Babbs" ..... Sam A. Burton
Sir Francis Chesney ..... George Sydenham
Amy Spettigue ..... Hope Coxhead
Kitty Verdon ..... Grace Voss
Stephen Spettigue ..... Karl Stall
Donna Lucia D'Alvadorez ..... Ruth Chorpenning
Ella ..... Kathleen Middleton

Act I.—Jack Chesney's Rooms, St. Oldes College. Act II.—Garden Outside of Jack's Rooms. Act III.—Drawing Room in Spettigue's Home. Staged by Hermann Lieb.

A revival of the old farce in which Lord ("Babbs") Babberly masquerades as a lady from Brazil, where the nuts come from, who is chaperoning a house party of young people.

THE BIRD CAGE

A pantomime, from the story by Fernand Beissier; music by P. Mario Costa. Produced by The Stagers at a series of matinées by the Ram's Head Players of Washington, at the Fifty-second Street Theatre, New York, June 2, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Louisette, the little milliner ..... Josephine Hutchinson
Julot, rich and the villain ..... Ranald Savery
Pierrot, himself ..... Robert Bell

Pochinet, the friendly wine-vendor ..... Richard Elwell
Fifine, a young person ..... Ruth Harrison
Petit Pierrot ..... Ella Bergling

Scenes—In Louisette's Home and Far Away— at the End of the Road.

One of the Pierrot series of pantomimes in which Pierrot wins the love of Louisette from Julot, the rich and villainous, and then sacrifices his love because of a temporary fascination for Fifine, the coquette. Later he returns, bedraggled and miserable, to Louisette and is forgiven.

LUCKY SAMBO

A musical comedy in two acts. Book, lyrics and music by Porter Grainger and Freddie Johnson. Produced by Harlem Productions, Inc., at the Colonial Theatre, New York, June 6, 1925.

Cast of characters —

John Whitby ..... Westley Hill
Mrs. Whitby ..... Gertie Moore
June ..... Monette Moore
"Doc" August ..... Arthur Porter
Rufus Johnson ..... Joe Byrd
Sambo Jenkins ..... Tim Moore
Jack Stafford ..... Freddie Johnson
Lena March ..... Lena Wilson
Edith Simpson ..... "Happy" Williams
John Law ..... Billy Ewing
Jim Nightengale ..... Clarence Robinson
Hitt Keys ..... Porter Grainger
Vera Blues ..... Jean Starr
Nimble Foote ..... Amelia Loomis
Minnie Tree ..... Mildred Brown
Twilight Gadson ..... Anna White
Shoo Nuff ..... Johnny Hudgins

Misses Julie Sanchez, Roberta Lowery, Edith Oliver, Dorothy Wilson, Edna Young, Grace Michael, Anna Moore, Alice Samons, Creola Mays, Lottie Ames, Evelyn Keyes, Margaret Fiall, Elizabeth Still, Florence Laster, Jerry Wiley, Adelaide Jones.

Messrs. James Caines, James Harrison, Edward Spinault, Abdeen M. Ali, Charley Saltus, Herbert Walker, David Robinson, Brownie Campbell.

Scenes include Front of Whitby's Hotel, Striver's Row, Aunt Jemima's Cabin, Hokum Oil Wells, Oil Boulevard, Lawn of Whitby Hotel, Lobby of Whitby Hotel, the Jail at Boley, Nightingale Cabaret. Staged by Leigh Whipper and Freddie Johnson.

A colored revue in which Rufus Johnson and Sambo Jenkins, inveigled into an oil-stock selling scheme by

Jim Nightengale, help trick their neighbors, are themselves tricked in turn and finally are made rich by the unexpected success of the oil well.

THE RIGHT TO LOVE

A play in three acts by Sheldon White. Produced by Walter O. Lindsey at Wallack's Theatre, New York, June 8, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Bessie Barton	Nellie Burt
Robert Blair	Robert Lynn
Belinda Perkins	Edith King
Tom Carroll	Owen Cunningham
Martin Gray	Herbert Dobbins
Frank Preston	John D. Seymour
Mary Barton	Leah Winslow
Alice Leigh	Mary Daniel
Warren King	William Melville
Jerry	Henry Rowland
Jackson Strong	Eugene LaRue

Acts I, II and III.—In the Cottage Inn, Falls City, Maryland.
Staged by Roland Rushton.

Mary Barton, deserted by Warren King before they were married and before her child was born, marries another man and brings up her son as the child of her second marriage. Grown to manhood, the boy falls in love with Alice Leigh, who is King's ward and his prospective bride. King is mysteriously murdered, his illegitimate son is suspected of the crime until a wiley detective, completely disguised, unravels the plot and exposes the real murderer.

GARRICK GAIETIES

A revue staged by the Junior members of the Theatre Guild. Music by Richard Rodgers; lyrics by Lorenz Hart. Produced by the Guild at the Garrick Theatre, New York, June 8, 1925.

Principal performers —

Sterling Halloway	Rosa Rolanda
Romney Brent	June Cochrane

Philip Loeb
Starr Jones
Felix Jacoves
James Norris
Willard Tobias
House Jameson
Edward Hogan
Paul Jones
Sanford Meisner
Alvah Bessie
Staged by Philip Loeb.

Edith Meisner
Peggy Conway
Dorothea Chard
Mary Marsh
Louise Richardson
Frances Hyde
Betty Starbuck
Elizabeth Holman
Sally Bates

THE FAMILY FAILING

A comedy presented at a trial matinée by Elfrida and Clarence Derwent, at the Princess Theatre, New York, June 9, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Brownlow ..... Louie Emery
Pauline ..... Haroldine Humphreys
Martin ..... Fairfax Burgher
Mrs. Montressor ..... Pearl Sindelar
Venetia ..... Sallie Sanford
Mr. Montressor ..... Arthur Lewis
Kent ..... Thompson Derr
Mr. Miller ..... George V. Brooks
Mrs. Frith ..... Lilian Booth

Act I.—The Montressors' Home in London, England. Acts II and III.—The Frith's Home in Manchester. Staged by Clarence Derwent.

Mrs. Montressor and Mrs. Frith, half sisters whose inordinate pride develops into an egregious snobbishness, have been lying to each other for years respecting their social station. Both claim to have achieved rich and aristocratic marriages. The Montressor daughter, Pauline, and the Frith son, Martin, are educated above their stations in the expectation that they will make rich marriages. When they are grown they meet, fall in love, expose their mothers' deception and marry for love.

KOSHER KITTY KELLY

A musical comedy by Leon De Costa. Produced by Arch Productions, Inc., at Times Square Theatre, New York, June 15, 1925.

Cast of characters —

Kitty Kelly ..... Helen Shipman
Morris Rosen ..... Basil Loughrane
Mrs. Mary Kelly ..... Dorothy Walters
Wang Lee ..... Paul Porter
Mrs. Sarah Feinbaum ..... Jennie Moscowitz
Patrick O'Reilly ..... Fred Santley
Rosie Feinbaum ..... Beatrice Allen
Moses Ginsburg ..... Robert Leonard
Joe Barns ..... Charles F. O'Connor
Zella Barnes ..... Dorothy Gay
A Mysterious Gent ..... Max Wideman
A Stranger ..... William Brainerd

Scenes include Front of Kitty Kelly's Home, Kitty's Bedroom, Ginsburg's Kosher Delicatessen Store, Mrs. Kelly's Parlor, Mrs. Feinbaum's Living Room. Staged by A. H. Van Buren.

Kitty Kelly, causing more or less neighborhood gossip by going with a Jewish boy, Morris Rosen, finally decides that she wants to marry an Irishman, Patrick O'Reilly, while Morris turns with equal enthusiasm to Rosie Feinbaum.

STATISTICAL SUMMARY

(June 15, 1924—June 15, 1925)

Plays	*Performances*
Aloma of the South Seas	66
Alloy	16
Annie Dear	103
Aren't We All	16
Ariadne	48
Artistic Temperament	5
Artists and Models	261
Ashes	24
Bachelors' Brides	22
Backslapper, The	33
Badges	101
Beggar on Horseback	16
Best People, The	143
Betty Lee	111
Bewitched	29
Beyond	16
Be Yourself	93
Big Boy	48
Big Mogul, The	16
Bird Cage, The	4
Bit o' Love, A	4
Blind Alleys	8
Blue Bandanna, The	16
Blue Peter, The	38
Bluffing Bluffers	24
Bride Retires, The	9
Bringing up Father	24
Brothers Menæchmus The	8
Bully, The	37
Busybody, The	64
Bye, Bye, Barbara	16
Cæsar and Cleopatra	48
Cain	14
Candida	143
Cape Smoke	104
Carnival	32
Charley's Aunt	8
Chauve-Souris	61
China Rose	96
Chocolate Dandies	96
Close Harmony	24
Clubs are Trumps	6
Cock o' the Roost	24
Comedienne	16
Complex, The	38
Conscience	132
Crime in the Whistler Room, The	25
Critic, The	17
Dancing Mothers	312
Dark Angel, The	63
Dawn	56
Dear Sir	15

Plays	*Performances*
Desert Flower, The	31
Desire Under the Elms	208
Devil Within, The	24
Diff'rent (Revival) (The Triumph of the Egg)	22
Dixie to Broadway	77
Depths, The	31
Dove, The	101
Don't Bother Mother	2
Dream Girl, The	117
Dr. David's Dad	5
Dunce Boy, The	43
Earl Carroll's Vanities	133
Easy Mark, The	95
Easy Street	12
Emperor Jones	28
Episode	21
Eve's Leaves	12
Exiles	41
Fake, The	88
Fall Guy, The	95
Family Failing, The (Trial)	1
Far Cry, The	31
Farmer's Wife, The	120
Fermin Germier, l'Odeon Co.	24
Firebrand, The	261
Flesh	4
Fourflusher, The	56
Garrick Gaieties	14
George White's Scandals	192
Good Bad Woman, A	16
Gorilla, The	15
Grab Bag, The	184
Great Music	44
Green Beetle, The	63
Greenwich Village Follies	127
Grounds for Divorce	127
Guardsman, The	248
Habitual Husband, The	12
Handy Man, The	24
Harem, The	183
Hassan	16
Haunted House, The	103
Havoc	48
Hell's Bells	120
Her Way Out	24
High Stakes	120
His Queen	11
Houses of Sand	31
In His Arms	40
In the Near Future	3
Isabel	31
Is Zat So?	168
Izzy	71
Jack in the Pulpit	7
Judy Drops In	41
Kosher Kitty Kelly	1
Ladies of the Evening	159
Lady, Be Good	184
Lady of the Rose	8

Plays	*Performances*
Lass O' Laughter	28
Lazybones	79
Legend of the Dance	37
Little Angel, The	49
Little Clay Cart, The	72
Little Minister, The	16
Little Theatre Tournament	8
Locked Door, The	20
Loggerheads	72
Louie the 14th	79
Love for Love	47
Loves of Lulu, The	16
Love Song, The	135
Lucky Sambo	9
Made for Each Other	16
Magnolia Lady, The	47
Man in Evening Clothes, The	11
Man or Devil	20
Marjorie	144
Mask and the Face, The	13
Mercenary Mary	32
Michel Auclair	19
Mikado, The	33
Milgrim's Progress	64
Minick	141
Mismates	32
Mme. Pompadour	80
Mme. Simone	48
Mongrel, The	32
Mrs. Partridge Presents	144
Music Box Revue	184
My Girl	192
My Son	278
Natja	32
Nerves	16
New Brooms	88
Night Hawk	87
Nocturne	3
No Other Girl	52
Odd Man Out	16
Old English	183
O, Nightingale	29
Ostriches	8
Othello	57
Out of Step	20
Paolo and Francesca	8
Parasites	54
Passing Show, 1924	93
Patience	104
Peter Pan	96
Pierrot the Prodigal	14
Pigs	312
Piker, The	44
Poor Nut, The	32
Princess April	24
Princess Ida	40
Processional	96
Puppets	54
Puzzles of 1925	104
Quarantine	151
Rain (Revival)	104
Rat, The	126

Plays	*Performances*
Red Falcon, The	15
Right to Love, The	16
Rising Son, The	16
Rose-Marie	311
Rosmersholm	30
"Ruint"	30
Saint, The	17
Sally, Irene and Mary	16
Sap, The	32
Sapphire Ring, The	13
Schemers	16
Second Mrs. Tanqueray, The	72
Seeniaya Ptitza	80
Servant in the House, The	8
Shall We Join the Ladies	31
She Had to Know	80
Shipwrecked	31
Shooting Shadows	12
Short's Ritz Revue	109
Silence	199
Simon Called Peter	88
Sky-High	80
Small Timers, The	47
So This is Politics (Strange Bedfellows)	144
Spooks	18
Starlight	71
Steam Roller, The	40
S.S. Glencairn	105
Stepping Stones (Revival)	40
Stork, The	8
Student Prince, The	183
Sweeney Todd	67
Tangletoes	23
Tantrum, The	20
Taps	32
Tell Me More	32
That Awful Mrs. Eaton	16
They Knew What They Wanted	192
Thoroughbreds	16
Three Doors	19
Thrills	12
Tiger Cats	48
Top Hole	104
Topsy and Eva	159
Trelawny of the Wells	8
Try It With Alice	8
Two and Two	16
Two Married Men	15
Uncle Tom's Cabin	36
Undercurrent, The	23
Unnamed Play (Anti-Klan)	2
Valley of Content, The	39
Virgin of Bethulia, The	16
Way of the World, The	120
Werewolf, The	112
What Price Glory?	299

Plays	*Performances*	*Plays*	*Performances*
White Collars	104	Witch Doctor, The	104
Wild Birds	44	Youngest, The	104
Wild Duck, The	103	Ziegfeld's Follies	401

PLAYS THAT HAVE RUN OVER FIVE HUNDRED PERFORMANCES ON BROADWAY

(To June 15, 1925)

Abie's Irish Rose	1313	Rain	648
Lightnin'	1291	Adonis	603
The Bat	867	Kiki	600
The First Year	760	Blossom Time	576
Seventh Heaven	704	The Show-off	571
Peg o' My Heart	692	Sally	570
White Cargo	686	The Music Master	540
East Is West	680	The Boomerang	522
Irene	670	Shuffle Along	504
A Trip to Chinatown	657		

Abarbanell, Lina	Berlin	1880
Abbott, George	Hamisburg, N. Y.	1895
Adams, Maude	Salt Lake City, Utah	1872
Adelaide, La Petite	Cohoes, N. Y.	1890
Allen, Viola	Huntsville, Ala.	1869
Ames, Robert	Hartford, Conn.	1893
Anglin, Margaret	Ottawa, Canada	1876
Arbuckle, Maclyn	San Antonio, Texas	1866
Arliss, George	London, England	1868
Arthur, Julia	Hamilton, Ont.	1869
Atwell, Roy	Syracuse, N. Y.	1880
Atwill, Lionel	London, England	1885
Bacon, Frank	California	1864
Bainter, Fay	Los Angeles, Cal.	1892
Barbee, Richard	Lafayette, Ind.	1887
Barrymore, Ethel	Philadelphia, Pa.	1879
Barrymore, John	Philadelphia, Pa.	1882
Barrymore, Lionel	London, England	1878
Bates, Blanche	Portland, Ore.	1873
Bayes, Nora	Milwaukee, Wis.	1880
Beban, George	San Francisco, Cal.	1873
Beckley, Beatrice	Roedean, England	1885
Beecher, Janet	Chicago, Ill.	1884
Belasco, David	San Francisco, Cal.	1862
Ben-Ami, Jacob	Minsk, Russia	1890
Bennett, Richard	Cass County, Ind.	1873
Bennett, Wilda	Asbury Park, N. J.	1894
Benrimo, J. Harry	San Francisco, Cal.	1874
Bernard, Barney	Rochester, N. Y.	1877
Bernard, Sam	Birmingham, England	1863
Bernhardt, Sarah	Paris, France	1844
Bingham, Amelia	Hickville, Ohio	1869

Binney, Constance	Philadelphia, Pa.	1900
Blinn, Holbrook	San Francisco, Cal.	1872
Bordoni, Irene	Paris, France	1895
Brady, Alice	New York	1892
Brady, William A.	San Francisco, Cal.	1863
Breese, Edmund	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1871
Brian, Donald	St. John's, N. F.	1871
Broadhurst, George H.	England	1866
Bruns, Julia	St. Louis	1895
Bryant, Charles	England	1879
Brooks, Virginia Fox	New York	1893
Buchanan, Thompson	Louisville, Ky.	1877
Burke, Billie	Washington, D. C.	1885
Burton, Frederick	Indiana	1871
Byron, Arthur	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1872
Cahill, Marie	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1871
Cantor, Eddie	New York	1894
Campbell, Mrs. Patrick	England	1865
Carle, Richard	Somerville, Mass.	1871
Carlisle, Alexandra	Yorkshire, England	1886
Carter, Mrs. Leslie	Lexington, Ky.	1862
Catlett, Walter	San Francisco, Cal.	1889
Cawthorne, Joseph	New York	1868
Chaplin, Charles Spencer	London	1889
Chatterton, Ruth	New York	1893
Cherry, Charles	England	1872
Claire, Ina	Washington, D. C.	1892
Clarke, Marguerite	Cincinnati, Ohio	1887
Cliffe, H. Cooper	England	1862
Clifford, Kathleen	Charlottesville, Va.	1887
Coghlan, Gertrude	England	1879
Coghlan, Rose	Petersborough, England	1850
Cohan, George M.	Providence, R. I.	1878
Cohan, Georgette	Los Angeles, Cal.	1900
Collier, Constance	Windsor, England	1882
Collier, William	New York	1866
Collinge, Patricia	Dublin, Ireland	1894

Collins, Jose	London, England	1896
Conroy, Frank	London, England	1885
Cooper, Violet Kemble	London, England	1890
Corrigan, Emmett	Amsterdam, Holland	1871
Corthell, Herbert	Boston, Mass.	1875
Courtenay, William	Worcester, Mass.	1875
Courtleigh, William	Guelph, Ont.	1869
Cowl, Jane	Boston, Mass.	1887
Crane, William H.	Leicester, Mass.	1845
Craven, Frank	Boston, Mass.	1875
Crews, Laura Hope	San Francisco, Cal.	1880
Crosman, Henrietta	Wheeling, W. Va.	1865
Crothers, Rachel	Bloomington, Ill.	1878
Cumberland, John	St. John, N. B.	1880
Dale, Margaret	Philadelphia, Pa.	1880
Daton, Charles	England	1864
Daly, Arnold	New York	1875
Daniels, Frank	Dayton, Ohio	1860
Dawn, Hazel	Ogden, Utah	1891
Day, Edith	Minneapolis, Minn.	1896
De Angelis, Jefferson	San Francisco, Cal.	1859
Dean, Julia	St. Paul, Minn.	1880
De Belleville, Frederic	Belgium	1857
De Cordoba, Pedro	New York	1881
Dickson, Dorothy	Kansas City	1898
Dillingham, Charles B.	Hartford, Conn.	1868
Dinehart, Allan	Missoula, Mont.	1889
Ditrichstein, Leo	Temesbar, Hungary	1865
Dixey, Henry E.	Boston, Mass.	1859
Dodson, John E.	London, England	1857
Dolly, Rosy	Hungary	1892
Dolly, Jennie	Hungary	1892
Donnelly, Dorothy Agnes	New York	1880
Doro, Marie	Duncannon, Pa.	1882
D'Orsay, Lawrence	England	1860
Dressler, Marie	Cobourg, Canada	1869
Drew, John	Philadelphia, Pa.	1853

Drew, Louise	New York	1884
Druce, Herbert	England	1870
Duncan, Isadora	San Francisco, Cal.	1880
Duncan, Augustin	San Francisco, Cal.	1873
Dunn, Emma	England	1875
Dupree, Minnie	San Francisco, Cal.	1875
Duse, Eleanora	Vigerano, Italy	1859
Eagels, Jeanne	Kansas City, Mo.	1894
Eames, Clare	Hartford, Conn.	1896
Eddinger, Wallace	New York	1881
Edeson, Robert	Baltimore, Md.	1868
Elliott, Gertrude	Rockland, Me.	1874
Elliott, Maxine	Rockland, Me.	1871
Elliott, William	Boston, Mass.	1885
Eliston, Grace	Wheeling, W. Va.	1881
Ellsler, Effie	Philadelphia, Pa.	1898
Eltinge, Julian	Boston, Mass.	1883
Emerson, John	Sandusky, Ohio	1874
Errol, Leon	Sydney, Australia	1881
Ewell, Lois	Memphis, Tenn.	1885
Fairbanks, Douglas	Denver, Colo.	1883
Farnum, Dustin	Hampton Beach, N. H.	1874
Farnum, William	Boston, Mass.	1876
Farrar, Geraldine	Melrose, Mass.	1883
Faversham, William	Warwickshire, England	1868
Fealy, Maude	Memphis, Tenn.	1883
Fenwick, Irene	Chicago, Ill.	1887
Ferguson, Elsie	New York	1883
Fields, Lewis	New York	1867
Findlay, Ruth	New York	1897
Fischer, Alice	Indiana	1869
Fisher, Lola	Chicago, Ill.	1892
Fiske, Minnie Maddern	New Orleans, La.	1867
Fontanne, Lynn	London, England	1882
Forbes-Robertson, Sir J.	London, England	1853
Foy, Edward Fitzgerald	New York	1854
Frederick, Pauline	Boston, Mass.	1884

Friganza, Trixie	Cincinnati, Ohio	1870
Frohman, Daniel	Sandusky, Ohio	1850
Fulton, Maude	St. Louis, Mo.	1883
Garden, Mary	Scotland	1876
Gaythorne, Pamela	England	1882
George, Grace	New York	1879
Gillette, William	Hartford, Conn.	1856
Gillmore, Frank	New York	1884
Gillmore, Margalo	England	1901
Glaser, Lulu	Allegheny, Pa.	1874
Gleason, James	New York	1885
Glendinning, Ernest	Ulverston, England	1884
Gottschalk, Ferdinand	London, England	1869
Grey, Jane	Middlebury, Vt.	1883
Grey, Katherine	San Francisco, Cal.	1873
Hackett, James K.	Wolf Island, Ont.	1869
Haines, Robert T.	Muncie, Ind.	1870
Hale, Louise Closser	Chicago, Ill.	1872
Hall, Laura Nelson	Philadelphia, Pa.	1876
Hamilton, Hale	Topeka, Kansas	1880
Hampden, Walter	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1879
Harding, Lyn	Newport	1867
Hawtrey, Charles	Eton, England	1858
Hayes, Helen	Washington, D. C.	1900
Hazzard, John E.	New York	1881
Hedman, Martha	Sweden	1888
Heggie, O. P.	Australia	1879
Heming, Violet	Leeds, England	1893
Herbert, Victor	Dublin, Ireland	1859
Herne, Chrystal	Dorchester, Mass.	1883
Hilliard, Robert S.	New York	1857
Hitchcock, Raymond	Auburn, N. Y.	1870
Hodge, William	Albion, N. Y.	1874
Hopper, DeWolf	New York	1858
Hopper, Edna Wallace	San Francisco, Cal.	1874
Holmes, Taylor	Newark, N. J.	1872
Howard, Leslie	London, England	1890

Huban, Eileen	Loughrea, Ireland	1895
Hull, Henry	Louisville, Ky.	1893
Illington, Margaret	Bloomington, Ill.	1881
Irving, Isabel	Bridgeport, Conn.	1871
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Selwyn, Edgar	Cincinnati, Ohio	1875
Serrano, Vincent	New York	1870
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Warwick, Robert	Sacramento, Cal.	1878
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Wilson, Francis	Philadelphia, Pa.	1854
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Winwood, Estelle	England	1883
Wise, Tom A.	England	1865
Wood, Peggy	Philadelphia, Pa.	1886
Wycherly, Margaret	England	1883
Wyndham, Olive	Chicago, Ill.	1886
Wynn, Ed	Philadelphia, Pa.	1886
Zabelle, Flora	Constantinople	1885
Ziegfeld, Florenz, Jr.	Chicago, Ill.	1867

NECROLOGY

June 15, 1924–June 15, 1925

Milton Nobles, Actor, 80. Born in Almont, Mich., 1847. Started as juvenile in Omaha stock company. Rose to stardom in "The Phœnix" and "Jim Bludsoe." Co-starred with his wife, Dolly Nobles, for years in "From Sire to Son," "For Revenge Only," "The Interview" and "A Man of the People." Long in vaudeville. Last two seasons played Frank Bacon part in "Lightnin'." Died, Brooklyn, June 14, 1924.

Louis Hurtig, theatrical producer, 53. Started with old firm of Abby, Schoeffel and Grau. Helped establish first theatre ticket brokerage with his brothers. Went into burlesque production with "The Bowery Burlesquers." Died, New York, July 22, 1924.

Robert Gilbert Welch, dramatic critic, 45. Many years dramatic critic *New York Evening Telegram*, continuing in same capacity with *Telegram-Mail*. Drowned at Bermuda, July 22, 1924.

Barney Ferguson, vaudeville actor, 71. Called the dean of his branch of the profession. Died, Bernardsville, N. J., August 28, 1924.

Emma Janvier, comedienne. Began career with Kelcey and Shannon in "The Moth and the Flame." Prominent in George Cohan's comedies, "Fifty Miles from Broadway," "The Grass Widow," etc. Playing in "Poppy" at time of death. Died, New York, August 31, 1924.

Charlotte Crabtree ("Lotta"), actress, 77. Born in New York, 1847. Made her stage debut at age of six

in Petaluma, Cal. Professional debut ten years later at Niblo's Garden, New York. Starred with her parents, later by herself, playing for years "The Marchioness," "Firefly," "Topsy" "Musette," etc. Retired with a fortune in her forties and added to it by shrewd real estate investments in and around Boston. Died, Boston, September 25, 1924.

Charles B. Wells, actor, 73. Prominent member of Lambs' Club, vice-president Actors' Fund. Last engagement with "Three Wise Fools." Died at home of Cyril Scott, Bayside, N. Y., October 14, 1924.

John Flood, actor. Prominent in Broadway productions and western stock companies many years. Last engagement in "The Wren." Died, Ulster, N. Y., October 6, 1924.

Lew Dockstader, minstrel, 68. Born in Hartford, Conn., 1856. Real name George Alfred Clapp. Joined Earl, Emmet and Wilde minstrels 1873. Joined George Primrose in 1898, forming one of minstrelsy's most famous combinations. Died, New York, October 26, 1924.

Lizzie Hudson Collier, actress, 60. One time leading woman for Joseph Jefferson, W. H. Crane, Nat Goodwin. Died October 26, 1924, Staten Island Hospital.

Frances Hodgson Burnett, author, 74. Known to the stage as the author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Dawn of a Tomorrow." Died, Plandome, L. I., October 30, 1924.

Alfred W. Haynes, vaudeville actor, 63. Long member team of Haynes and Haynes. Born, Lynn, Mass. Died, Lynn, November 10, 1924.

Dave Lewis, comedian, 53. Prominent as member of team of Fields and Lewis in burlesque. Later comedian of La Salle Theatre musical stock com-

pany, Chicago. Retired to manage several of Joe Weber's enterprises. Died, New York, November 18, 1924.

Edward E. Rice, composer and theatrical producer, 75. Born in Brighton, Mass. With J. Cheever Goodwin produced "Evangeline" in 1873. A failure in New York, but a success in Boston. Followed by "Conrad the Corsair," "Hiawatha," "Adonis." Many stars made their first hits with Rice, including Nat Goodwin, Lillian Russell, W. H. Crane, Henry E. Dixey and Fay Templeton. Died, Polyclinic Hospital, New York, November 16, 1924.

Thomas W. Ince, cinema director, 43. Creator of many film spectacles, including "Civilization." Died, Hollywood, Cal., November 20, 1924.

Thomas Gray, song writer, 36. Born in New York. Well known as contributor to many Broadway reviews, including the "Follies," "Music Box Review," etc. Died, New York, November 30, 1924.

John H. Havlin, manager, 77. Prominent for years as member Stair & Havlin firm. Built many theatres and financed a score of amusement enterprises, including the Hagenbeck shows. Died, Miami, Fla., December 17, 1924.

George W. Lederer, Jr., agent, 33. Son of George W. Lederer, veteran manager. Died, New York, December 17, 1924.

Mrs. Stuart Robson, actress, 56. Played for many years with her husband, the late Stuart Robson. A choir singer as a girl, she started with a "Pinafore" company. Touring with a company playing "Rain" at the time of her death. Died, Louisville, La., December 22, 1924.

Kate Elinore, vaudeville comedienne, 49. For many years member of team of Elinore Sisters. Later

appearing with her husband, Sam Williams, in "House Hunting." Died, Methodist Hospital, Indianapolis, December 30, 1924.

Frank McNish, comedian, 71. Born in Camden, N. Y. Veteran minstrel and later vaudeville comedian presenting "Silence and Fun." Died, Englewood Hospital, Chicago, December 27, 1924.

Edmund Gurney, actor, 73. Veteran of English stage. Last engagement with Cyril Maude in "Aren't We All." Played many parts in Shaw dramas. Died, Lenox Hill Hospital, New York, January 14, 1925.

Richard R. Richards, press agent, 52. For many years with various touring companies. Last engagement, general agent for the Bohemians, Inc., producers of Greenwich Village Follies. Died, New York, January, 1925.

William F. Canfield, actor, 64. Played in many companies. Last engagement with "Processional." Died, Bellevue Hospital, New York, February 16, 1925.

Jean Havez, song writer, 55. Wrote many vaudeville sketches and contributed to moving picture comedies for Harold Lloyd, Charlie Chaplin and other screen comedians. Died, Beverly Hills, Cal., February 11, 1925.

Milton Nobles, Jr., actor, 32. Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Son of the late Milton and Dolly Nobles. Went on stage after leaving Kenyon College. Was touring with road company of "Rose Marie" previous to death. Died, Chester, Pa., February 22, 1925.

A. Baldwin Sloane, playwright and composer, 52. Wrote many of the older musical comedy successes, including "Excelsior, Jr.," "Liberty Belles," "Jubilee," wrote first two "Greenwich Village Follies," and his "China Rose" was being sung

in New York at the time of his death. Died, Red Bank, N. J., February 21, 1925.

Joseph M. Norcross, vaudeville comedian, 84. Billed with Mrs. Norcross as "the oldest couple in vaudeville" until a few years before his death. Died, Springfield, Mass., February 28, 1925.

J. I. C. Clarke, playwright, 79. Wrote "Heartsease" for Henry Miller, "For Bonnie Prince Charlie" for Julia Marlowe, "Her Majesty" for Grace George. Died, New York, February 27, 1925.

William (Billy) Sheridan Reeves, comedian, 40. Known in musical comedy and vaudeville in England and America. Died, Oak Park, Ill., February 25, 1925.

Martha Morton, playwright, 60. Author of many old-time successes, including "A Bachelor's Romance," "The Merchant," "The Fool of Fortune," "Her Lord and Master," "The Three Hearts," etc. Died, New York, February 18, 1925.

Everett Butterfield, actor, 40. Born in Portland, Me. First engagement as drum major and cornet soloist, Red Hussar band. Became prominent juvenile. One of the first actors to enlist in Great War. Rose to rank of major. Last engagement in "Main Street." Had just staged "Is Zat So?" at time of death. Died, New York, March 6, 1925.

J. Fred Zimmerman, manager, 84. Helped to organize the theatrical syndicate that was originally controlled by Marc Klaw, A. L. Erlanger, Charles Frohman, Alf Hayman, Samuel P. Nixon and Mr. Zimmerman. Partner in Philadelphia Theatre management. Died, Philadelphia, March 24, 1925.

Louis F. Massen, actor, 67. Born in Paris, France. Came to America as a child. Years ago married Marie Burroughs, who came to America with E. S. Willard. For twelve years general stage

director for David Belasco. Died, Morsemere, N. J., March 25, 1925.

Richard Buhler, actor, 48. Born in Washington, D. C. Prominent in Eastern and Western stock companies. Toured with "Ben-Hur" and "The Holy City." Died, Washington, D. C., March 27, 1925.

Frank Fogarty, vaudeville comedian, 50. Long billed as "The Dublin Minstrel." Left stage in 1920, when his voice failed, and devoted himself to Brooklyn politics. Died, Brooklyn, April 6, 1925.

Jean De Reszke, tenor, 75. Famous member of Metropolitan Opera Company through the 90's. Later famous as vocal teacher in Paris. Died, Nice, April 3, 1925.

Bernice de Pasquali, grand opera star. Born near Boston, Mass. As Bernice James, married Count Salvo Pasquali, and later sang at Metropolitan. At one time starred with Caruso. Died, Omaha, April 3, 1925, while on concert tour.

Thomas H. Walsh, actor, 62. On stage thirty-five years. Playing in "Hell's Bells" at time of death. Died, New York, April 25, 1925.

Sydney Mather, actor, 49. Born in England. For many years in support of Julia Marlowe. Member of John Barrymore's first "Hamlet" company. Died, New York, April 18, 1925.

John Russell, comedian, 69. With his brother James famous for years in vaudeville as "The Irish Servant Girls." Later starred in "The Female Detectives" and "Sweet Marie." Died, Glendale, Cal., May 3, 1925.

J. Aldrich Libbey, singer, 53. The first to sing Charles K. Harris's "After the Ball." Retired some years ago. Died, San Francisco, Cal.

Charles B. Lawlor, veteran vaudevillian, 73. Composer of "The Sidewalks of New York." Stricken with

blindness five years ago he returned to vaudeville in an act with his daughter when his famous song achieved a new popularity as a Democratic campaign song. Born in Dublin, Ireland. Died, New York, May 31, 1925.

Walter E. Perkins, actor, 55. Toured many years in "My Friend from India" and "The Man from Mexico." Born in Biddeford, Me. Died, Brooklyn, N. Y., June 3, 1925.

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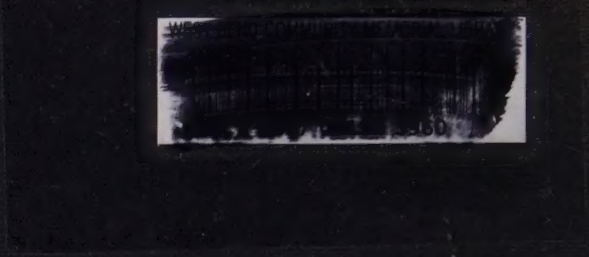
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